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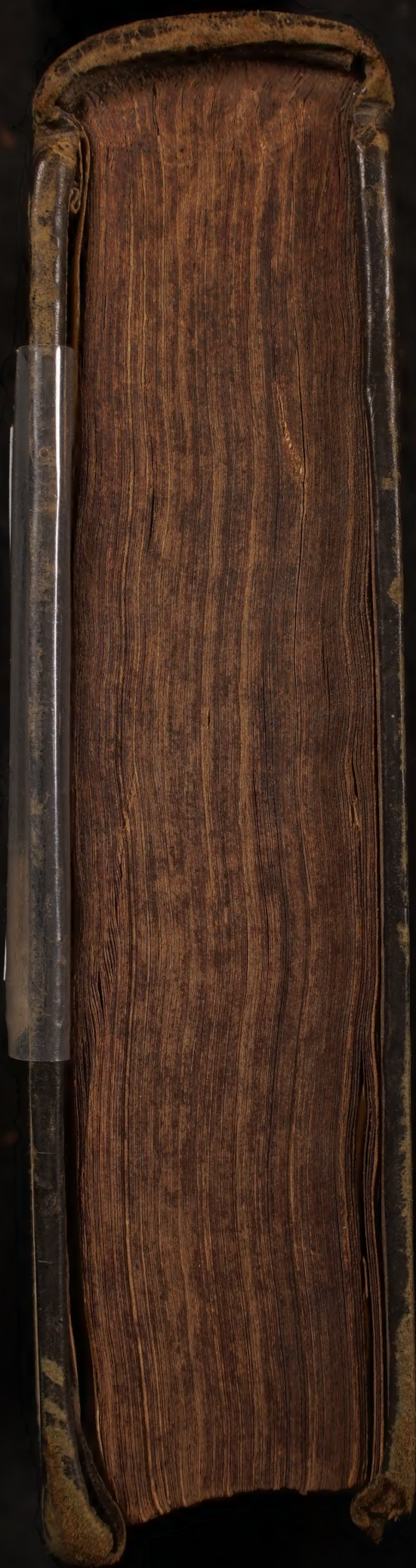
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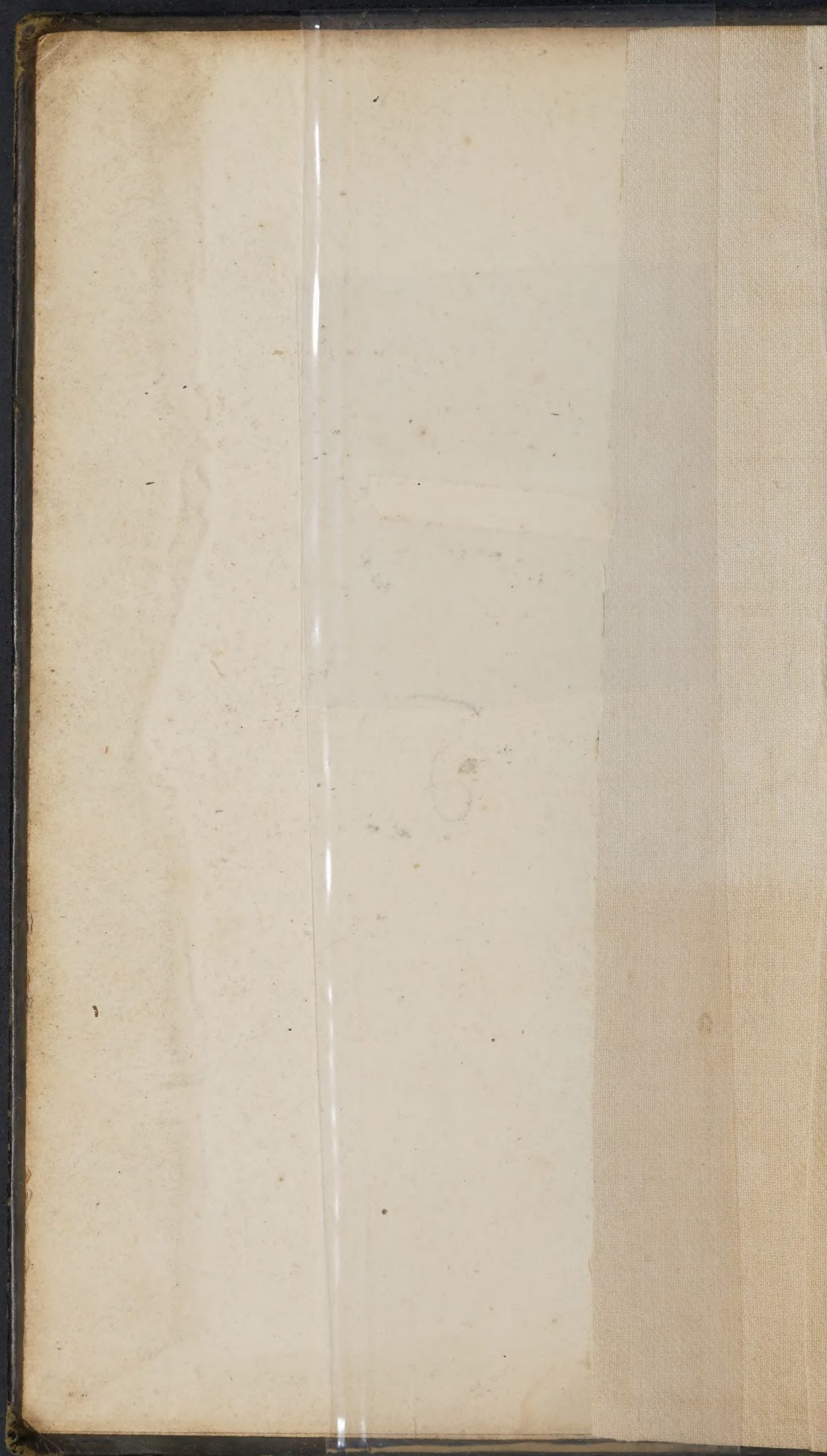
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SEIZURE OF GUY FAWKES.

Mr. URBAN, 1808. Sept. 6.

MONTEAGLE House, Monteagle Close, Southwark, an antient and extensive building, (see Plate II.) was undoubtedly the residence of the Lords Monteagle, or Mount-Eagle, (which title still continues in the Irish Peerage, bearing for their crest, an eagle mounting); and is the house where the anonymous letter was sent to Lord Monteagle, which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, by his shewing the letter to King James*.

The place on which it stands bespeaks it to have been what it is called; a close, field, or lawn, and, in all probability, then open to the Thames.

The various traces of antient buildings in that neighbourhood, above the common standard, evidently prove that it has been the residence of many persons of rank. In the Borough High Street, Nos. 19 and 20, near this spot, is a large house, the front of which is richly carved, with ornaments, and a coat of arms, and crest; and, till the front was repaired, various other curious devices, a castle besieged, &c.

An old house, likewise, which leads from the Borough High Street to Tooley Street, and sometime the King Harry the Eighth's Head tavern, was formerly the inn, or residence, of the Abbot of Battle (from which Battle-bridge in Tooley Street takes its name). — It has capacious and extensive vaults, consisting of several rows of Gothic arches, supported by pillars, of late very perfect.

But, to return to Monteagle House. The inside denotes it to have been the habitation of splendour. The rooms are large and lofty. The remains of rich mouldings were visible some years since, but now destroyed. The fire-places are very large. The centre of the house has the remains of a handsome entrance, having an ornamented circular projection over the door, in the carved form of an esclop-shell. The door rises on a flight of stone steps; and the wings, which project considerably, were evidently built irregular, as was frequently the antient practice.

It is now in the possession of Mr. Davis, a cooper, who has converted the extensive back yard (probably formerly the garden) into a cooperage.

The remains of Winchester House, of which a plate and some description were given in vol. LXI. p. 1169, are very near this house; and it nearly joins St. Saviour's church-yard.

Yours, &c.

T. P.

* The letter is inserted in an old book in the possession of a family who has had it many years, and can trace their having lived near the spot up to the time alluded to; and it has been handed down to the present generation as a fact, of Lord Monteagle living there when the letter was sent him.

GENT. MAG. September, 1808.

THE
CATHOLIC,
OR
Acts and Deeds
OF
THE POPISH CHURCH,
A
Tale of English History.

WITH CURIOUS DOCUMENTS COLLECTED FROM AUTHENTIC RECORDS.

W. H. IRELAND, ESQ.^R

Member of the Athenæum of Sciences and Arts at Paris.

& Author of "The Abbess," "Renivaldo," "Gondar," "the Monk," "Dramas," "Poems," &c. &c."

Richly Embellished with Engravings upon Steel.

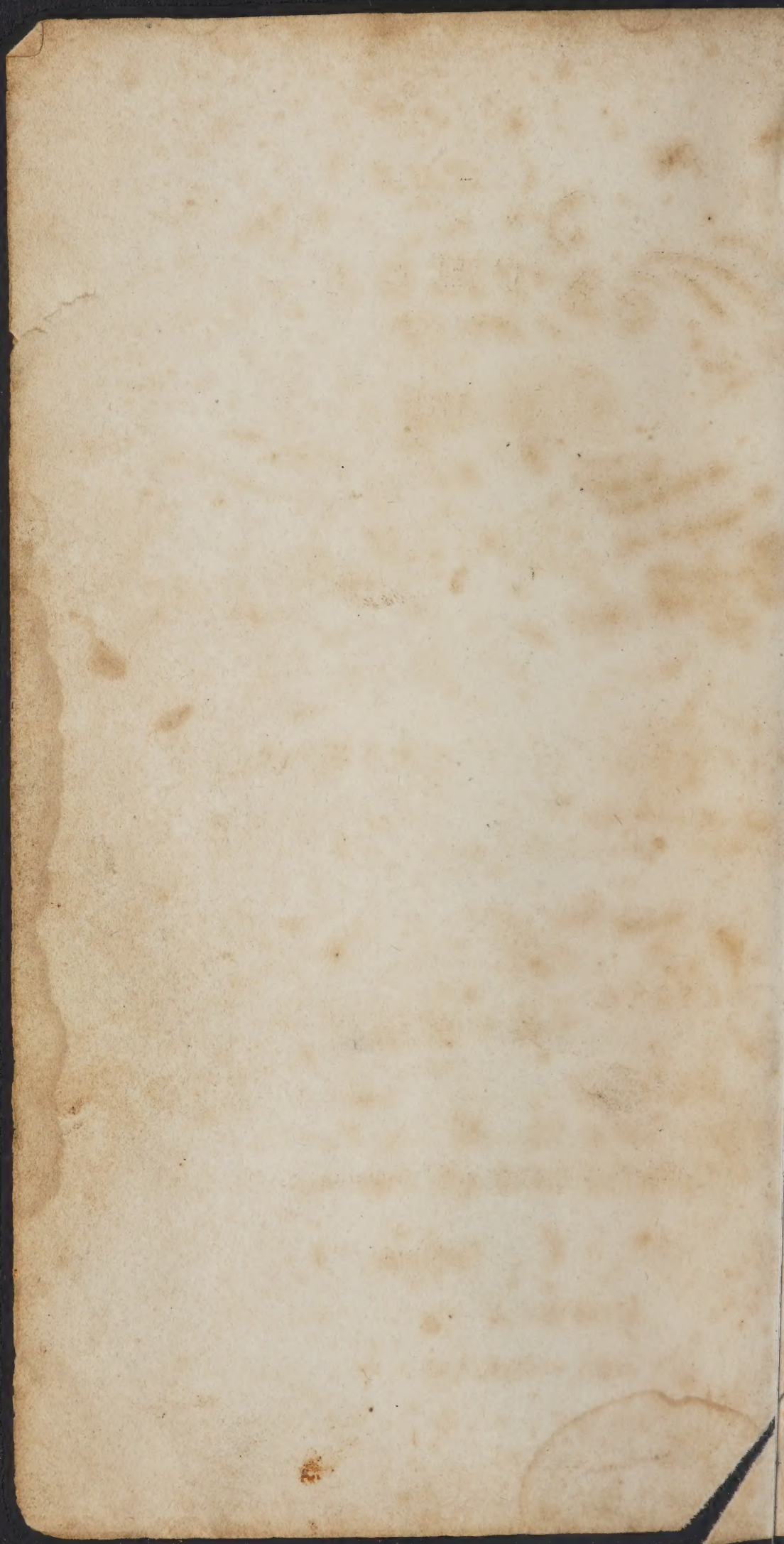
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1826.



THE CATHOLIC.

CHAPTER 1.

This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest
stroke,
That wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft re-
morse. Shakspeare.

It was at the ever-memorable period of the 5th. of November, being the night subsequent to the feast of Allhallows Day, in the year of grace 1606, that Mabel Donavan, the inhabitant of a melancholy chamber in the outskirts of Westminster, sat watching over the slumbers of her handless babe.

The gloomy mantle of night had long obscured the radiant beam of day, and as the melancholy period of rest had shed its influence over the human mind, the northern blast had arisen, accompanied by heavy rain, which was drifted against the lattice of Mabel's chamber. "Roar on, ye Winds," exclaimed the sullen Donavan, "and still, thou pityless rain, beat rudely against yon casement; such sounds are well calculated to feed my melancholy, and rock this wretched infant in the care-soothing arms of renovating sleep; but for me there is no repose - a gnawing canker preys upon my heart, and gloomy desperation nerves my breast with more than female heroism!"

While Mabel spoke, the infant heaved a deep-fetched sigh, as if its little bosom was convulsed with some horrid vision that will so oft intrude, and tincture sweet repose with more horrors than our waking thoughts give birth to, or the untoward scenes of life present, to make us loathe existence as a curse.—"Tis well, my babe," exclaimed Mabel, "for even thou canst keep me company in sadness and there seems to exist a sympathy between us."—Still louder roared the blast of night, and still more heavily beat the rain, as Donavan in silence sometimes bent her gaze upon the infant, and at others fixed her steadfast eye upon an ivory crucifix that stood beside her, receiving the pale glare of a lamp which rested on the table.

Suddenly a melancholy sound was wafted on the blast; it was the tolling of the Abbey bell, that spoke with brazen tongue the midnight hour. As Mabel numbered each succeeding stroke, she slowly shook her head, and pævishly exclaimed,

"So late, O'Hara, what can be the imperious summons that keeps thee thus from Mabel's presence? has then such a pityless night more charms for thee, than her who gave thine infant birth, and toils unceasingly in thy behalf? O, yes! ungrateful

and unfeeling man ! 'tis in thy service wretched woman toils to be requited in the end with cool neglect or treated with barbarity."

Mabel at the conclusion of that involuntary exclamation sunk into the same pensive mood which had previously entranced every faculty of her soul, while the inclemency of the night continued still unabated, seeming to keep pace with the sullen gloom that overpowered her spirits.

Thus passed away the moments, when after the lapse of a short period, a hasty footstep was heard upon the stairs, which awakened Donavan from her meditations, who at the well-known sound arose from her seat and opened the portal of the chamber, when at that moment Moor O'Mara, pale and with dishevelled hair, rushed precipitately forwards, and staggering a few paces, seated himself almost breathless, while horror and dismay were legibly imprinted on his lowering visage.

The person of Moor O'Mara was of the middle stature, and although the lineaments of his countenance apparently indicated one of more advanced age, he had not yet attained his four-and-twentieth year: his hair was dark and his complexion sallow, while his sunken eyes seemed to emit malignant fire as they unceasingly rolled within their sockets; his eye-brows were bristly, and his bushy beard gave an additional air of ferocity to the general contour of his visage; deep furrows had imprinted themselves on his forehead, the effect of unceasing gloomy meditations, while the flush of health had long forsaken his cheek; his

slouched beaver had obviously felt the effects of time, and his grey doublet and loose tanned boots were of the plainest fashion ; at his side hung a long rapier, formed by its make for hardy work, and not suspended by the belt for show, while the muscular form of the wearer seemed well calculated to wield it in actual service, should necessity urge him to put it into action.

Such was the appearance of Moor O'Mara, to whom Mabel advancing eyed him for a time with the utmost scrutiny, and then seizing him by the arm exclaimed with energy,

“ And must I then be doubly tortured, O'Mara ? is it not sufficient that I should thus await thy coming, but that when thou returnest it is to meet me with a clouded brow, while from thy lips I hear no word of comfort,—what ails thee, Moor ? speak ! tell me, I conjure thee.”

As Donavan concluded, O'Mara raising his regard, which had till that moment remained rivetted on the ground, fixed his penetrating eyes on the features of Mabel with an expression which even thrilled her soul, and after a few seconds, giving vent to an agonized groan, O'Mara exclaimed :

“ We are undone, and the malice of hell hath overwhelmed us ; but my friends, may Jesu and Maria preserve them !”

“ What means O'Mara ?” resumed Mabel, astonished at the late apostrophe ; “ what purposes of thine, unknown to me, have been frustrated, and where are the friends in whose behalf thou claimest

the intervention of the world's redeemer? speak, I conjure thee."

"We must away," replied Moor, after a short pause and starting from his seat, "yes, I at least must fly accursed London's precincts, to 'scape the eye of justice. By the Holy Trinity, but I will yet pour vengeance down and hurl destruction on the damned sons of heresy: yes, by the blood of Christ, they shall not suffer unrevenged, while Moor O'Mara lives to boast the blessed name of Catholic."

As the last words escaped the lips of the speaker, he struck his forehead with his left hand, and grasping the handle of his sword, in part unsheathed it, while gnashing his teeth, a half stifled curse found vent, which seemed to tranquillize in some degree the malignant rage that boiled within his breast.

"I too can curse the enemies of heaven," exclaimed Donavan, seizing O'Mara's arm with one hand while she directed the index finger of the other to the crucifix upon the table, "Look on that memento, Moor; confide to me the secret of thy soul, and thou shalt find me as apt in council as resolute in action; propose the oath, and by the eternal damnation that awaits an heretic, I will not falter, but under thy guidance do all that may ensure me beatification in the world to come."

"I have taken the sacrament and sworn to be for ever mute," replied O'Mara, "but soon will public clamour unfold to thee the mystery. For thine unshaken constancy to the papal cause, and rooted hatred to the reigning faith of this devoted land, my

thanks are thine, Mabel—Oh! such a scheme, one luckless moment hath overthrown, as would have canonized the actors' names for ever."—Moor for a time continued mute, while conflicting passions were delineated in every gesture; turning his regard at length upon the sleeping infant, he proceeded thus,

"Thinkst thou that babe will learn to reverence our tenets? thinkst thou, Mabel, that he will lisp deep curses with his earliest speech upon the race of heretics? If e'er I thought that he would falter in the true belief, e'en now would I with pleasure bathe this weapon in his blood, and hurl his carcase to the ravens of the night."

"Fear not," resumed Mabel, "with his mother's milk he must imbibe the sacred truth, or these my hands shall tear forth his recreant heart and give him to perdition."

"Hold," exclaimed O'Mara, starting back; "whence proceeded that sound?"

"It was the Abbey bell," resumed Donavan, "that hath proclaimed the first hour of morning."

"Then must I prepare for flight," replied O'Mara—"yet whither fly, for if no lurking place be found in London, where can I hide my head? by mother church I will defy the worst, nor meanly turn my back upon the cause I have espoused. If Jesu wills that I should suffer, then shall it appear how dauntlessly a catholic can meet his doom, and die, maintaining to his latest breath, the cause in which he suffers. My soul is bent unto this purpose, therefore prepare, Mabel, that we may forthwith quit

this habitation to elude research, for on that step depends the life of him who claims yon sleeping infant as his own."

"I will be prompt to act as thou requirest," replied Mabel.

"Hast thou a weapon of defence?" demanded Moor O'Mara.

"None but mine own determination."

Drawing forth a dagger from his girdle, O'Mara presented it to Donavan and thus continued,

"Use it as necessity may require, Mabel, meanwhile towards Baynard's castle shall I bend my course, and there within the private alley leading to the Thames, await thy coming; rouse not the inmates of this mansion, I command thee, but on the table leave what is their due; here is sufficient gold," said Moor, presenting several marks, "nay, be not astonished, Donavan, at sight of so much wealth," continued Moor on observing the surprize which was depicted on Mabel's countenance; "men who can dare the worst in blessed religion's cause need never lack the Sovereign Pontiff's aid; farewell, Donavan, at Baynard's we shall meet again."

"I shall attend thee, Mara, and may Jesu be thy guide!" answered Mabel, as Moor descended the narrow stairs of the miserable mansion.

No sooner had O'Mara disappeared, than Mabel Donavan proceeded to follow his dictates by securing such trifling moveables as she deemed requisite under existing circumstances; after which, raising her infant son from the cradle, she wrapped him in a loose

mantle, together with the ivory crucifix, and was on the point of quitting the chamber, when suddenly the trampling of footsteps was heard upon the stairs, and in a few seconds a guard abruptly entered the chamber, who presenting his halbert exclaimed, "Advance one step, and death shall be the forfeit of thy temerity."

CHAPTER II.

All murders past do stand excused in this ;
And this so sole and so unmatched,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.
It is a dainned and a bloody work,
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

SHAKSPEARE.

AMONG the noblemen who graced the court of king James the First of England, was the worthy lord Monteagle, son and heir to the lord Morley, whose conduct had ever proved him to be as virtuous a subject in private life, as he was a loyal peer of the realm of Great Britain.

Ten days previous to the then approaching sessions of parliament, as lord Monteagle was on the point of setting down to supper, one of his attendants entered the chamber of his lord and delivered into his hand a letter, the contents of which ran as follow :

“ MY LORD,

“ Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some

excuse to shift off your attendance at this parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety: for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say, they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, *and yet they shall not see who hurts them.* This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good and can do you no harm, *for the danger is past so soon as you have burnt this letter*: and I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it; to whose holy protection I commend you."

After considering for a time this anonymous scroll, his lordship conceived that no truth could be attached to the contents of the paper, which he laid aside as the mere invention of some individual desirous of putting his courage to the test, and proceeded to partake of the nightly repast.

In vain however did his lordship essay to dissipate the mental cogitations that assailed him; perplexing thoughts unceasingly obtruded themselves, and in opposition to his reason he could not refrain from a reperusal of the mysterious communication; which being ended, he summoned the attendant who had delivered it, and after questioning him as to the manner in which it had come into his possession, the domestic replied to his interrogatories in the following manner:

"Being on my return home, my lord, to attend

your supper, according to my usual custom, I was accosted at some little distance from the portal of this mansion by a man, whose general appearance indicated a desire that I should not become acquainted with his physiognomy, his hat being slouched over his visage, and an ample cloak enveloping his breast and shoulders. Having demanded whether or not I was your lordship's attendant, and received my answer in the affirmative, the stranger forthwith thrust into my hand the billet which I delivered to your lordship, repeating with great energy these words : ' As you love your master give this safely into his possession ;' when, without awaiting any reply, the unknown forthwith darted from me, and turning the corner of the street, instantly vanished from my sight."

Lord Monteagle having listened attentively to this statement, dismissed his attendant, and after considering anew the contents of the paper, began to think that some business of a dangerous nature might be on the eve of accomplishment; and being also fully aware that no harm could accrue should his apprehensions prove unfounded, he determined on waiting on the earl of Salisbury, his majesty's principal secretary of state, in order to make him acquainted with the extraordinary incident. Having formed that determination, his lordship, wrapped up in his cloak, quitted the mansion at that late hour, and on arrival at Whitehall was immediately introduced to the earl, to whom he communicated the manner in which the letter had been delivered into the hand of his attendant, and

then proceeded to the perusal of the anonymous billet, the contents of which greatly astonished the Secretary of State, who having commended in the highest terms the caution of my lord Monteagle, determined on laying the paper before the privy council the ensuing day.

According to the desire of the earl, lord Monteagle attended on the council, when every circumstance having been considered; it was agreed that the letter should be presented to king James on his return from a hunting party in which he was then engaged at Royston, and from whence he was expected back within three days, in order to attend the meeting of parliament.

At the appointed time king James arrived in safety at Whitehall, and on the succeeding evening, being engaged in the gallery of his palace, the earl of Salisbury there presented him the lord Monteagle's letter, when, after describing the manner of its delivery to that nobleman's attendant, he humbly requested the opinion of the king, as to the meaning of the contents of the paper.*

* In order to develope as fully as possible the machinations of the Gunpowder Conspirators, we have deemed it necessary to insert from very rare and valuable documents, a series of notes verbatim, tending to identify many interesting transactions. From thence also it will be proved, that although under the form of a Romance, our narrative is, in all the leading points, grounded on historical facts.

“ And so accordingly the said earl of Salisbury repaired to the king in his gallery upon Friday, being Allhallow day, in the afternoon, which was the day after His Majesty's arrival, when none but himself being present with His Highness at that time, his lordship,

His majesty having perused the letter, paused awhile, and then reading it over a second time, thus addressed himself to the earl:

“ My lord, this caution should not be contemned, for it is herein stated that, *we shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet not see who hurts us*, and moreover, that, *the danger will be past, so soon as this letter is burnt*: from this, my lord, it is apparent that the danger is momentary, and what can be more sudden than the blowing up of gunpowder ?” King James then pausing for a time in deepest thought, continued thus, “ It is our wish, good lord of Salisbury, that previous to our attendance at the house of parliament, each avenue and cellar be narrowly inspected, as well for the safety of our liege subjects as ourself.”

The earl bowed assent, when, by the advice of the privy council, it was deemed expedient that he should repair to act his majesty's pleasure on the evening previous to the assembling of parliament.*

without any other speech or judgement, presented the letter, relating only the form of the delivery thereof.” *Account of the Gunpowder Plot, 2nd Edition, printed 1679, p. 29.*

* The description of stowing the powder, &c. in the cellar under the House of Peers, is thus recorded in a very curious narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, printed immediately after the fact had been brought to light.

“ At which time it was determined that the Lord Chamberlain should, according to his custom and office, view all the parliament houses, both above and below, and consider what likelihood or appearance of any such danger might possibly be gathered by the sight of them; but yet, as well for staying of idle rumours, as for being

The catholic conspirators, after arranging every thing for the ensuing day, having at various periods conveyed thirty-six barrels of gunpowder into the cellars beneath the house of parliament, gloried in the idea of that horrible explosion which was at one fell moment to have annihilated the beloved and peaceful monarch James, and all the senators of the realm of England.—Among those diabolical traitors, ranked foremost Moor O'Mara, who, with his bosom friend, the dauntless Guido Fawkes, disputed the enviable task of firing the annihilating train, which communicated with the barrels of fatal combustion.

The resolute Guido Fawkes by ten at night had taken his station at the cellar door, when instantly

the more able to discern any mystery, the nearer that things were in readiness, his journey thither was ordained to be deferred till the afternoon before the sitting down of the Parliament, which was upon the Monday following. At what time he, (according to this conclusion) with my lord Monteagle, being in zeal to the king's service, earnest and curious to see the event of that accident, whereof he had the fortune to be the first discoverer: where, having viewed all the lower rooms, he found in the vault under the Upper House, great store and provisions of billets, faggots, and coals; and enquiring of Whyneard, keeper of the wardrobe, to what use he had put those lower rooms and cellars, he, Whyneard, told him that Thomas Percy had hired both the house and part of the cellar or vault under the same, and that the wood and coals therein were the said gentleman's own provision. Whereupon the Lord Chamberlain, casting his eye aside, perceived a fellow standing in a corner there, calling himself the said Percy's man; and keeper of that house for him, who indeed was Guido Fawkes, the owner of that hand which should have acted the monstrous tragedy."

appeared the fearless Moor O'Mara, to whose charge was committed the task of arranging the subtle train of gunpowder. Having saluted each other in the name of the Holy Trinity, as was their custom, O'Mara received from the hand of his friend the key of the portal, when instantly repairing to the cellar, he therein commenced his terrible occupation, whilst Guido Fawkes, without the door, paid heedful note to every passenger.

Ere the eleventh hour, all London was at peace, no footstep was heard to interrupt the purposes of those detested traitors, who almost looked upon their horrid work as executed. While thus employed, the earl of Salisbury, with lord Monteagle and certain chosen noblemen, prepared to visit the house of parliament as had been agreed, whither they proceeded ere yet the Abbey bell had tolled forth the dreary hour of eleven.

The incendiary Fawkes, conceiving all secure, had strayed some paces from the cellar door, leaving O'Mara at his direful occupation, while the earl of Salisbury and those accompanying him, approached the spot with caution, and before the artful Guido Fawkes had notice of their arrival, all hope of communicating the impending danger to his friend, O'Mara, was at an end.

No sooner was the person of Fawkes perceived, than the earl gave orders for his immediate apprehension, in order to question his intent in being stationed there at such a dreary hour, when there was found upon him a lantern cased, with matches,

flint and steel, fit implements for the purposes of an incendiary.*

Fully convinced that the conspiracy was developed, and that a full discovery was at hand, and also fired with the hope of rescuing, if possible, his friend O'Mara, and in order that he might give notice to the other sworn conspirators, the determined traitor, Guido Fawkes, in terms of exultation, gloried in the purposed deed, elevating his voice, in order, if possible, that his harangue might catch the ear of Moor O'Mara, and in this endeavour he succeeded; for his companion, roused by the sound, stole quickly from the cellar; and would have evaded every eye, save that of his associate, (which was scrutinizingly bent upon the door of the subterranean chamber, during the delivery of his speech,) had not the rancorous heart of O'Mara prompted him to attempt a deed of desperation; for in the

* The account of the discovery of Guy Fawkes near the cellar door of the house of parliament, is thus described:

“ But before his entry into the house, finding Thomas Percy's alleged man standing without the doors, his clothes and boots on, at so dead a time of the night, he resolved to apprehend him, as he did, and thereafter went forward to the searching of the house, where, after he had caused to be overturned some of the billets and coals, he first found one of the small barrels of powder, and after all the rest, to the number of thirty-six, great and small: And thereafter searching of the fellow whom he had taken, found three matches, and all other instruments fit for blowing up the gunpowder, ready upon him, which made him instantly confess his own guiltiness, declaring also unto him, ‘That if he had happened to be within the house when he took him, as he was immediately before, at the ending of his work, he would not have failed to blow him up, house and all.’”

hope of wreaking some revenge, he, at the peril of his own life, was hastening back to fire the train, when the sound of his footsteps aroused the attention of one of the earl's followers, who having given the alarm, that nobleman issued orders that the second traitor should be pursued, when Moor O'Mara, frustrated in this his last attempt, sought for safety in immediate flight, and by that means, although pursued, he had gained in safety the chamber of his sullen partner, the watchful Mabel Donavan, as before described.

After the evasive answers of Guido Fawkes, the earl of Salisbury gave orders that the cellar should undergo the strictest search, when a few bundles of faggots being cleared away, the barrels of combustion were discovered, by which means was prevented that horrid plot, which, if executed, would have once more fettered Englishmen with the chain of bigotry, by giving up this land to all the horrors of relentless popery and sanguinary superstition.

CHAPTER III.

My life I never hold but as a pawn
To wage against my foes ; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

SHAKSPEARE.

I've heard myself proclaim'd.
—— No port is free, no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking.

HOWEVER prompt Moor O'Mara had been in his escape from the scene of action, one of the guards who had been despatched by the earl of Salisbury, nevertheless traced his course at a considerable distance, and although not altogether convinced whether he had discovered the mansion of the renegade traitor, he was nevertheless assured that the course of Moor O'Mara had led him to the street through which he then passed ; in addition to which circumstance the soldier perceived a glimmering light in the chamber above, and from such appearance was led to rush up the staircase, and entered the apartment a few minutes after the disappearance of the sanguinary conspirator Moor O'Mara.

“ What is thy purpose ? ” demanded Mabel Donovan, in a firm tone of voice, and with fearless demeanour.

“ I am in pursuit of a traitor,” replied the soldier, still pointing his halbert to the breast of the interrogator.

“ Bravely spoken, fellow,” answered Mabel with a sneer; “ and thinkest thou then a poor defenceless woman is accessory to treason? look at me; know my sex, and learn henceforth to be more mannerly.”

As the dauntless female spoke she advanced two paces with a dignified air, which so astonished the guard that he suffered Mabel to turn aside the weapon, who thus continued:

“ If indeed thy purpose is to find a traitor, I will attend thee in the search;”—as Donavan spoke, she raised the lamp from the table, and then exclaimed significantly,—“ for no one is more calculated than myself to aid the cause she has espoused.”

The soldier, quite petrified, regarded Mabel with wonder, not knowing whether most to admire her personal courage, or the resolute language she had adopted on the present occasion, from which however being fully convinced in his own mind that he must have been mistaken in respect to the mansion he had entered, the following enquiry was made by the soldier:

“ Knowest thou if any catholic dwells within these walls?”

“ I know there are such as catholics call heretics,” replied Mabel in a sullen tone of voice, alluding to the other inhabitants of the mansion, which contained many different families.

“ Why wast thou up at this late hour?” continued the guard.

“The cries of a child demand the attendance of its mother,” was the answer of Mabel, who at the same time pointed to her babe.

“Thou knowest not then of any catholic or suspected person?” resumed the soldier.

“The guiltless are free from all suspicion,” replied Mabel, “therefore I know not of any one suspected.”

“Woman, farewell,” answered the soldier, turning towards the stairs.

“Good morning,” exclaimed the haughty Donovan, following his steps, as she internally gloried in the effect her conduct had produced.

Mabel having thus evaded the imminent danger which threatened the father of her babe, determined on acting with infinite caution; in consequence of which, having carefully unclosed the lattice that commanded a view of the street, she observed with a cautious look the direction taken by the soldier who had so recently quitted her; when, conceiving him sufficiently removed from the mansion, she once more raised the bundle which had been thrown aside on the alarm of footsteps having caught her ear, and after depositing upon the table what was due to the owner of the habitation, according to the commands of Moor O'Mara, Donovan extinguished the lamp, and turning the key, descended with a light step down the staircase, and in a few seconds found herself in the street, when, taking a course diametrically opposite to that which the soldier had pursued, she proceeded with the utmost speed to join her fugitive companion near Baynard's castle.

On quitting his residence Moor O'Mara had proceeded, for a few minutes, with the utmost expedition towards the place appointed, when the idea suddenly struck him, that he had not warned Mabel to avoid as much as possible the neighbourhood of the houses of parliament, when she should sally forth to join him ; forcibly impressed with such remembrance, and knowing full well that a strong body of guards awaited the summons of the earl of Salisbury, who would without distinction arrest any passenger that should then appear upon the spot, O'Mara was on the point of retracing his steps, in order to caution Donovan, when at that precise juncture his eye caught the back figure of the soldier, who still pursued and had lost sight of him during his short continuance with Mabel ; at that juncture self-preservation was alone to be attended to, and trusting therefore to the art of his partner, with which he was fully acquainted, he muttered forth a blessing in the name of the Virgin Mary, and instantly proceeded unobserved towards the secret passage adjoining Baynard's castle.

As Moor O'Mara entered the appointed avenue, he suddenly made a halt, on perceiving in the distance the figure of a man approaching towards him : a moment's consideration, however, convinced him that his life was at stake, and that in case of surprise he had only to rely on his personal valour, in order to effect an escape ; drawing his dagger, therefore, with the left hand, and grasping his sword with the right, he advanced with firm step to meet the intruder,

being in a great measure enveloped in the folds of his ample cloak.

Having gained the person of the stranger, O'Mara made a halt, exclaiming at the same time in a firm tone :

“ Who passes there ? ”

“ I know thee,” replied the person addressed, “ and Jesu be with thee, faithful Moor. O'Mara.”

“ Is it not the reverend father, superior of the English jesuits, that speaks ? ”

“ 'Tis I, Henry Garnet, the staunch adherent of our cause, though ruined as thou knowest, O'Mara.”

“ May bitter curses light upon the damned chance that hath overthrown the act which would have canonized our names in heaven ! ”*

“ Amen,” said Garnet, at the same time crossing himself devoutly. “ How little did I suppose, when to each sworn fellow in this blessed cause, Gerrard, my brother jesuit, gave the sacrament and administered the oath, that such would have been the termination to our glorious machinations.”†

* “ That our said sovereign lord the king, the nobility, clergy, and the whole commonalty of the realm of England, (papists excepted) were *heretics* accursed and excommunicated ; and that no *heretic* could be a king, but that it was lawful and meritorious to *kill our said sovereign lord the king*, and all other heretics within this realm of England, for the advancing and enlargement of the pretended and usurped authority and jurisdiction of the bishop of Rome, and for the restoring of the superstitious Romish religion within this realm of England.”—Extracted from the formula of the indictment on which the conspirators were arraigned before sir Edward Coke.

† Annexed will be found the horrid oath administered to the gun-

“ Who attended the secret consultation this night?” demanded O’Mara.

“ *Catesby, the two Winters, Piercy, Rookewood, Grant, and Sir Everard Digby; but how didst thou escape, O’Mara, and whither have they led the trusty Guido Fawkes ?*”

“ I know not,” replied Moor O’Mara, who instantly proceeded to detail every circumstance which had transpired from the moment when the arrestation of Fawkes had taken place ; after which he demanded of Garnet whither had fled the other conspirators, and what was the plan they intended pursuing under the existing emergency.

“ Catesby hath appointed a consultation at Dunchurch,”* replied the priest ; “ for myself, I shall not powder conspirators, by Gerrard the jesuit, as recapitulated in the speech of the attorney-general at the trial of Garnet.

In March, Catesby, Thomas Winter, and others, resolved upon the Powder Plot, and Fawkes, as being a man unknown, and withal a *desperate person and a soldier*, was resolved upon as fit for the executing thereof ; to which purpose he was in April following, by Thomas Winter, sought and fetched out of Flanders into England. In May, in the second year of his majesty’s reign, (James the First) Catesby, Piercy, John Wright, Thomas Winter, and Fawkes met, and having upon the holy Evangelists took an oath of secrecy and constancy to this effect :

“ *You shall swear, by the blessed Trinity, and by the Sacrament you now purpose to receive, never to declare, directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof, until the rest shall give you leave :*” —they all were confessed, had absolution, and received thereupon the sacrament by the hands of Gerrard the jesuit, who was then present.

* During the evidence produced on the trial of Henry Garnet, su-

attend the meeting, for all is lost, and it is therefore my advice that every one should consult his individual safety in immediate flight."

"Is it yet known how the plot could be unraveled?"

"All we could gather I will tell thee, Mara," replied Garnet, who then related as follows,

"On the Sunday night, Bates entered Thomas

perior of the jesuits, the following facts were elicited respecting the consultation held by the conspirators at Dunchurch.

Upon the first of November Garnet openly prayed for the good success of the great action concerning the catholic cause in the beginning of the parliament; and prayer is more than consent, for *nemo orat sed qui sperat et credit*; while he also in the prayer used two verses of a hymn.

Then was the letter of the lord Monteagle (whose memory shall be blessed) on the fourth of November sent, by the providence of the Almighty, not many hours before the treason should have been executed, whereby the same was fully discovered. On the fifth of November, being the time when the traitors expected that their devilish practice should have taken effect, they convened at Dunchurch, under colour of a great hunting match, appointed by Sir Everard Digby, as being a man of quality and account thereabouts, purposing, by that means, to furnish themselves with company for their intended insurrection and rebellion; for that men being gathered together, and a tumult suddenly raised, the traitors thought that every, or most of them, would follow the present fortune, and be easily persuaded to take part with them, and that they might easily surprise the person of the Lady Elizabeth, then being in those parts in the lord Harrington's house. Upon the sixth of November, early in the morning, Catesby and the said confederates, despatched Thomas Bates with a letter to Garnet, the superior of the jesuits, who was (as they well knew) then ready at Coulton near unto them, earnestly intreating his help and assistance for the raising of Wales, and putting so many as he could into open rebellion.

Winter's chamber, saying that a letter had been forwarded to the lord Monteagle, praying him not to attend in person the meeting of the English parliament. Good Catesby, and myself, then being at White Webbs, near to Enfield Chase, Winter came thither at full speed, telling us that the matter was disclosed, and advising that we should all endeavour to escape beyond seas; but Piercy swore a horrid oath, vowing to stand or fall by the event, and brave the utmost peril: to this did Catesby also agree, when every one straight yielded his accord, vowing to die a martyr, or act the purpose we designed."*

"Who forwarded that hellish tell-tale letter to the lord Monteagle?" demanded O'Mara, in the bitterness of his soul.

"None could we suspect but Tresham," answered Garnet, "yet, when we questioned him, he swore most solemnly the fact had never been by him divulged."

"What thinkest thou, father Garnet, was Tresham false or not?"

"On my soul I know not how to judge, and yet, as far as circumstantial evidence will go, I think him guilty of the fact."

"Then mark me, Garnet," replied O'Mara, seiz-

* "On the morrow I went to White Webbs, and told it to Mr. Catesby, assuring him withal, that the matter was disclosed, and wishing him in any case to forsake his country. He replied, he would see further as yet, and resolved to send Mr. Fawkes to try the uttermost, protesting, if the part belonged to himself, he would try the same adventure."—*Confession of Thomas Winter.*

ing the arm of the priest, and grasping it firmly, "for that shall Tresham answer with his blood—by the Holy Trinity, he dies!"

"So best," returned Garnet: "if he be innocent, thou sendest his soul to heaven; if he is guilty, thou standest absolved, and he receives in hell the recompence of treachery. But hold, who comes here?" exclaimed the father, observing a female enter the narrow passage.

"Peace," returned O'Mara, "'tis Mabel Donavan, the partner of my bed, who, with her infant child, is hither come to share the hardships that await me."

As O'Mara concluded, he was joined by Mabel, who gazed with a look of enquiry on the person of the jesuit Garnet, when O'Mara exclaimed,

"Behold a friend, Donavan, a catholic most staunch, and a right ghostly father of the church of Rome."

Mabel, bowing her head with reverence, continued silent.

"For whom dost thou attend?" said O'Mara, addressing his speech to Garnet.*

"I wait the coming of Keyes and Grant."

"Commend me to them," returned O'Mara, "and till we meet again, farewell."

* Henry Garnet the Jesuit, assumed many names, for when arraigned, it was under the title of Henry Garnet, of the profession of the Jesuits, otherwise Darcy, otherwise Roberts, otherwise Farmer, otherwise Philips, for by all those names he called himself.

"My blessing be with thee," replied the priest.
"Remember Tresham."*

"As surely as he must die," answered O'Mara, with peculiar emphasis.

"I know thee, trusty Moor, once more, farewell."

Followed by Mabel Donavan, O'Mara instantly hastened down the passage, and on gaining the Thames, they entered a boat, and proceeded to cross the river, while Mabel related to his astonished ear,

* In order to prove how far a papist is bound to obey the mandate of his priest, as well as demonstrate the dangerous doctrine of auricular confession, we subjoin the following questions proposed to, and answered by, Garnet, in the course of his interrogatories previous to condemnation.

"Hereunto Garnet said, '*That he had done more than he could excuse, and had dealt plainly with them; but he was bound to keep the secrets of confession, and to disclose nothing that he heard in sacramental confession.*' Whereupon the earl of Nottingham asked him, 'If one confessed this day to him, that to-morrow morning he meant to kill the king with a dagger, if he must conceal it?' whereunto Garnet answered, that 'he must conceal it.' Then the earl of Salisbury desired liberty to ask him some questions of the nature of confessions. Garnet said his lordship might, and that he, Garnet, would answer him as well as he could. 'Why then,' said he, 'must there not be confession and contrition before absolution?' 'Yes,' said Garnet. Then he demanded, 'Whether Greenwel were absolved by him or no?' Garnet said, 'He was.' The earl then asked him, 'What had Greenwel done to prove that he was sorry, and whether he did promise to desist?' Garnet answered, that 'Greenwel said he would do his best.' To that, the earl replied, 'That it could not be so; for as soon as Catesby and Piercy were in arms, Greenwel went to them, from Garnet, and so proceeded from them to Father Hall, at Mr. Abington's house, inviting them most earnestly to come and assist those Gentlemen in that action.'

"'Hereby,' said the earl, 'it appears that either Greenwel told you

the intrusion of the guard, and the subsequent conduct she had adopted.

“Passed you by the House of Parliament in your way hither?” demanded O’Mara, after applauding the conduct of his partner.

“No,” replied Mabel, “it was in that direction the guard proceeded on leaving our dwelling; in consequence of which I took a different route.”

out of confession, and then there needed no secrecy, or, if it were in confession, he professed no penitency, and therefore you could not absolve him.’ To which his lordship added, ‘That this one circumstance must still be remembered, and could not be cleared, that when Greenwel told you what Crosby meant in particular, and you called to mind also, what Catesby had spoken to you in generalities before, if you had not been so desirous to have had the Plot take effect, you might have disclosed it out of your general knowledge from Catesby; but when Catesby offered to deliver you the particulars himself, as he had done to Greenwel, you refused to hear him, lest your tongue should have betrayed your heart.’ To this, Garnet weakly replied, ‘That he had done what he could to prevent it; and had journeyed into Warwickshire with a purpose to dissuade Mr. Catesby. And for Mr. Greenwel’s going to Father Hall to persuade him to join them,’ Garnet said, ‘he did very ill in so doing.’ And (as it should seem) being mightily touched with remorse of his offence, ‘prayed God and the King, that other Catholics might not fare the worse for his sake.’ Then the earl of Salisbury said, ‘Mr. Garnet, is it not a lamentable thing, that *if the Pope, or Claudius Aquaviva, or yourself, command poor Catholics any thing, that they must obey you, though it be to endanger both body and soul?* and if you maintain such doctrine amongst you, how can the King be safe? Is it not time therefore, that His Majesty, and the State, should look to you, who spend your time thus in his kingdom?’ Garnet then replied, very passionately, ‘*My Lord, I would to God I had never known of the Powder Treason!!!*’ ”

“ And thereby hast thou saved thyself and me, at least for the present,” said O’Mara in a pensive tone.

“ What means this mystery ?” demanded Mabel with earnestness.

“ Be patient,” returned O’Mara, “ thou wilt know all ere long without my stir.”

Donavan was silent, and in a few seconds the boat gained the opposite shore, when Moor O’Mara springing to land, Mabel followed with her babe. Having lashed the bark in safety, the dark-minded fugitive, followed by his partner, proceeded onward, with downcast look and pensive step, ruminating on the plan most expedient to be adopted in order to secure himself, and, if possible, wreak his vengeance at some future period on those he deemed the enemies of the blessed Redeemer of mankind.

CHAPTER IV.

How weak the efforts of obdurate guilt,
When placed in opposition to the claims
Of upright justice: see where the villain skulks,
And from the eye of day at midnight seeks
To scarf his guilty head.

The culprit stands confessed; his very look
Bespeaks the perturbation of his soul.
Mark ye his palid front, his gloomy eye,
To earth cast down—behold his livid cheek
His lip unsteady and of bloodless hue,
And say if that be not the villain.

W. H. I.

ON the day subsequent to the elucidation of the gunpowder conspiracy and the apprehension of Guido Fawkes, a proclamation was issued by government, setting forth the discovery of the horrid explosion which was to have taken place, and exhorting the people of England to use their most strenuous endeavours in order to bring to condign punishment the several persons concerned in that diabolical conspiracy.

In the meantime the resolute Guido Fawkes underwent several examinations before the privy council, when he displayed the most contemptuous conduct, only deigning to answer certain questions in the most equivocal language, treating his superiors with

indifference, and preserving a sullen and dignified silence towards such inferior officers as conceived themselves entitled to interrogate him. But vain was all this contumacy, when put in competition with the persevering and vigilant methods resorted to by those who presided at the helm of the state, from whose indefatigable researches various documents were brought to light, tending to elucidate the infernal plot, as well as to discover the names of the principal agents concerned in that guilty combination.

Fully convinced that a complete developement was at hand, the several conspirators fled into Warwickshire, and from thence to Worcestershire, where, urged to desperation, they practised open rebellion, rearing the standard of catholicism, and endeavouring to assemble as many adherents to the cause as possible ; but all their attempts were frustrated by the vigorous measures which were adopted by the respective sheriffs of those two counties, who soon routed the miscreant band, which never consisted of more than eighty persons, till at length the leaders of the conspiracy sought refuge in a mansion house in Worcestershire, where they proceeded to barricado the doors and prepare for a resolute defence. In vain did the assailants demand a peaceable entry, the catholic traitors remained firm to their determination ; but at the precise moment when they prepared for defence, a quantity of damp gunpowder, which they had placed at a distance from the fire, in order to render it fit for service, suddenly blew up, by which accident some of the ringleaders were so

scarified as to be incapable of defending the mansion. Finding that heaven itself conspired against their practices, by turning their own weapons against themselves, Piercy and Catesby agreed that the portal of the mansion should be thrown open, when, placing themselves back to back within the passage, a bullet from the assailants in one moment slew them both, and in the next fell the two Wrights, brothers and sturdy ring-leaders in rebellion's cause; upon which the several others were instantaneously surrounded and made prisoners, being shortly after escorted to the English capital, there to be arraigned and tried for their infernal practices against their liege sovereign and the religion, laws, and liberty of the realm of Britain.*

From the secret examinations which took place before the council, it was well known that Garnet the jesuit, and two others of the same society, privy to the plot, were not yet secured, but those were merely considered as secondary engines in the foul conspiracy,

* On Thursday we took the armour at my lord Windsor's, and went that night to one Stephen Littleton's house, where the next day (being Friday) as I was early abroad to discover, my man came to me and said, that a heavy mischance had severed all the company, for that Mr. Catesby, Mr. Rookewood and Mr. Graunt, were burned with gunpowder, upon which sight the rest dispersed. Mr. Littleton wished me to fly, and so would he; but I told him I would first see the body of my friend and bury him, whatsoever befel me. When I came I found Mr. Catesby reasonably well, with Mr. Piercy, both the Wrights, Mr. Rookewood, and Mr. Graunt. I asked them what they resolved to do? when they replied, we mean here to die. Upon which I made answer, that I would take such part as they did. About eleven of the clock came the company to beset the house, and as I walked

when put in competition with the fugitive Moor O'Mara, concerning whom every enquiry and research was set on foot, though the council cautiously concealed from the public the escape of that daring villain, lest his being at liberty might create popular dissatisfaction, when it was out of the power of government to appease it by bringing forward the delinquent, in order to share with his associates the just reward of their diabolical perfidy.

Followed by Mabel Donavan, O'Mara proceeded by the margin of the river Thames till he arrived near the venerable pile dedicated to Saint Mary Ouverie, at a short distance from which edifice he well knew an asylum calculated to screen himself and his partner from observation. It was a small catholic chapel beneath a private habitation, wherein unceasingly burned a lamp before the effigies of the Redeemer of the world. Within that pile was every morning celebrated the mass, in presence of a few chosen adherents to the catholic faith, amongst whom O'Mara

into the court, I was shot in the shoulder, which lost me the use of mine arm; with the next shot was the elder Wright struck dead, after him the younger Mr. Wright, and, fourthly, Ambrose Rooke-wood. Then said Mr. Catesby to me (standing before the door by which they were to enter,) 'Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together.' 'Sir,' quoth I, 'I have lost the use of my right arm, and I fear that will cause me to be taken.' So as we thus stood close together, Mr. Catesby, Mr. Piercy, and myself, they two were shot, (as far as I could guess with one bullet) and then the company entered upon me; hurt me in the belly with a pike, and gave me other wounds, until one came behind and caught hold of both mine arms, in which manner I was secured."—*Thomas Winter's Confession.*

ranked foremost, who, as well as all those permitted to resort to that spot, was initiated into the mystery of the asylum, and thereby enabled to enter at all periods within the walls of the edifice.

Moor O'Mara having looked carefully around, and observing no intruder, touched a secret spring, which moved with facility the strong iron bar, that previously appeared a very sufficient impediment to the entrance of any individual within the walls of the mansion; the portal moved with ease upon its hinges, when Mabel Donovan entered a dark passage, while O'Mara instantly closed the door behind them, and every object was buried in impenetrable darkness. Moor then grasping the arm of his partner, led her in silence through the winding avenue, which terminated with a second portal; this her conductor having also unclosed, they entered the subterranean sanctuary dedicated to the honour of the immaculate mother of God.

On beholding the shrine, before which gleamed the sickly rays of an unsteady flame, the bigoted Donovan, instinctively dropping on her knees, began to offer up an Ave Maria, with all the energy of superstition, during which period Moor O'Mara, with arms folded o'er his breast, sometimes paced the chapel, and at others made a halt, while his physiognomy wore evident marks of the jarring passions which at that moment rent his inmost soul.

In this situation the fugitives remained until the seventh hour of morning, when a portal opposite to that by which they had entered that cavernous abode,

was suddenly thrown open, and a male form appeared arrayed in the sacerdotal garments of a catholic priest, who instantly advanced with the cordiality of an old friend to greet O'Mara, with whom he entered into conversation in a low tone of voice, the purport of their conference obviously relating to the presence of Mabel Donovan within the chapel. At the termination of this harangue, the stranger advanced to Mabel, on whose head he bestowed the fatherly benediction, and after having trimmed the lamp, which it was his duty to keep unceasingly burning, he bade O'Mara and Donovan follow his steps ; when, quitting the chapel through the door by which he had so recently entered, they ascended a flight of steps, and were soon ushered into a small apartment. The priest then proceeded to place before his guests such viands as were at hand, producing also proper nutriment for the infant which Mabel bore in her arms. Having eaten of the repast, Donovan, wearied in body as in mind, intimated a desire of enjoying, if possible, a few minutes' repose, with which request the priest immediately acquiesced by ushering her into an adjoining chamber, where Mabel with her babe sought for a time to lull her harassed spirits in the benign arms of care-soothing sleep.

Not so the rugged Moor O'Mara, his soul, attuned to the discordant sounds of vengeance, murder, and rebellion, felt not the attacks of hunger or fatigue ; bigotry reconciled his conscience to the adoption of any plan tending to forward the catholic faith ; for if lenient measures were of no avail, force was the next

plea, and should thousands yield up their souls, he experienced no yearnings of compassion, for the principle of his creed instructed him that heretics were sealed to eternal damnation ; to convert them therefore by any means was praiseworthy, so that, if obdurate, they were sacrificed, O'Mara deemed it a just reward for their perverseness in rejecting the road to everlasting salvation.

Wholly swayed by such sentiments, a variety of ideas crowded on his brain ; pity for his friend and sworn comrade, Guido Fawkes, aroused the fiend of blackest vengeance, who lorded it o'er his heart ; then would he recur to that individual, who it was conceived had brought the mystery to light ; at such moments he gnashed his teeth and groaned in agony, while from his pale and trembling lips escaped the vow of bitterest revenge. Sometimes the forms of retributive justice floated on his imagination ; he beheld in mind the sworn conspirators in chains, and ready to hear the dread behest of law ; anon would the vision change, when all the paraphernalia of execution presented itself to appal his soul ; at the suggestion, however, contempt nerved O'Mara's mind, and cowardice fled abashed before the stern brow of gloomy desperation ; he would then strike his front with vehemence, stamp upon the earth, and curse himself for the transitory pusillanimity which had unmanned his spirit.

About the eleventh hour of day, Donavan, somewhat refreshed, arose from the bed ; all London was in confusion, on every side appeared the royal proclamation, while bodies of guards patrolled the streets,

searching minutely every mansion suspected of being favourable to the catholic cause, and although unknown to the common soldiery, each officer was ere long in full possession of a written document descriptive of the person of O'Mara, and most of his associates.

But Moor was too well acquainted with the imminent danger not to be prepared for the worst, and on that account had he sought refuge in the secret chapel, as the inmates of the mansion were unknown to all, as catholics, outwardly practising as friends of the protestant cause. In addition to that circumstance, the chambers occupied by the priest were detached from the main building, neither were any visitants of his known to the family of Roland Bertie, the proprietor of the dwelling; not however from the dread of personal danger originated all this precaution in the mind of O'Mara, the hope of revenging his friends was the sole incentive of his conduct, as he would have suffered the rack, and every torture, rather than disowned his faith, confessed his guilt, or interceded for mercy at the hands of heretics.

In this seclusion O'Mara continued during the day, while the ecclesiastic his friend, made every enquiry in London, in order to ascertain the fate of the conspirators, and the conduct pursued by government, from which O'Mara was informed of the examinations of Guido Fawkes,* the flight of his

* The account given of Guido Fawkes, previous to his examination, we find thus delineated in a very rare and interesting document before us.

“ Then order being first taken for sending for the rest of the council that lay in the town, the prisoner himself was brought into

friends, and the vigilant pursuit which was set on foot to apprehend them.

As the dark hour of night approached, Moor having previously instructed the priest, commanded Mabel to attend them with her infant son ; this order she instantly acquiesced with, when O'Mara descended into the chapel, and in a few minutes, the father began the celebration of mass, to which Mabel attended with that superstitious awe so prevalent among the female devotees of the catholic persuasion.

At the termination of the ceremony, O'Mara, taking

the house, where, in respect of the strangeness of the accident, no man was stayed from the sight, or speaking with him. And within awhile after, the council did examine him ; who, seeming to put on a Roman resolution, did both to the council, and to every other person that spake with him that day, appear so constant and settled upon his grounds, as we all thought we had found some new Martius Scævola, born in England. For notwithstanding the horror of the fact, the guilt of his conscience, his sudden surprising, the terror which should have been stricken in him, by coming into the presence of so grave a council, and the restless and confused questions that every man all that day did vex him with, yet was his countenance so far from being dejected, that he often smiled in scornful manner, not only avowing the fact, but repenting only, with the said Scævola, his failing in the execution thereof, whereof he said, ' the Devil and not God was the discoverer ;' answering quickly to every man's objection, scoffing at any idle questions which were propounded unto him, and jesting with such as he thought had no authority to examine him. All that day could the council get nothing out of him touching his accomplices, refusing to answer to any such questions which he thought might discover the Plot, and laying all the blame upon himself ; whereunto he said, ' he was moved only for Religion and Conscience' sake, denying the king to be his lawful sovereign, or the anointed of God, in respect he was an heretic,' and giving himself no other name than John Johnson, servant to Thomas Piercy."

his son from the arms of its mother, advanced to the altar, when the priest, raising his hands towards heaven, commanded Moor to speak his will, upon which the father thus commenced his horrid vow :

“ Blessed be the Holy Trinity, and may its fostering protection be ever extended to this child of my loins, Reginald O’Mara, so long as he continues in the track which has characterized his progenitors : may he in the bitterness of his soul, blaspheme and swear eternal enmity to all unbelievers in the apostolic faith ; may he by stratagem and blood, endeavour to avenge the cause of those who will doubtless fall victims to their heretical judges ; may his life be characterized in supporting the infallibility of the papal see, and may he, by every method, endeavour to establish the tenets of everlasting salvation in this accursed land ; but, should he falter in any of those points, may the blasting vengeance of a father’s curse pursue his recreant spirit : may he be blighted with penury, and withering disease, and may the burning agonies of everlasting perdition parch up his sinews, and seal him for damnation in the world to come.”

As O’Mara concluded this diabolical supplication, the priest, laying his hands on the babe, muttered a Latin prayer, as sanctioning the blasphemous wish, while Mabel (whose masculine spirit had not even shrunk during O’Mara’s exclamation) awed by the ceremony of the ghostly father, added her supplications for the fulfilment of the prayer of Moor ; after which, the infant was again delivered to her care, when they quitted the chapel, and shortly after retired to rest.

CHAPTER V.

Inscrutable are all thy ways, Great God,
Else wherefore had the villain 'scap'd the lash
Of dread punishment?—Why were the prison bars
Re-op'd to give him once more to the blinded world,
That he might prowl the enemy avowed
Of human kind?—Hold, hold, presumptuous man,
Nor seek to question the Divinity!—

There is such potent charms in this same drug,
This deadly dust—That let one little grain
Steal through the human breast, and death ensues—
In vain would skill encounter the destructive power;
Not Æsculapius' self, with all his stores
Of balms, could stay its ravage—
Naught but the hand of him who made thee.—

IN this seclusion continued the conspirator and his partner for a few days, during which period, from the unremitting enquiries of the priest, O'Mara learned the seizure of his friends, and their imprisonment in London, as also the preparations which were making for their arraignment and trial. Bearing in mind the vow which he had made to the jesuit Garnet, and thirsting to wreak his vengeance on his associate, Tresham, the individual suspected of having sent the letter to my lord Monteaule, O'Mara planned a thousand schemes in order to put his purpose into ef-

fect, if possible, though he carefully concealed the workings of his mind from the knowledge of Mabel.

Having intimated to his companion the necessity there was for being disguised as much as possible, and Mabel, from the conversation which had transpired between the priest and O'Mara, resting fully assured that Moor was a ringleader in the gunpowder conspiracy, although such a confession had never escaped the lips of the daring renegade, she, in consequence, forwarded as much as possible the views of O'Mara, who made all the alteration necessary in his physiognomy, by cutting off his beard and whiskers, as also shaving away his eyebrows, and assuming a dress in every respect dissimilar to that which he had been accustomed to wear. Having had recourse to such precautions, Moor attended the celebration of mass at an early hour in the morning, having previously received absolution at the confessional, when he took the sacrament, that in case of surprise he might be prepared, according to his own belief, for the eternal glory which awaits the just in a future state, as O'Mara had solemnly determined to resist every attack, and either ensure an escape, or die in the bold attempt, by the hands of his assailants; as self immolation was diametrically opposite to the tenets he professed.

Being thus disguised, O'Mara bade farewell to Mabel Donavan and the infant, when hastening to the private entrance into the chapel, he drew back the bolts, and shortly found himself at liberty.

Prepared for every impending danger, he marched to the most frequented parts of London, with dauntless demeanour, disdaining to assume an air of timidity, which would have tended most to his discovery. Having proceeded thus from the city westward, upon his near approach to the houses of parliament, which he had an internal wish to behold in gloomy malignity, he was suddenly crossed in his way by an officer of his majesty's guards, who seizing his arm, drew a paper from his pocket, which he perused with earnestness, at the same time fixing his eyes with scrutiny on the features and form of Moor, who never attempted to resist the motions of the enquirer, but with a sneer exclaimed,

"I trust we shall be better acquainted, Sir, when you have satisfied yourself that I am not the person you seek."

"Surely it is he," muttered the officer, who noticed not the address of Moor, but still continued to re-peruse the paper, which was no other than a description of the figure and features of the conspirator himself.

"For whom dost thou take me?" demanded O'Mara, with a contemptuous look.

"Thou art surely Moor O'Mara the conspirator," replied the guard, "for whom such unremitting search hath been vainly set on foot; and yet," continued the officer, hesitating, as if some doubt arose in his mind, when O'Mara, seizing that favourable turn in the opinion of the individual, who still con-

tinued to grasp his arm, bursting into a forced laugh, replied :

“ This is the second time I have been honoured by so dignified a title—captain, my name is Edward Darcy, and Litchfield my place of birth and residence, and in which direction should you ever chance to march, my doors will be open to receive you.”

This feigned and artful frankness totally deceived the officer, who made excuses for the detention of O'Mara, but the bold renegade, determining to enact his part with even more finished cunning, proceeded to enter into conversation with the guard respecting the heinous crime of the diabolical catholics, as he was pleased to term them ; when, to his no small astonishment, he was given to understand, that the very officer with whom he then conversed, was the individual that night appointed to head the watch at the Gate-house prison, wherein was then confined the object of O'Mara's vengeance, the conspirator Tresham.

Upon gaining that welcome intelligence, a bold expedient suddenly rushed upon the inventive brain of Moor, who instantaneously proceeded to address the officer as follows :

“ A sin of such diabolical magnitude must surely have been put in practice by men of more than ordinary appearance : I know not how it is, but curiosity, which is ever awake in the human breast, is most particularly so with me on the present occasion, and there is really nothing I would not hazard, could I be

permitted to see and converse for a few minutes with one of the confederates in this same Gunpowder Plot."

The officer, in whom every suspicion had been lulled to rest by the previous conference which had taken place between himself and O'Mara, instantly tendered his services, by assuring Moor that he would himself accompany him that night to the cell of Tresham, if it would at all gratify his curiosity.

After having expressed his sincere acknowledgment for this proof of his politeness, the officer would have appointed a place of meeting for the evening, but the artful Moor, conceiving that while absent fresh doubts might obtrude themselves on the mind of the guard, determined to remain with his companion during the remainder of the day, and in order to effect that point he politely requested the officer's attendance with him to an adjoining tavern, in order that they might dine together at the cost of O'Mara, who insisted on that step as the grand preliminary. Having at length acquiesced, they proceeded to the appointed mansion, and after having partaken of the repast, Moor, accompanied by his new acquaintance, who became his guide on the occasion, escorted him to the cellar, so well known to O'Mara, where he proceeded to explain the whole manner of the apprehension of Fawkes and the escape of his friend Moor, together with every subsequent step which had been adopted by the vigilance of government. Thus passed on the hours until the period arrived when it was necessary for the officer to attend with his men, in order to relieve the guard at the Gate-house, whither he repaired accompanied by

the exulting Moor O'Mara, whose soul already glutted in imagination on the vengeance which he fervently hoped he was on the point of carrying into effect.

On their arrival at the gaol, the officer having stationed his men, informed O'Mara that he should shortly be enabled to gratify his desire, and requesting therefore that he would await his return in the guard room, he quitted the chamber, leaving Moor not altogether satisfied at the procedure in question. After a lapse of some time spent in this state of suspense, the captain at length returned according to his promise, when he informed O'Mara that he was then at leisure to acquiesce with his wishes. Upon this Moor followed his steps, and having proceeded along a dark avenue they were met by one of the gaolers, to whom the officer spoke in a whisper, when the keeper turning, requested they would follow him.

After traversing several passages they halted at the portal of a dungeon, the bars of which being withdrawn, a massive key shot back the bolts of the lock, when O'Mara and his conductor found themselves within the chamber, which was illumined only by the rays of a lamp that was suspended from the stone ceiling.

At this juncture the dark soul of Moor heaved with the gloomy thrill of vengeance, as stretched upon a bench he gazed upon the figure of his former associate in villany, the guilty Tresham, who, labouring under acute bodily anguish, scarcely noticed the persons of the intruders.

From the contemplations which swayed his mind, O'Mara was speedily awakened by the voice of the officer, who requested that the gaoler would permit them to continue for a time alone with the delinquent, which desire was willingly complied with; the keeper having first intimated his intention of securing the portal on the outer side, when quitting the dungeon, they were left alone in company with the prisoner Tresham.

"You see I have fulfilled my promise," said the officer, addressing O'Mara, "it now remains with you to arouse and converse with one of those traitors, whose atrocity hath, in your estimation, stamped him unworthy the rank of man."

The mind of Moor was so absorbed, that he merely noticed the conclusive words of his conductor's address, when bending his head in token of assent, he approached the person of Tresham, who had raised his visage, and was examining with a scrutinizing eye, the persons of Moor, and the officer of the guard.—The principle of vengeance had in this instance, nearly overcome the cooler impulse of reason, when sober reflection suddenly flashed upon the brain of Moor, who called to mind that his person, though disguised, might not escape the discernment of Tresham, when a sudden ejaculation from the lips of the prisoner, must inevitably have involved him in a similar situation: warned by this reflection to a sense of his danger, O'Mara turned to observe the person of the captain, who remained several paces behind, paying little attention to what

transpired; on observing which, Moor fixing his piercing eyes full upon those of Tresham, placed his finger before his lips, and then hastily made the sign of the cross on his breast with his right hand, in order to notify to his colleague that he was an adherent of the catholic cause.

The prisoner noticing this conduct in his visitant, raised himself on the bench, and after gazing anxiously on O'Mara, gave token that his person was not unknown to him, by returning the sign, and making a slight inclination of the head; upon which Moor, in order to evade suspicion, thus addressed the prisoner,

“Curiosity hath prompted me to desire this introduction, that I might behold the person of one of those concerned in the late dreadful conspiracy, and sorry am I to regard in you, an individual branded with that horrid crime.”

As Moor O'Mara delivered those words, it was obvious by the gesticulations of Tresham, that the voice of the speaker had identified his altered person to be that of his colleague O'Mara, he however, repressed his astonishment as much as possible, and with a degree of calmness replied,

“No man is guilty until the law hath passed its sentence, and even in such cases the law itself is not infallible; many innocent have suffered, and I among the rest may die a victim and a martyr.”

As Tresham delivered those words, a malignant smile played on the features of O'Mara, which was by the prisoner attributed to different motives from those which really agitated the soul of his associate

in villany, when after a moment's pause, Moor thus continued,

“Dar'st thou assume to thyself the title of martyr?”

“I dare avouch it,” answered Tresham, with firmness, fixing his regard full upon the physiognomy of the interrogator, with a look of mingled enquiry and astonishment.

O'Mara, slowly shaking his head, replied, “Then dost thou rank thyself among the blessed in heaven?”

“I do,” exclaimed the prisoner with ardour, and looking significantly at O'Mara; when he continued, “and should we not trust in heaven? Is there not *hope* while life still animates this earthly frame?”

Moor continued silent, but by a slight inclination of the head, conveyed to Tresham his seeming acquiescence, with the interrogatory purposely put to him by the prisoner, when, unclosing his hand, he presented to the eyes of the observant Tresham, a small folded paper, that had been previously arranged, and which he dropped to earth on turning from his colleague, as he perceived that the eyes of the officer were not occupied in scrutinizing his actions.

The conduct of Moor struck deep into the soul of Tresham, who was led to imagine from this unlooked-for appearance of a friend in the conspiracy, that some plot was to be unravelled by the contents of the paper thus purposely dropped by O'Mara, and that the whole would terminate in his escape from prison, and the punishment of the law which awaited him. Under

this idea he instantly arose from his prostrate position on the bench, and placed his foot upon the document, in order to conceal it from observation.—Fallacious hope! it is thus we oft delude ourselves, and thinking to grasp at life, fall into the jaws of inevitable perdition.

Even so was it with the unfortunate prisoner Tresham, for in that parcel was enfolded a deadly powder, and on the paper written as follows,

“Swallow in your drink the enclosed, the shades of death will seem to overpower you, heed not the pangs, for all will terminate in Freedom: be bold, nor doubt the sacred Trinity.”

Having so far wrought his direful purpose, Moor then joined the officer, and in a few seconds, appeared the gaoler, who came to set them at liberty. On passing the threshold, O'Mara turned his regard on Tresham, the glance of exultation characterizing his lowering visage, while the deluded prisoner, yielding to fallacious hope, wafted a silent blessing to heaven for the safety of him he deemed a friend, if not his preserver.

On quitting the gaol, O'Mara thought it expedient to separate from the officer as speedily as possible, which he soon effected, without any further suspicion having arisen in the breast of his conductor.

The dawn of the ensuing day, gave to the public ear an account of Tresham's demise, which was attributed to natural causes; from the weakly state of his health, whereas, had the eye of discernment gazed upon his livid cheek and horrid mien, where

the convulsive struggles of an unnatural death were depicted, the truth had been at once proclaimed—
“That Tresham died of poison, and that the baleful drug was delivered from the hand of his friend—
the catholic Moor O'Mara.”

CHAPTER VI.

How awful is this scene to guilty souls:
The judges' robes; the solemn forms of law;
The death-like silence; and accuser's voice
Sealing the culprit's condemnation—All these
With scorpion stings must goad the grimed heart,
And make it feel an hundred fold the rigid lash
Of justice all retributive.

How guilt distorts the soother of the soul,
Soft balmy sleep. In vain the culprit strives
In midnight slumbers to conceal the pang
That haunts his waking brain—Perhaps he speaks,
And with distorted look, and anguished groan,
Gives to some listening ear his tale of guilt.

SATIATED with revenge, and glorying in the security which had attended his daring conduct in having faced the very individuals appointed to apprehend him, Moor O'Mara returned by twilight to the place of his secretion, where he found Mabel Donovan anxiously expecting his arrival. Maintaining the most rigid silence as to every event which had transpired, and the sanguinary motive that had prompted him to dare the worst, O'Mara continued for many days the inhabitant of the priest's chambers, constantly attending the celebration of mass,

and forming a thousand diabolical schemes, in order to wreak his revenge on the persecutors of his associates.

The day at length arrived when the trial of the conspirators was to take place, on which occasion Moor, fully confident of escaping detection, quitted his lurking place, and attended at Westminster, that he might note the arrival of his colleagues, who were brought by water from the Tower of London to Palace-yard, in order to await the sentence of the law in the hall at Westminster.

At the appointed time the traitors landed, and were then conducted to the Star-chamber, where they continued awhile, previous to their being summoned into court.

As the delinquents passed the crowd, among which O'Mara had stationed himself, their gloomy countenances betrayed their guilt, which seemed however to affect them but little, as they appeared determined to meet that death with fortitude which they well knew must shortly terminate their earthly careers.

Being summoned before the judges, the eight delinquents dauntlessly ascended the scaffolding prepared, and took their stations at the awful bar, where, having each undergone an impartial hearing, the sentence of death was pronounced against them, Digby, Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates being ordered for execution on the thirtieth of January, in St. Paul's church-yard, there to be hanged and quartered, and on the ensuing day a similar fate was to attend Thomas Winter, Rookewood, Keyes, and Fawkes, in Old Palace-yard, Westminster.

As the dread behest of law was thundered forth, a thousand conflicting passions wrung the soul of Moor O'Mara: no longer prizing liberty, or actuated by the impulse of revenge, he would fain have avowed himself and joined his associates in the plot, that he might share with them a glorious martyrdom; fired with exultation, he was on the point of exclaiming his name aloud, and craving that he might share the fate of his friends, when at that critical moment he felt his arm grasped with force, and on turning his head beheld the form of Mabel Donavan, who, with her infant in her arms, stood beside him.

"What brought thee here, woman?" demanded O'Mara sternly.

"I come to warn thee of thy danger," replied Mabel, in a whisper, at the same time drawing O'Mara from the multitude that surrounded them.

Thus proceeded Moor and his partner in silence, until they gained an unfrequented spot, when Mabel thus addressed him,

"Vain have been all thy attempts to conceal from me the secrets of thy breast: I have circumvented all thy caution, and learned that thou art one of the sworn conspirators, whose doom has been so lately proclaimed; I know thee too for the destroyer of thy comrade Tresham. Nay, start not," resumed Mabel, in observing the astonishment that was depicted on his countenance, "and I have also ascertained the causes that urged thee to that act. Now mark me, Moor, the blood-hounds of justice pursue

thee, and but for the timely friendship of the reverend priest, under whose roof we have so safely sojourned, myself and babe had fallen into the hands of thy inveterate foes. Hither therefore I came under the full assurance that my search would not prove futile, for well have I observed the firmness of thy soul, which to the last will cling to those to whom thy sacred oath was plighted. I applaud thy magnanimity, and reverence the inflexible principles which bind thee to mother Church; propose what oath thou wilt, I will be sworn, and either live or die with thee a branded traitor as the decrees of fate shall ordain."

A silence of some moments ensued, and during that period a variety of jarring passions rent the breast of O'Mara, which were evidently pourtrayed on his countenance; when suddenly bending his dark eyes on the features of Mabel, he demanded to know the means whereby she had acquired the knowledge so recently communicated to him.

"Thy waking hours have proved thee wary as the lynx, and silent as the grave, not so has been, Moor, the period of thy sleep.---Thinkest thou that Mabel Donovan could remain unsatisfied; can O'Mara have once conceived that I should silently endure suspense, nor fathom the deep recesses of his heart? I thought thou hadst known me better. When o'er thy senses hath stolen the soft counterfeit of death, then have I watched beside thee; thy dreams disturbed, have made me shudder, and thy broken ejaculations have an hundred times bespoke thee the friend of Guido

Fawkes, and the sworn associate of those noble few who boldly dared assay to plant the standard of true faith in this our land. At such moments have I placed mine hand upon thy palpitating heart, I have demanded of thee questions, which thou hast unknowingly resolved me. 'Tis thus I have obtained the mighty secrets that were so warily confined to thine own keeping.—Blame me not, O'Mara, for there exists not a spirit more congenial with thy own, or that would more gladly meet the doom which soon must waft your colleagues to the realms of everlasting light."

O'Mara continued silent for a time ; the dauntless mind of his partner filled him with admiration, he would fain have reprehended her conduct, but there was in her demeanour a certain fixed magnanimity that even awed his resolute soul.

"Wherefore art thou mute?" resumed Mabel with earnestness ; "am I an unworthy partner of thine affections ? thinkest thou I should blush in the sacred cause of everlasting truth ? if so avaunt, leave thy babe and me ; I have a soul would scorn to act the *traitor's* part when *treachery* obtained the secret of thy bosom."

"Thou art a woman," exclaimed O'Mara with an energetic voice, at the same time intimating by his demeanour a certain degree of doubt.

"And thou art a man," resumed Mabel with a half sneer, "yet thy manhood, forsooth, could sleep when the drowsy fit was on thee ; for shame, O'Mara, art thou not in my power ? then why mistrust the being that could, but will not harm thee ?"

There was such truth in this appeal, that soon the gloomy soul of Mara yielded obedience to its dictates, and hastily seizing the hand of Mabel, he replied :

“ Thou partner of my bed, depository of my secrets, and companion of my vicissitudes ! yes, thou more than woman, I admit thee a worthy advocate of the cause I have espoused ;—death hangs over us ;—I fear not the blow, and but for thine intervention even now had I been condemned with those I prize beyond existence. To act a desperate deed requires a mind above the vulgar stamp :there is not one amongst us but can meet the grim terror of human kind. The soul of a conspirator should be prepared for every luckless chance ; if fortune crowns him with success, caution should check his exultation ; if evil fate betides, he knows the chances of the game, and should await with fortitude the hazard of the die. In me alone exists not the prop of our great cause ; friends there are still to act as resolute as I, and of that number thou, Mabel, mayst claim pre-eminence ; therefore O’Mara takes thee to his heart, not as a female, but a sworn adherent of the sacred faith.”

“ By the Holy Trinity I swear !” exclaimed Mabel, at the same time making the sign of the cross, and ejaculating a short prayer to the Virgin Mary.

“ What passed at the mansion of sir Roland Bertie ?” demanded Moor O’Mara ; and wherefore did thy fears urge thee thus to pursue me ?”

“ List, O’Mara,” replied Donavan, “ and I will resolve thy questionings ;” after which Mabel continued thus :

“ Some time elapsed after thy departure this morning, when suddenly appeared the form of one well known to the priest who hath so kindly fostered us ; he came into the sacred chapel with infinite precipitancy ; terror was depicted on his brow, and his every motion betrayed horror and dismay ; on beholding him our friend the priest saluted the stranger with the cordiality of an old friend, and after a few moments’ private converse, which obviously related to me, the father introduced him to my notice by the name of Garnet the jesuit, a personage so well known to thee, O’Mara ; I consequently gave him welcome, but my assiduities were little heeded, nor was there indeed room for ceremony, for in a few seconds a general alarm prevailed throughout the mansion of the venerable sir Roland Bertie, as the portals of his habitation were quickly surrounded by the guards of the king, who came in pursuit of the jesuit Garnet, and also suspected thee, O’Mara, as being concealed within the walls. The worthy owner of the hospitable roof, with infinite danger and difficulty, conveyed this information to the priest our friend, lest there might be truth in the enquiry, with which he was wholly unacquainted, and that an escape might in such case be effected. Such, O’Mara, was the incitement for my hasty departure from our asylum, which took place in company with Garnet through the secret avenue by which we gained the chapel, though on our arrival without the walls I instantly separated from my fellow fugitive, at his most earnest request, Garnet having first bestowed on

thee his most ardent blessing, which he bade me deliver, should fate ever again unite us ; at the same time requesting me to say that your word had been verified, and that Tresham died opportunely, though from what *malady* he was wholly unacquainted."

At the termination of Mabel's address, gloomy silence pervaded the soul of O'Mara, who regarded himself as a wanderer bereft of habitation, and a creature on whom was set the mark of infamy, his life being forfeit to the laws. Those ideas which rapidly succeeded each other in his mind, led him into the most horrid train of reflections ; in vain did his religious tenets obtrude themselves ; he remembered with anguish that his friends would shortly suffer on the scaffold ; he recurred to his own forlorn state, and then demanded whether the holy cause he had espoused should doom its most ardent votaries to such a tragical destiny. While those suggestions occurred, heavy sighs escaped O'Mara's breast, and as Mabel observed the struggles of his bosom he groaned involuntarily.

"There is no hope, both home, safety, and revenge are lost to me for ever."

"Am I to accuse thee of irresolution ?" demanded Mabel with earnestness ; "what are the conflicting elements, the adverse chances of fortune, and the annihilation of worlds when the mind has attained that glorious state of equanimity which prompts it to condemn the last great shock which we experience on this side of futurity ?—the unerring shaft of death ! Suppose thou art a wanderer and an outcast, bereft of

home and comfort, what is the worst that can befall ? — nothing but death : and can the law inflict more tortures on *thy* mortal frame than was experienced by the immaculate saviour of mankind ? Shame, shame, O'Mara, be thyself ; either live and die a catholic, or else be nothing."

This nervous appeal to the religious tenets of Moor aroused him from the lethargic spell which silent despair had implanted, for a period, in his dark bosom. He turned his regard upon the being who had so recently addressed him, he gazed upon her with a look wherein the struggles of exultation were delineated, and dispelled the gloomy frowns so congenial to his soul. O'Mara then seized the hand of Mabel, he pressed it with a fervency to which she had long been estranged, and urged by the dictates of justice exclaimed :

" Paragon of thy sex, and staunch upholder of the faith, for once I will confess thou hast instructed Moor O'Mara, who owns himself the pupil of woman-kind—lead on ; thy counsel shall teach me as thy words have roused my sluggard mind from the dark chaos of desperation and the grave."

Having pronounced those words, the fugitive pair proceeded for a time wholly unconscious of the track they were pursuing, while the dark canopy of wintry clouds scarfed from their eyes the lingering gleam of eve that faded in the western expanse.

" Whither go we ?" at length demanded O'Mara, " and under what lowly roof or shed shall we find shelter from the inclemency of this wintry night, that

seems to keep pace with the cogitations of my breast?"

"Fate is our guide," replied Mabel, and I with cheerfulness submit to every seeming ill; no longer does dissatisfaction mantle my *soul*, thou didst elect me a member of the glorious cause, and from that moment I have sworn to look disdainfully on every threatening peril that may await us."

For a considerable period O'Mara and his partner continued on their route, having for some time quitted the precincts of London. The evening, which had been gloomy, terminated in a night dark as Erebus; the sullen winds moaned hideously, and the pelting rain soon drenched the habiliments of Mabel and her protector, while the infant in her arms, nipped by the piercing blast, gave to the pitiless storm its peevish cries, which the mother vainly strove to lull, by clasping the little one closer to her palpitating bosom.

A glimmering light at length attracted the eyes of the fugitives, who, wearied with their march, quickened their pace, in order to intreat a shelter till the morning, when some fresh plan of operations might be agreed upon. For some time the light continued in view, when suddenly it disappeared and all was again enveloped in darkness.

"Curse on our wayward fate!" exclaimed O'Mara in a sullen tone of voice.

"Mark how fallacious is thy execration," resumed Mabel, who at the same instant caught a second glimpse of the welcome glimmer.

“ Moor remained silent, while they continued to proceed with hasty strides, and at length arrived at a miserable hovel, through the lattice of which shone the sickly taper which had previously arrested their regard.

On gaining the portal, O'Mara knocked for admittance, but all was silent ; he repeated the blow, calling aloud to the inmates of the wretched habitation, when a bolt was slowly withdrawn, and the door opened cautiously by an elderly male figure, who, raising the light, regarded the persons of Moor and his fellow wanderer with a mysterious scrutiny, at the same time enquiring their business at that unseasonable hour.

“ We are benighted,” answered Donavan, “ and will reward your hospitality if you will grant us a shelter from the inclemency of this pitiless night.”

The stranger made no reply, but opening the portal wide, which he had previously kept almost closed to, motioned the petitioners to enter, with a grin of malignancy pictured on his visage which escaped the observation of the fugitives, who were only occupied with the thoughts of having found at length some sanctuary that might shield them until morning.

On advancing into the chamber, the dying embers of a wood fire appeared upon the hearth, on one side of which was seated an old and horrid looking female, and opposite a second male form, somewhat stricken in years, though not so aged as the man who had given admittance to the guilty Moor and Donavan.

Having seated themselves in silence on a bench, the dame began to move the dying embers with a crutch that laid beside her, while the man who had opened the door collected the few pieces of wood which were scattered near the hearth, and cast them upon the fire, when he also seated himself, and a silence of some minutes ensued.

Mabel, after this pause, first entered into conversation by thus addressing her hosts,

“ We are greatly beholden to your hospitality, my worthy friends, and if we may but claim the protection of your roof this night, our gratitude shall reward you.”

“ There is a pallet above, whereon ye may repose,” answered one of the inhabitants of the hovel, at the same time bending his eyes on the features of O’Mara with an expression that produced the most unaccountable thrill through his whole frame, while it seemed as if the power of the basilisk was attached to them, as Moor found it impossible to withdraw from the features of the stranger his own regard.

The wary Mabel Donavan soon noticed the scrutinizing look of the stranger, and glancing her eyes on the other male figure, she beheld him also occupied in contemplating O’Mara’s physiognomy, with a countenance, if possible, expressive of more horror than was depicted on that of the other male inhabitant of the hovel.

A degree of fear, to which her soul had ever been estranged, suddenly pervaded the breast of Donavan, when a few moments’ consideration prompted her to

summon her wonted resolution, and she turned her eyes towards the forbidding female, when her blood became chilled on beholding the dame, supporting her long chin on the handle of her crutch, and employed in eyeing her visage with the same degree of scrutiny and horrible aspect which marked the features of the two males, who had rivetted the regard of the guilty O'Mara by a charm apparently supernatural.

Mabel felt as if the hand of death was upon her; a tremor struck through every vein, and the purple tide of life seemed rushing back to her heart, which was frozen by the icy grasp of terror and dismay.

While these conflicting sensations agitated the breast of Donavan, Moor O'Mara strove to conquer the pusillanimous dread which had enchained him, and having summoned a degree of resolution, at length broke the silence by proposing the following question in a peremptory tone of voice,

"Are we your welcome guests this night?"

"Ye are so," replied one of the male figures.

"Then wherefore this apparent gloom, my friends?" resumed O'Mara.

"Couldst *thou* be gay?" replied the stranger form, fixing a look of the most penetrating enquiry on the physiognomy of O'Mara.

This interrogatory struck deep into the breast of the conspirator, who felt, however unwillingly, the goading sting of compunction and guilt.

He endeavoured, but could not summon sufficient resolution, to hazard a reply, when Mabel Donavan,

alarmed at the late enquiry, forgot for a period her own terror in endeavouring to relieve the feelings of her protector, and she in consequence exclaimed,

“Who could be cheerful in such a night as this? as for myself, my mind is harassed and my body worn with fatigue, my babe too is a painful burthen to its afflicted mother; would we were at rest”—Then turning to the mysterious occupants of the wretched hovel, Donovan continued thus:

If, as you have said, we are no intruders on your hospitality, may it so please ye, friends, that we retire in order to taste the sweets of sleep until to-morrow’s dawning.”

“Sleep is the companion of those that can enjoy it,” exclaimed the ugly old dame, in accents dissonant and shrill. “May ye sleep sound upon the tattered rug which must serve ye both to-night for a covering.”

As those words were delivered, the black and sunken eyes of the female were bent downwards upon the fuel, which emitted a gleam of light just sufficient to betray a malicious smile that played upon her lank and shrivelled countenance, while her bony hand grasping the crutch, drew with the same mysterious figures on the powdered ashes that surrounded the flame.

The individual who had first given admittance to Moor O’Mara and his partner, then arose from his seat, and taking up the taper, advanced to a door at the further end of the chamber, whither he beckoned the fugitives to follow him, who willingly obeyed the summons, anxious to be freed from the gaze and unaccountable demeanour of their forbidding hosts.

After bidding good night to the aged woman and the male who continued in the chamber below, O'Mara and Donavan having received from them no reply, followed in silence the steps of their conductor, who slowly ascended a flight of wooden stairs, partly mouldering with age, and at the summit threw open a crazy portal, that creaking on its hinges displayed to the conspirator and Mabel, the gloomy chamber which was destined to shield them from all the horrors of a most tempestuous night.

"This is your place of repose," said the old man, committing the taper to the table, "and this the only rug we have to cover you ; 'tis seldom any creature strays this way to ask such fare."

"We should be ungrateful not to thank you for the best you can bestow," replied Donavan

"True," answered the host, with a peculiar emphasis, "for no one knows the worst till it arrives."

On concluding this remark the stranger descended the stairs, while O'Mara, advancing in silence to the door, closed the same, and then secured it by pushing to a wooden bolt, which, from its size, seemed well adapted to act as a barrier against all attempts from any unwelcome intruders.

CHAPTER VII.

Doubt hangs on thy guilty soul :
Thou knowest not whom to trust.—Accursed state,
To start appal'd at every passing breeze,
And shrink from thine own shadow.

What should they be ? Each action bears the stamp
Of cold reserve and cautious mystery.
Oh ! wer't not for the horrors of this night,
'Neath some lone penthouse would I stretch my form,
Nor seek such luke-warm hospitality.

W. H. I.

How now ?
Ye black and midnight hags what is't you do ?
A deed without a name.

SHAKSPEARE.

No ! 'twas no coinage of the wandering brain ;
No conjured phantasy to scare dull sleep
And prove the whole but airy nothingness ;
These eyes beheld it, while my sick'ning soul
Scarce dared believe the sense that cried aloud
'Tis even so.

W. H. I.

It is unaccountable how the most noble mind may be warped from those divine principles which nature had implanted in the human breast, and all this arising only from the prejudice of education, or the warm adherence to a cause which, although chaste in its origin, may have been rendered diabolical from the villany or enthusiasm of its practitioners.

The mind of Mabel Donavan was not to be diverted from any principles which it had imbibed ; she possessed a vigorous understanding and a perspicuity of judgment which seldom accompanies a woman through life. Her persuasion was the catholic faith, to which she had ever adhered, previous to her knowledge of Moor O'Mara, with a firmness, yet at the same time a mode of action, totally divested of superstitious bigotry ; but from the moment when she yielded herself the slave of his caprices, the whole tenor of her conduct assumed a change ; the mildness of the true christian was converted into rigour against every sect whose tenets were in opposition to her own, and that equanimity of soul, which would have rendered her the paragon of her sex under proper tuition, became a species of ferocious stoicism when subjected to the dominion of her protector.

Those violent operations of the mind settled at length in a sullen, yet determined gloom, as the conspiring O'Mara, warmed with the machinations of his hellish crew, led him to forget the partner of his bed and the offspring of his loins ; but when Donavan had solved the mystery, when she became acquainted with the direful cogitations of O'Mara's brain, and was the depository of his abhorred secret, 'twas then her soul thirsted to develope to her protector the fallacy of his caution and the keenness of her judgment. 'Twas on that account she seized the moment of misfortune to breathe the truth into his ear, under the full conviction that if she ever was to rank with him in mind, no period was so fitted to her purpose as

that when despondency reigned o'er the soul of him she sought to emulate.

Her point was gained, she triumphed in her victory, and from that instant every noble attribute in nature became subservient to her darling purpose ; equanimity was transformed into daring contumacy ; catholicism into rancour, bigotry, and superstition ; and acuteness of judgment into art, cunning, and duplicity ; in short, vengeance was her aim, and the annihilation of the universe would not, in her mind, have compensated for the lives of those daring few who were so shortly to end their career of villany upon a public scaffold, while their characters would be branded to future generations with the opprobrious stigma of ignominy and disgrace.

O'Mara, after securing the door of the miserable apartment, turned round in silence, and with folded arms paced to and fro, while Donavan, still agitated with the feelings of a mother, was busily employed in committing her young one to the rug, in order that its infant frame might experience that renovation from repose, which it seemed more than probable would be denied to its anxious parent. Such, however, did not prove the case, for a heavy stupor imperceptibly took possession of every faculty, till, unable to resist the potent spell, Donavan dropped on the rug, overcome by that welcome soother of the troubled spirit, which buries for a time all sublunary anguish in the bosom of forgetfulness.

Unmindful of what had transpired, Moor O'Mara continued immersed in gloom, till the train of his

ideas suddenly led him to think of his partner, when aroused as from a trance, he made a halt near the person of Donavan, whose name he twice repeated without receiving any reply. Fully convinced that the powerful spell of sleep had enchained her soul, O'Mara raised the light, and proceeded to observe with a scrutinizing regard the interior of the chamber, for notwithstanding every endeavour on his part to dispel pale fear, yet nevertheless a terror took possession of his mind whensoever he recurred to the mysterious behaviour of the inhabitants of the hovel.

After a minute search no other opening into the room was perceptible to the keen eyes of the conspirator, save that which he had previously secured. The chamber was large, and the dim light insufficient to illumine the space ; the beams were obscured by dust, and spiders' webs hung on every side, which had apparently been long neglected by their wily occupants.

As Moor contemplated this unpleasing scene, the howling of the wind and pattering rain caught his attentive ear, and he experienced a momentary gratification at being screened from its effects ; but the thought was transient, for thrilling horror was then the sole inmate of his breast, nor was mortal power sufficient to drive away the unwelcome guest.

As O'Mara continued thus combating his fears, a deep and lengthened moan suddenly swelled upon the night breeze.

The traitor started at the sound ; dismay shot from

his glaring eye-balls, and his dark locks stood erect upon his livid front.

He listened attentively, but all was silent, save the pelting of the pitiless storm.

“ ’Twas nothing,” muttered O’Mara internally ; yet, were it a reality, what are groans to me ? I fear them not, for in them there is naught to palsy the intrepid spirit of a catholic.”

Scarcely was this internal ejaculation pronounced, when the same heavy moan was repeated, upon which, turning his eyes towards the spot from whence it issued, he beheld the form of Mabel Donavan half-raised from the rug ; her eyes were opened and fixed wildly upon one spot, at the same time horror and anxiety were legibly imprinted on her physiognomy, and her whole conduct betrayed the strugglings of an overcharged conscience.

Struck with the sight, O’Mara approached the person of Donavan, but she appeared wholly unconscious of the action, when by the assistance of the light which he held before her visage, he immediately discerned that she was under the impulse of sleep, and that some extraordinary dream was then working on her fancy so as to produce that powerful effect on her entranced mind.

Astonished at the appearance of Mabel, and desirous of observing how this scene would terminate, Moor remained immovable, with enquiring eyes bent on her countenance, when the following sounds struck his ear, while the forefinger of the speaker was emphatically raised to her lip,

"Hush! hush! we are secure; for blessed is the sign of the cross: are we not catholics, Moor? and am not I a conspirator?"

"Tush, tush, man; what's there to fear? There are no list'ners but the wind.—I tell thee all is well: ay, very well!"

A horrid smile for a few seconds played on the countenance of Donavan, during which she remained silent; when instantaneously her features assumed an indescribable expression of horror, which became even more terrific as she groaned forth the following words:

"Say not so; art thou Tresham? why are thy sunken eyes bent on me? call blood into thy livid cheeks, or turn thy deadly visage from my sight; I have naught to do with thee, therefore trouble not thus my soul!—Hide me, Moor, hug me to thy breast, let him not blast me thus with horror."

Having uttered that exclamation, Mabel hid her face in her hands; but if fear usurped dominion o'er her breast, an impulse no less terrific took possession of O'Mara's brain, as the name of his victim had caught his attention.

He would fain have interrupted Donavan's ejaculations by awakening her from the powerful spell, but found the endeavour impracticable, and thus remained the tortured victim of his own blood-tinctured imagination.

On a sudden the entranced Mabel, withdrawing her hands from her visage, thus continued,

"Hark! it beats, the solemn bell proclaims the

hour of death; can it be? and must they die? What all? What every soul of them be numbered with dust long since forgotten? Are such the rewards of magnanimous spirits?—Vengeance, heaven! blast that death-dealing fiend, that heretical dog, whose sacrilegious hands are to sever the strings of life, and give to earth those martyrs to the true and everlasting faith!—Where, where art thou, Moor O'Mara? Where is thy poniard, thy bowl, and exterminating fire? Come; come; send to their native flames the sons of eternal perdition.—Ha! mark where the first victim comes.—The bloody executioner twines round his devoted neck the hellish cord.—Jesu, mercy! he is launched off—he dies!!—he dies!!!”

As Donavan pronounced the conclusive words, a faint shriek escaped her lips, she wrung her hands in anguish, and dropping on the rug, a silence ensued, and all her horrors seemed once more to subside in the bosom of peaceful sleep.

Absorbed in meditation, O'Mara remained for a time immovable; while the vision of Mabel wholly engrossed his brain, as he thus internally exclaimed,

“Even in her sleep she is with us; her spirit breathes conspiracy, and her whole soul is wrapped in the faith that points to eternal bliss. Curse on the frigid dictates of established forms which deny to woman an alliance with man in matters of importance; what might not the daring soul of this creature have effected had she been sworn with me a partaker in the conspiracy? What might not have proved the effect of her inventive faculties in the hour of peril?

Even Donovan perhaps might have saved my comrades, and put into effect the glorious scheme which now is crushed, while those I reverence await in silent gloom the hour of anguish, death, and public execration."

Once more O'Mara paced the lonely chamber, when worn with mental anguish, he felt at length the heavy stupor of sleep steal o'er his senses, and throwing himself beside the form of Donovan, sought for a time to taste the comforts of salutary rest. But how can peaceful slumbers wait on the pillow of guilt, while heaven all-seeing cons o'er the blotted page; justice, with eagle eye, penetrates the dark abyss, rouses to action the sluggard thought, and to the villain paints anew the horrid crimes that have debased his manhood with the stigma of vice, and on his soul impressed the bloody signet of murder, treason, and revenge.

Scarcely had death's counterfeit sealed up O'Mara's waking thoughts, than horrid visions occupied his restless mind. Sometimes the officers of justice appeared to tear him from his wretched pallet; he groaned, and half awakened, found it but a vision, then turned his anguished form in hopes of banishing the dreadful fiction from his burning brain.

The reverberating sound of the bell had long proclaimed the eleventh hour, and murderous midnight, with its ghostly band, approached in horrid majesty; from afar the awful thunder rolled, while the pale lightning gave additional solemnity to the scene: a

wintry storm it was portending something ominous, for never had clouds before displayed a tempest more horrific.

At that solemn period a dream of terror paralyzed the soul of Moor O'Mara.* He conceived himself, in his vision, the very inhabitant of the chamber where he then reposed, surrounded by every appearance of gloom and desolation ; the ray from the taper seemed to emit a bluish light, and the howlings of the blast were still fresh to his wandering imagination. On a sudden appeared to glide forward from the sombre distance three human forms, which on approaching the light seemed to be the hostess and the two male inhabitants of the hovel. Having gained the foot of the rug, the ugly dame placed herself between her two companions, and elevating her crutch, extended it over the form of Moor O'Mara,

* In order to prove that visions will haunt the minds of men engaged in any dark designs, we quote the annexed curious anecdote concerning Robert Winter, as mentioned by sir Edward Coke in his speech at the trial of the delinquents.

“ Here also was reported Robert Winter's dream, which he had before the blasting of the powder in Littleton's house, and which he himself confessed, and first notified, viz.—That he thought he saw steeples stand awry, and within those churches strange and unknown faces. And after, when the foresaid blast had the day following scorched divers of the confederates, and much disfigured the faces and countenances of Graunt, Rookewood, and others, then did Winter call to mind his dream, and to his remembrance thought that the faces of his associates so scorched, resembled those which he had seen in his vision.”

while her male associates stretched forth their right arms in a circular position, and having uttered some inexplicable words, then made a retrograde motion, and joining hands seemed to pace three times in the form of a circle: at the conclusion of which ceremony the ugly hag, in a shrill tone of voice, exclaimed:—

“ Attend me, *Illewauser*, *Gridgegutt*,* and *Pye-*

* If any apology be deemed necessary for the introduction of witches and wizards in a publication of this nature, the author begs to acquaint his readers, that the period of king James the First was particularly favourable to supernatural agency of such description, for so much was the monarch led to countenance opinions of the kind, that he was himself author of a work entitled *Dæmonology*, tending to prove the existence of necromancers, wizards, &c.—It is also said that the tragedy of Macbeth, wherein the witches act so prominent a part, was expressly written by Shakspeare to please his sovereign. But there are documents even more extraordinary, if we refer to the reign of Charles the First, at which period one Matthew Hopkins, John Stern, and a woman who accompanied them, absolutely perambulated from town to town through the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire, in order to discover witches, of whom it appears on record, that no less than sixty reputed as such were absolutely hanged in the space of one year in the county of Essex alone. “ This Matthew Hopkins, who was styled *witch finder general*, pretended to be a great critic in *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, that frequently become large and pendulous in old age, but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps.”

“ His (Hopkins’s) ultimate method of proof was, by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming upon this proof was deemed a full assurance of guilt, for which king

wackett, come to your mistress, *Sack* and *Weazle*, and last of all, obey me, *Vinegar Tom*, for much have I to do with thee."

Scarcely had those words escaped the lips of the hag, when to the wandering senses of O'Mara appeared three half-starved cats of large dimensions, their colours being tabby, white and brindled; fourth came a lank and bony greyhound; fifth ran howling forth a shepherd's grizzley cur, and last a huge tom cat, black as the raven's coat, while from his starting eyes appeared to issue forth a lambent flame of bluish hue. Having assembled these her ministers of darkness, the beldame thus addressed them:

"Much I applaud your promptitude, my chosen imps, and now to learn your several feats have I thus summoned ye, for blood must soon be spilled, as doth denote the croaking raven from the leafless branch of yonder blasted oak. First, *Illewanzer* speak, for time doth gallop hard, and guilt, ere one o'clock should know its final doom."

At the last words of the hag, the entranced Moor groaned involuntarily, and changing his position on the rug, seemed anxious to dispel the extraordinary vision from his guilty fancy.

James (*who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it*) assigned a ridiculous reason, viz. that such persons having renounced their baptism by water, so the water refused to receive them. The experiment of swimming was at length tried upon Hopkins himself in his own way, who was upon the event condemned, and as it seems, executed for being a wizard." *Vide Caulfield's Memoirs of Remarkable People. Vol. 1. p. 1. &c.*

The tabby cat then mewling spoke as follows in obedience to his dread mistress' command :

" I with mine hindmost claws did, in its cradle, scratch an infant three months' old, and sucked its precious blood."

" And I," said milk-white *Gridgegutt*, " did kill my lady's favourite bird, and as she screamed for help, bore from her sight the darling prize, and on the penthouse munched its dainty bones, preserving but its bloody heart to answer to my mistress' incantation."

" I," said brindled *Grimalkin*, " caught a red robin and a milk-white mouse, and of their hearts and eyes a pasty made, to fill the hollow tooth of howling Cerberus."

Fourth to the beldame *Sack* thus spoke :

" From Ralph the farmer I three ducklings stole, and having plucked them in his barn, there left the feathers as a compensation ; then having stolen a pining maiden's golden pin, presented by her sailor six months gone, (now far at sea) their tongues and livers I thereon did spit, and baked them to a coal in belching Etna's flame."

Weazle with lengthened howl then told as follows :—

" Three sheep I maimed and left them all to die and rot, meet food for ravens ; then from its mother stole a bleating lamb, and having gorged my fill, squeezed from its heart enough of blood to moisten mother Hecat's lips, who thanked me for my work and swore to be propitious."

Last, and ugliest of the band, spoke hellish *Vinegar Tom*.

“ I from a sleeping gallant, hair by hair, his love-lock plucked, and into ashes burned the precious curl ; then having learned that a Jew Rabbi was in’s grave, I hied me to his festering carcase, and from his right hand with my fangs I tore his index finger, left it awhile to soak in infant’s fat, then sped me to the dead man whom ye seek, and burned like taper ’neath his nose the Jewish relic, which makes the charm complete.”

“ Thanks to all,” exclaimed the hag aloud, “ ’tis done ; he comes, he comes ! fly to your posts, anon I’ll meet you there.”

With a loud yell the animals straight disappeared, and soon from the senses of the sleeping Moor O’Mara seemed to vanish the old beldame and her two companions ; when in their place appeared to rise from earth a bluish vapour, and as it expanded to the view, the night winds and the thunder in conjunction roared, while forked lightning darted through the lattice of the spacious chamber. At length the misty vapour broke, when before the enhorrored senses of O’Mara seemed to stand the ghastly spectre of the murdered Tresham : struck with the blighting vision, the mind of Moor struggled against the soporiferous spell that weighed upon his eyelids, when he awoke to hear the most tremendous peal of thunder that ever burst from the bosom of conflicting elements ; the crazy hovel shook to its foundation, vivid lightnings

flashed through the chamber in quick succession, while in reality stood at the foot of the rug the palid form which his dream had so recently pictured to his imagination. On beholding the horrid apparition a cold and deadly sweat started from the front of the conspirator ; he passed his hand over his eyes as yet unconscious whether he slept, or waking gazed upon the object before him. It was however a reality, and O'Mara's blood curdled through every vein.

With a threatening aspect the form remained for a time immovable, gazing on the panic-struck visage of the murderer, while Moor, a prey to guilt and terror, strove in vain to reanimate his frozen heart. The spectre at length, raising its livid hand, pointed to the door of the apartment, at the same time inviting O'Mara to follow. For a few seconds Moor continued irresolute, when a sudden impulse urged him to dare the worst ; he started precipitately from the rug, and drawing a poniard which he kept concealed beneath his doublet, held its glittering blade directed towards the door, at the same time displaying by an inclination of the head, his willingness to follow the steps of his ghastly conductor.

Apparently satisfied with the acquiescence of O'Mara, the spectre with slow and measured step advanced to the portal of the chamber, which flew open at its approach without human assistance. As the conspirator followed, he acquired a greater degree of fortitude, and steadily descended the mouldering stairs, while a faint ray of light that preceded

the form of Tresham, served to conduct them on their desolate way.

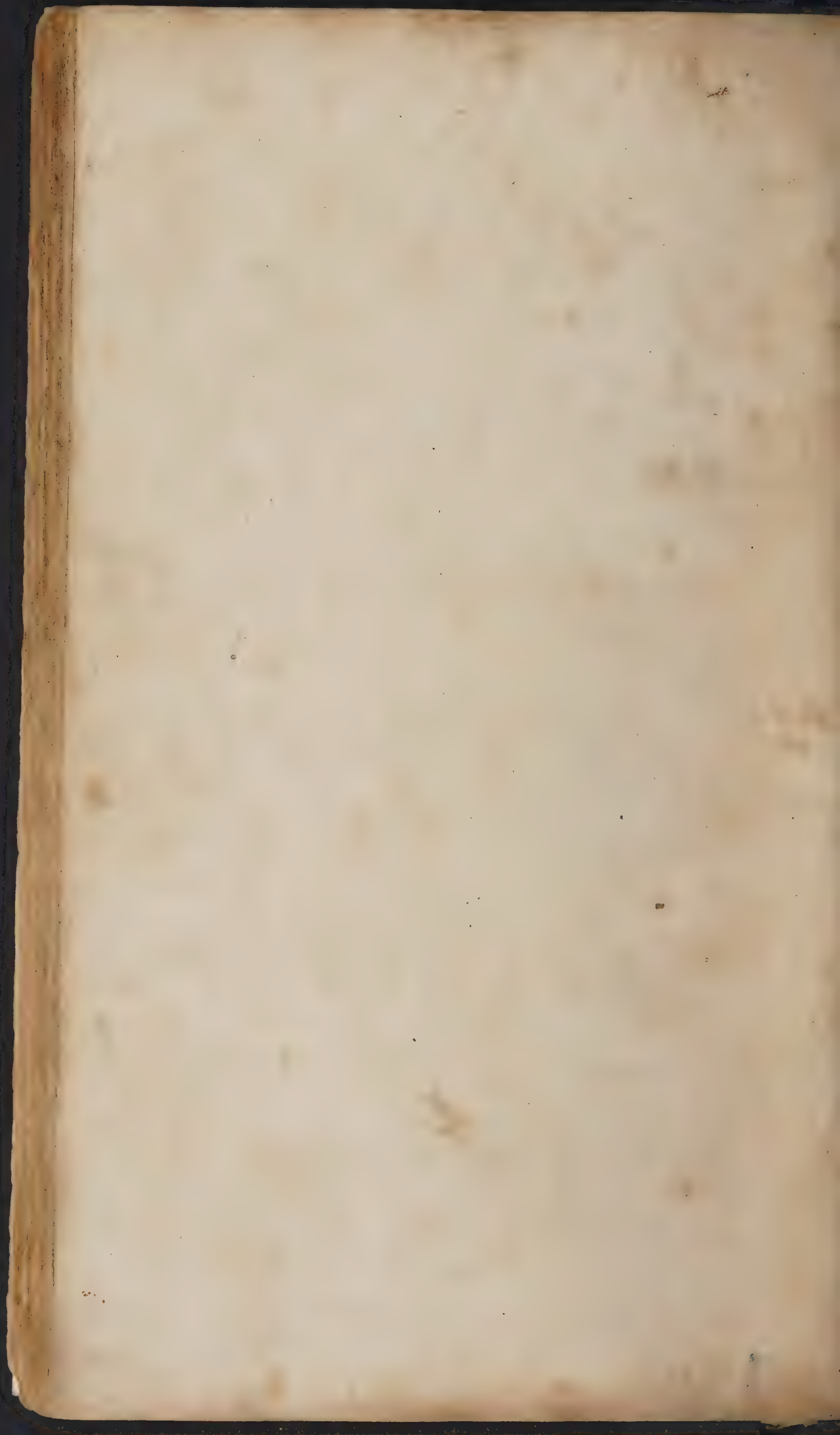
Having traversed the lower room which he had first entered on applying for admittance at the hovel, where no human creature then appeared, the vision straight proceeded to the lower portal, which gave way as it advanced, and in a few moments O'Mara, following his guide, found himself without the building upon the dreary waste, which was at intervals illumined by the forked lightning, while distant peals of thunder contributed to heighten the horrors of the scene.

Still the same lambent flame served as an escort to the spectre, who would sometimes pause a second, and turn its pale and meagre countenance upon O'Mara, while the conspirator, with ghastly visage and enquiring eyes, contemplated the figure of the supernatural being before him.

For a considerable period they continued thus their march, when suddenly the form of Tresham made a halt, and at the same instant a boisterous wind came rushing from the north with hideous roar, the conflict of the elements becoming more tremendous, while the wide expanse of dark was illumined by successive flashes of sulphureous lightning.

"O'Mara, be bold," exclaimed the spectre in a sepulchral tone of voice, raising its right hand at the same time, and pointing in a direction contrary to that whereto the regard of Moor was directed.





The conspirator obeyed the mandate, but on the instant started back, for to his eyes appeared a gibbet, from which hung a skeleton, whose fleshless bones that rattled in the northern blast were only kept together by encircling hoops of creaking iron. As O'Mara stood aghast at the sight, convulsive peals of laughter rent the air, the form of Tresham vanished into nothingness, and as the terrific whirlwind rushed again towards the north, he saw the figure of the hag and her two male companions who had welcomed him to the hovel, riding in the furious blast, exclaiming as they vanished from his view,

*Though Fortune proves awhile thy friend,
A gibbet's still the murderer's end.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Bring forth the culprits, let them view the rack,
For now their doom is fixed beyond recall.
They come, and still obdurate, brave the worst,
By error hoodwink'd, and by priestcraft led
To sell the bless'd eternity they look'd for.

Blame not the man ; the law must be obeyed ;
To take each forfeit life's the hangman's trade :
To him appears as naught the direful scene ;
He looks unmoved upon each ghastly mien.
With arms uncover'd now the culprit racks,
Or ties the noose, or wields the glittering axe ;
Quarters his fellow man, and, stained with gore,
Holds forth that head which once a traitor bore ;
Then unconcern'd sleeps soundly on his bed,
By practice harden'd, and by justice led.

There is no villain but would fain befriend
His fellow villain, when he meets his end.

W. H. I.

SOME time after the departure of Moor O'Mara from the hovel, Mabel Donavan awoke from the sleep which had for a time insteeped her senses in the bosom of forgetfulness : for a period her regard was fixed upon the form of her slumbering infant Reginald ; after which, turning to observe the person of Moor, what was her dismay on finding that he was no longer an occupant of the wretched pallet : Mabel immediately quitted the rug, and trimming the light,

in extreme perturbation began to scrutinize the chamber but without success, when fully determined to examine every avenue of the habitation, she passed the door way, and descending the stairs, searched with caution the lower apartment, where the entrance to a third chamber arrested Donovan's regard, which she also proceeded to explore, but in vain, as her anxious labour was totally unrequited, so that she remained for a few moments fixed in speechless terror. During that conflict of her mind, a horrid recollection suddenly darted on her fancy, as she recurred to the forms of the three individuals who had seemingly been the inmates of that desolate spot, neither of whom was then to be found ; in addition to which Mabel had traversed every apartment within the walls of the hovel, which presented nothing but desolation, being divested of furniture and totally untenanted.

" They have betrayed him," internally thought Mabel ; " yes, they were acquainted with his person, and have doubtless delivered him over to the hands of justice : yet wherefore should I be thus abandoned to destiny, who am in a certain degree implicated and subject to the fate that must await him ?"

This state of distressing agitation bewildered the brain of Mabel, who instantly formed a plan, determining to secure her infant, and then rush forwards in pursuit of the man whom she regarded with reverence, as the father of her offspring, and her destined protector through all the wayward paths of existence.

As the horrid prognostic escaped the lips of the su-

supernatural agents, who had been wafted through the air from the presence of Moor O'Mara, he shuddered from the effects of guilt, and falling with his visage upon the drenched turf, remained for a time immersed in thoughts that annihilated from his recollection every event which had so recently occurred. In that state of mental torpor the conspirator continued awhile, till the piercing cold of night gradually restored him to reason, and at the same time awakened him to a sense of his situation, when rising from the earth, he bent his enquiring eyes upon the surrounding darkness, and at length descried a faint beam of light, which at that instant glimmered from the window of the hovel, as Mabel was anxiously occupied in searching for O'Mara through the lower chamber of the wretched habitation: guided by the welcome beacon, the conspirator with a heavy heart retraced his way along the dreary waste, while his dark locks were agitated by the passing winds of early morning.

It was with some difficulty O'Mara regained the hovel at the precise juncture when Donavan was preparing to sally forth in quest of her partner. Having rapped violently against the door, which remained fast, supernatural agency having given egress to the traitor, Mabel with a palpitating heart obeyed the summons, when the bolts flew back at her anxious touch, and Moor O'Mara stood before her with a countenance of ashy hue, and looks that indicated a mind but ill at ease with itself.

After surveying the person of Moor with a scrutiny not wholly divested of fear, Mabel thus spoke:

“Where hast thou been, O’Mara, and whither are fled the late inhabitants of this lonely pile?”

To which interrogatory the conspirator continued mute, being immersed in deepest thought, and scarcely knowing how to credit the soul-harrowing occurrences which had so recently passed before his eyes in horrid succession.

Donavan, who could but ill brook suspense, felt still more strongly the powerful impulse of curiosity, and renewed her request with redoubled energy, when Moor, in some measure awakened from his reverie, caught the hand of Mabel, and in the most impressive manner replied :

“Accursed be this night ! my soul has been a prey to the most terrific visions, and I have wandered in the bleak winds conducted by the spirits of hell. Inauspicious was the moment wherein we sought the shelter of this lonely spot, and damned were the seeming earthly mortals that gave us the cold reception wherewith we were greeted. But come, Mabel,” continued O’Mara, after pausing a few moments, “let us instantly from this roof, far better were it to brave the jarring of the tempestuous elements, than a second time endure the pangs that have rived my soul, and yielded me up a prey to all those horrors that must assail the spirits of perdition.”

Having uttered this command in the most impressive tone, Donavan, whose dreams had by no means rendered the hours of sleep gratifying to her soul, instantly prepared to obey the mandate by taking the child in her arms, after which they quitted the hovel

as the first faint tinge of dawn beamed o'er the eastern horizon.

After proceeding onwards by the most circuitous and unfrequented pathways, the miserable fugitives with early morning arrived near the precincts of London, when O'Mara deemed it expedient to direct his course towards the vicinity of the gloomy tower of that city, which then contained the persons of the condemned conspirators.

During that day the fugitives sojourned in an obscure mansion, having purchased, previous to entering the dwelling, sufficient food to serve them till return of night, so that without quitting the house they remained unobserved by all save the landlord of the habitation. In the course of the evening Moor O'Mara and his partner mutually interchanged the tenor of their dreams of the preceding night, nor did the former refrain from making known the apparition of the murdered Tresham, concealing, however, the appearance of the gibbet, and concluding prognostic which had escaped the lips of the three mysterious beings who had vanished from his sight when upon the desert heath. The visions of Donovan, that arrested the attention of Moor, had been somewhat similar to those of the conspirator, and connected with the appearance of Tresham's ghastly spectre, which had presented itself to her imagination, as well as the approaching execution of the eight conspirators so recently condemned to expiate their treasons on the block.

From the vicinity of the city, as soon as day closed in, Moor and Mabel repaired to a small alley in the Borough of Southwark, where they remained concealed till return of dawn; thus uniformly varying their place of abode, for the greater security, until the Thursday after condemnation of the conspirators, that being the day appointed for the execution of some of O'Mara's colleagues, according to the sentence of the supreme court of judicature.

The portentous morning of the thirteenth January dawned forth in the garb of wintry gloom, being an epoch as memorable to the liege subjects of the realm of England, as that which had brought to light the infernal treason that was to have involved in its destructive explosion not only the lives of their sovereign, with the lords and commons, but also threatened the total annihilation of the established faith of the kingdom. It was the memorable day which broke forth to witness the doom of three obdurate conspirators, who lamented only the failure of their direful project, and unawed by any fear of death that awaited the disclosure of their sanguinary proceedings, had invariably followed a line of conduct which branded them more with the title of demons than of men.

How strange it is that magnanimity, which ranks a glorious virtue, should sometimes be produced from causes having had no innate principle of good for their incitements to action. Three of the conspirators were enthusiastic religionists, strongly bigotted to the tenets they professed, and upholding with their last expiring sigh the cause which had impelled them.

No apprehensions of death, no paraphernalia of execution imbued their souls with fear at the approaching doom, or led them to deviate from the fixed maintenance of those solemn oaths whereby they had mutually bound themselves.

The scaffold having been purposely erected near the cathedral of St. Pauls, for the immolation of the delinquents, a vast concourse of spectators was assembled from motives of the most unconquerable curiosity, the multitude being desirous of contemplating a set of individuals who could aspire to plant anew the standard of the catholic religion on the basis of murder, bloodshed, and treason.

Among the persons present on that occasion was Moor O'Mara, inflexibly bent on witnessing the conclusive fate of those he so much prized, notwithstanding the reiterated and earnest endeavours of Mabel Donavan to dissuade him, who continued stationed at some distance from the scene of action, where it was agreed she should await the return of her partner.

Digby,* a man of noble personage, commanding

* The above account of the execution of the Gunpowder Conspirators being a great literary curiosity, and absolutely matter of fact, we deem it incumbent to make known the source from whence such information is derived.

On the evening of the day when the execution took place, or the ensuing morning, was issued from the press a short publication, written by an eye-witness of the fact, which was most probably sold in a similar manner to our dying speeches. It contained a minute detail of the behaviour of each delinquent at the awful moment of death, and from that publication, of which two copies only are known to exist, was drawn the present detail, with such alterations in the style and

countenance, and possessing a dignified deportment, which bade defiance to the surrounding opprobrium, was the first who ascended the scaffolding for execution. As he gazed around, some change in his countenance was perceptible to a discriminating observer, that might have been construed as arising from the effect of guilt, and a dread of death, for his colour faded, and the lustre of his manly eye relaxed. But when he addressed the spectators, his manner belied the accusation of fear; his tone was commanding, and although his speech was of short duration, he nevertheless maintained the principles for which he was about to render up his life. With respect to his offence, which was the offspring of his bigotry, he did not for a moment conceive himself guilty, or that any blame was attachable to his character; but for having violated the laws of the kingdom, he entreated forgiveness of his God, and sovereign lord the king, concluding his discourse with all the superstitious ceremonies of the religion he professed, pressing to his lips a crucifix, ejaculating the Latin prayers of his faith, and refusing to converse with any one who did not profess his own creed.

language as the author deemed necessary in a publication of this nature. From the contents of that curious pamphlet, it appears the conspirators were not suffered to hang for any length of time, but literally cut down soon after being launched from the cart, and then carried to the block, still alive, in order to undergo the amputation of their heads, &c. The sentence purported that each should be quartered, and his limbs exposed in certain parts of London, an order that was carried into effect to the very letter of the law.

Having thus prepared himself for a future state, Digby with a firm step mounted the ladder, and by the hands of the executioner was speedily launched into that eternity for which (to ensure the ultimate salvation of his soul) he had leagued himself with conspiracy, and braved every corporeal suffering. After having hung a short period, the body was cut down and delivered over to those who were stationed at the block, where it was quickly quartered, in compliance with the sentence of the law, which uniformly ordains that the bodies of men attainted and found guilty of the crime of high treason, shall be quartered, and their limbs exposed to public view.

Winter, with determined step and fearless mien, next advanced to the scene of death; he spake but little, and the few sentences he uttered were ill assorted to offer atonement for the heinous crime of which he had been guilty, as he neither craved mercy of that offended God, in whose cause he considered himself a martyr, or sought to obtain forgiveness of his king and country. After pronouncing to himself a few short Latin prayers for the repose of his soul, that obdurate man was forthwith wafted into eternity, then quartered, and his heart and bowels cast into the flames, in the same manner as those of his colleague had been before him.

How differently does religious fanaticism, when imbibed and supported by opposite minds, display itself. It is impossible to judge of Winter in a less liberal manner than of his associate Digby, who displayed a degree of feeling and sensibility in allowing

to a certain extent the guilt which tainted his soul ; whereas Winter, without confession or thought of grace, met his last moments with the most undaunted equanimity, because, bold in the cause he had espoused, he scorned any confession which his conscience disapproved, and died the staunch supporter of that faith he had so strenuously advocated while living.

O'Mara on witnessing the last horrible writhings of two of his sworn associates, with difficulty stifled the ejaculations of mental anguish that agitated his soul, and must have betrayed him to the surrounding crowd. The dictates of prudence were however insufficient to restrain him from giving vent to some expressions of commiseration for their sufferings, while internal apostrophes were uttered breathing forth execrations against the persecutors of his friends. In vain did the horrors of the execution assail his sight, in vain was the anguish of his adherents placed before him, an infatuation beyond the power of control, instinctively rooted him to the fatal spot, and a gloom, nearly approximating to insanity, seemed to absorb every other faculty, while his glazed yet searching eyes beheld the third conspirator, Graunt, ascend the scaffold.

This delinquent, with a haughty air, gazed upon the concourse beneath him, and his mind, more bigotted than those of the preceding culprits, prompted him to speak in palliation of his crime, boldly affirming that his conscience entirely acquitted him on the score of religion, and that the innocent blood he had

plotted to shed would have reflected no stain upon his soul, as the tenets he professed and acted upon were his firm and certain support. Happy was it for the devoted victims of this conspiracy that they were not left to the mercy of such a being, and how could a whole nation sufficiently venerate that providential interference which, by disclosing the horrid truth, rescued so many thousands of its children from the persecution of so obdurate and blood-thirsty a catholic. Such was however the man after O'Mara's own heart, nor could he resist from displaying a transient grin of hellish satisfaction as those sentiments issued from the lips of his friend, who, scorning to display the most distant appearance of fear, hastily repeated his Latin prayer, and then crossing himself, submitted with courage to the death that awaited him.

Last of the four appeared the youthful Thomas Bates,* who, if the tear of sympathy could be called

* In regard to the unfortunate youth, Thomas Bates, we insert the following curious extract from the speech delivered by sir Edward Coke, the then Attorney-General, on the arraignment of the conspirators.

“ Concerning Thomas Bates, who was Catesby's man, as he was wound into this treason by his master, so was he resolved, when he doubted of the lawfulness thereof by the doctrine of the jesuits. For the manner, it was after this sort : Catesby, noting that his man observed him extraordinarily as suspecting somewhat of that which he the said Catesby went about, called him to him at his lodging in Puddle Wharf, and in the presence of Thomas Winter, asked him ‘ what he thought the business was they went about, for that he of late had so suspiciously and strangely marked them ?’ Bates answered ‘ That he thought they went about some dangerous matter, whatsoever the particulars were.’ Whereupon they asked him again ‘ What

forth on such an occasion, certainly deserved it from the surrounding multitude. No premeditated rancour had led this delinquent into the conspiracy; having unfortunately been a listener, he thus unconsciously be-

he thought the business might be?" and he answered 'That he thought they intended some dangerous matter about the Parliament house, because he had been sent to get a lodging near unto that place.' Then did they make the said Bates take an oath to be secret in the action, which being taken by him, they then told him 'That it was true, that they were to execute a great matter, namely, to lay powder under the Parliament house to blow it up.' Then they also told him 'That he was to receive the sacrament for the more assurance,' and thereupon he went to confession to the said Tesmond the jesuit; and in his confession told him 'That he was to conceal a very dangerous piece of work that his master, Catesby, and Thomas Winter had imparted unto him,' and said 'He much feared the matter to be utterly unlawful, and therefore, therein desired the counsel of the jesuit; and revealed unto him the whole intent and purpose of blowing up the Parliament house upon the first day of the assembly, at which time the king, the queen, the prince, the lords spiritual and temporal, the judges, the knights, citizens, and burgesses, should all have been there convened and met together. But the jesuit, being a confederate therein before, resolved and encouraged him in the action, and said 'That he should be secret in all which his master had imparted unto him, for that it was for a good cause;' adding moreover, 'That it was not dangerous unto him, nor any offence to conceal it;' and thereupon the jesuit gave him absolution, and Bates received the sacrament of him in the company of his master, Robert Catesby, and Thomas Winter. Also, when Rookewood, in presence of sundry of the traitors, (having first received the oath of secrecy) had by Catesby, imparted unto him the plot of the blowing up of the king and state, the said Rookewood being greatly amazed thereat, answered 'That it was a matter of conscience to take away so much blood.' But Catesby replied, 'That he was resolved, and by good authority, (as coming from the superior of the jesuits) that in conscience it might be done, yea, though it were with the destruction of many innocents, rather than the action

came the depository of part of his master's plot, when being discovered, it was determined by the conspirators then assembled, that Bates should instantly be bound to secrecy by the most dreadful oaths, and become with them an actor in the general scene of devastation which it was intended should ensue.

Unfortunate youth ! thy compunction could not avail thee ; in vain was thy unfeigned repentance declared aloud, vainly didst thou implore forgiveness of the Omnipotent, thy sovereign and the realm ; thy fervent love for thy master Catesby, by thee adduced as the sole cause of thy delinquency, could not avail to rescue thy forfeit life ; no, the executioner performed his duty, and numbered thee with those more guilty than thyself, though treason had tainted thy soul and prompted thee, with them, to forget thy God, thy king and country.

As the language of contrition escaped the lips of Bates, whose conduct was so diametrically opposite to that of the conspirator who had suffered before him, the soul of O'Mara sickened within him, and he turned with disgust from the contemplation of the criminal, who had, in his estimation, disgraced the cause whereto he was allied. " Luke-warm wretch," internally murmured the resolute Moor, " such are then the fruits of leaguings with unfledged boys ; this

should quail.' Likewise father Hammond absolved all the traitors at Robert Winter's house upon Thursday after the discovery of the plot, they being then in open rebellion. And therefore, *Hos, O! Rex, magne caveto, and let all kings take heed how they either favour or give allowance or connivance unto the Papists.*"

is the disgrace entailed upon daring spirits, who suffer themselves to become the dupes of puerile imbecility ; 'twas I who voted in opposition to his election, —yes, 'twas myself who proffered this hand as instrumental to his destruction, rather than he should live to disgrace the secret which he had obtained by stratagem. I was overruled ; Catesby, his master, saved him, and now he has lived to suffer unlike a catholic and unbecoming a man !”

O'Mara turned disgusted from the object of his wrath, and with execrations in his heart soon found himself freed from the surrounding multitude.

Moor on quitting the place of execution, immediately joined his female partner, who, full of anxiety, awaited his return, fearful lest the event of his appearance among the throng should have endangered his safety, and conscious also that his feelings on witnessing the scene would be wrought to such a pitch as might have prompted him to betray his own secret. At his approach not even the gloom that mantled the visage of O'Mara could dissipate a momentary ray of delight that darted on the soul of Mabel, for however inauspicious the day that sealed the fate of the conspirator's associates, nothing could vie with the dark gloom that shrouded the soul of this almost desponding traitor, in whose bosom no sorrow, softened by contrition found an asylum ; on the contrary, his thoughts were of black revenge, and his meditations to effect it superseded every other wish of his soul. 'Twas not the past alone which gave him anguish, the contemplation of the succeeding day agitated him

to a degree of frenzy ; four more were still to suffer, which horrible sight he was also determined to witness, and in such temperament of mind returned to the hapless Mabel, who, although possessed of a dauntless temper, was notwithstanding actuated by many of those sentiments which characterize the feminine mind.

Women are always prone to look up to man for solace and affection ; in moments of danger they are frequently more nerved to action, because the elasticity of their tempers is sooner wound up, and consequently recedes with a greater degree of promptitude, on which account they rely for support on that steadiness they are from infancy taught to venerate in man, and which should be equally exhibited and practised towards the weaker sex as standing most in need of such tenderness and consolation. But with O'Mara's presence there was no returning comfort for Donavan, as the gloomy Moor neither communicated nor sought in conference any alleviation for internal suffering.

In this state of gloomy melancholy was the day spent, and as the first dawn of morning rose, O'Mara quitted his bed, and pacing the chamber with folded arms, awaited the period which should summon him forth to witness the execution of his four remaining comrades.

The fatal hour arrived, which was soon proclaimed by the concourse of persons who flocked from every quarter of the city towards Old Palace Yard, where the tragedy was to be enacted. Moor O'Mara also

joined the multitude, actuated by far different ideas from those which prevailed throughout that tumultuous assemblage.

First on a sledge was drawn from the Tower the person of the younger Winter, who having ascended the platform, evinced some symptoms of regret for the crime he had intended, at the same time protesting aloud that he died a firm adherent to the catholic faith ; yet as he spoke the colour fled his cheeks, which assumed a deadly whiteness ; he crossed himself with uplifted eyes, and then occupied some minutes in fervent prayer, after which he was launched into eternity.

Ambrose Rookewood next appeared, and spake at length to the surrounding throng ; he asked forgiveness of his God and of the king, craved mercy towards his wife, and then professed himself an advocate for the church of Rome ; with manly firmness he forthwith ascended the ladder, and after hanging till *nearly* dead, was cut down and yielded, on the quartering block, his last gasp on this side of the grave.

Next came forth, with mien undaunted and the most resolute step, the desperate traitor Robert Keyes, who, disdaining the concourse that surveyed his person, scarce uttered a word, or gave one indication of a repentant spirit, but glorying in his abhorred villainy, stoutly mounted the fatal ladder, where, not even awaiting the executioner's aid, he sprang from the step with so violent a leap that the cord snapped in twain, and his body fell to earth, from whence it

was immediately removed and quartered on the gory block.

“ Kindred spirit,” internally thought O’Mara, “ wing thy blessed flight and share with angels eternal beatitude ; such should be the conduct of Moor the catholic, were it now his turn to follow thee in death.”

From that train of ideas O’Mara was aroused by the murmurings of the multitude, who anxious to behold the last conspirator, Guido Fawkes, could not restrain their impetuous curiosity, but in clamorous accents loudly demanded that he should be brought forward. At this juncture the strong ties of former friendship took possession of Moor’s soul ; he groaned aloud in the bitterness of his heart, and felt for once the irresistible throb of sympathizing pity. This sentiment, paramount to every other consideration, instigated O’Mara’s conduct, who wishing to observe as nearly as he was enabled the person of his friend, and ardently desirous of being also recognized by him if possible, forcibly made his way through the crowd, and stationed himself as near the scaffold as the surrounding guards would permit.

Weak with the tortures which had been inflicted on his person, and pale and emaciated with sickness, appeared at length the conspirator Fawkes, who, unable to mount the scaffolding, was compelled to seek the hangman’s aid, by which assistance it was effected. Supporting his languid frame against the balustrade, he remained for a time speechless, his optics closed, and his ashy visage displayed every symptom of ap-

proaching death. Some time having elapsed, the eyes of the delinquent once more opened to behold the light of day, when raising his hand he articulated a few sentences in tones so faint as to be quite unintelligible to the spectators.

During this scene, O'Mara's eyes never quitted for a moment the physiognomy of his colleague, while his soul became a prey to anguish unutterable. Guido Fawkes, then elevating a crucifix, pressed it to his lips with apparent ardour, at the same time rivetting his regard on the bright expanse above, while the eyes of Moor followed every motion of his friend. At that moment, as if sympathy attracted them to each other, the former bent downwards his regard, when it fixed full and intently on the countenance of O'Mara, who was forthwith recognized by the traitor, then on the point of expiating his treason with his blood.

Almost paralyzed on beholding the form of his comrade, Guido Fawkes continued a few seconds immovable, but suddenly recalling his scattered senses, he made the sign of the cross, and elevating his right hand pointed to heaven. Moor understood the signal, and replied by also crossing himself, which being perceived by Fawkes he bowed his head, and turning towards the gibbet was assisted by the executioner, who in a few seconds launched him into eternity. O'Mara groaned as the ladder was withdrawn, and raising his hands covered his visage, and thus continued for a time unconscious of every thing that passed around him. Happily for Moor, each

individual present was occupied in contemplating the person of the criminal then upon the scaffold, for had any eye been bent upon his actions, suspicion must have been created, and Moor O'Mara would then have speedily shared the fate of him whose approaching death he had so much commiserated.

The pressure of the surrounding throng at length awakened Moor from his reverie, who with some difficulty extricated himself, and was hastening back to join Mabel, when a male figure suddenly crossed his path, and instantly stopping regarded his countenance with a peculiar degree of scrutiny. The form of the stranger was enveloped in an ample cloak of sable die, within the folds of which he carefully concealed his countenance with his left hand, leaving only his eyes apparent to the observer.

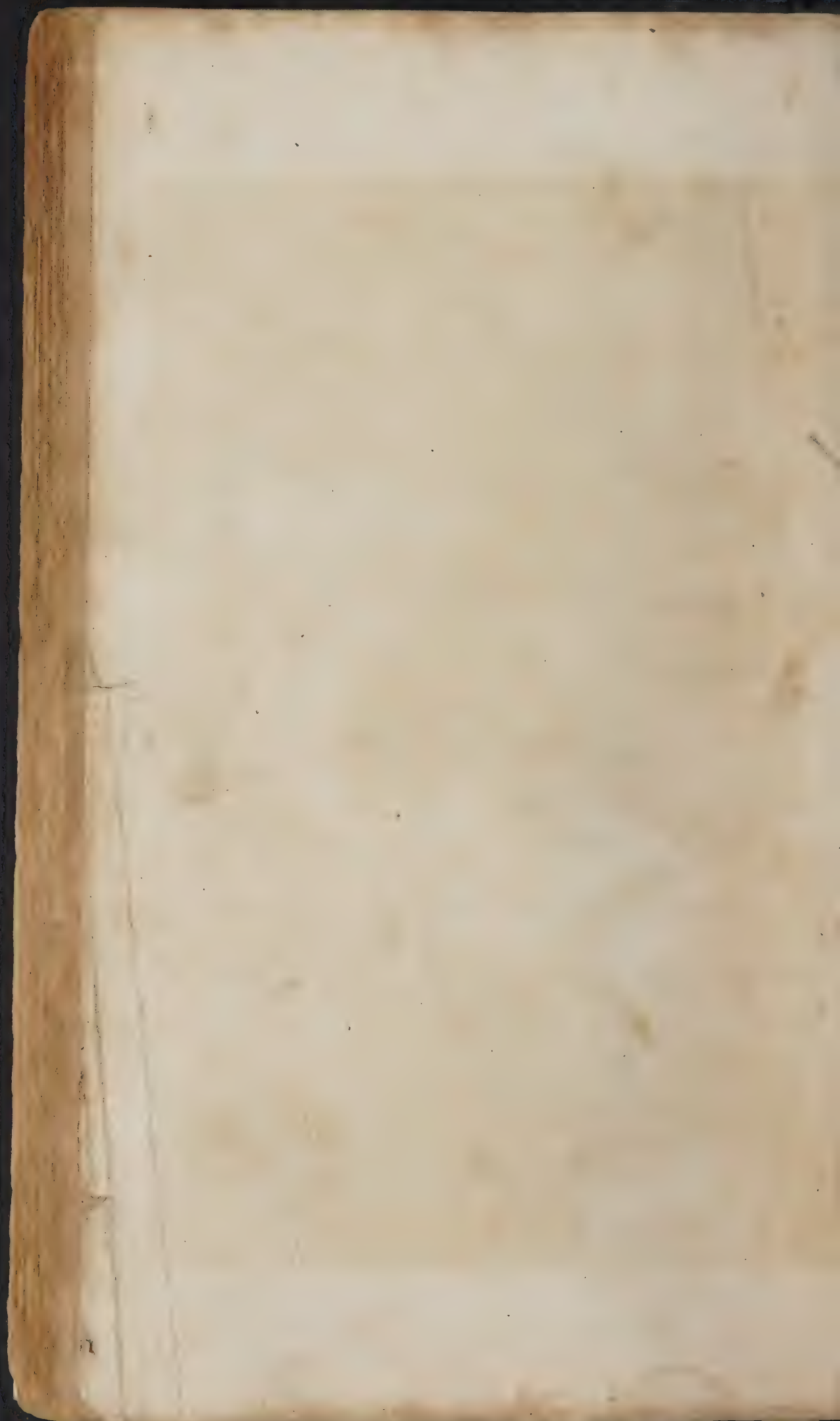
O'Mara, struck with the manner of this unknown, instantly made a pause, for the temperament of his soul was at that time such as bade defiance to any assaults of fear. On observing this, the stranger approached the conspirator, and in a low tone of voice exclaimed :

“ If I mistake not, in thee I behold the form of a catholic ?”

“ Thou dost,” replied O'Mara, “ and one more staunch ne'er took the sacrament.”—“ Are not those the initials of thy name ?” demanded the unknown, raising a sealed packet, the superscription of which ran as follows :

“ TO OUR FAITHFUL SON, M— O'M— WE COMMEND THIS, IN THE NAME OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.”





"I answer to those initials," replied the conspirator.

"Then is this packet thine, and may the blessings of mother church attend thee, Moor O'Mara, for such I believed thee, spite of thy disguise, nor have I erred in judgment." Having concluded those words, the speaker gave the paper into the hands of the renegade, and hastily fled from his sight.

Moor on receiving the packet, fixed his eyes upon the seals whereby it was secured, one displaying the representation of a lamb, over which appeared the words *Agnus Dei*; a small cross adorned the lower part of the impression, and under were the words *Jesus Hominum Salvator*. The other seal was surmounted by the papal crown, under which were two crossed keys, symbols of the Apostle Peter, accompanied by the word *Fides*.

O'Mara deeming it most expedient to break open the packet when alone, instantly thrust it into his bosom, and with hasty steps bent his course to the spot where he had appointed to meet his partner, whom he found awaiting his coming, with all that anxiety which it may be conceived would actuate the bosom of such a woman as Mabel Donavan, under the severe pressure of existing circumstances.

CHAPTER IX.

Oh 'tis a summons grievous to my soul,
Yet heaven decrees and marshals me the way,
Forbidding all complainings. To revolt
Were but to taint my mind with coward fear,
And seal me for perdition.

———Thou heretic, nay worse ;
A baby infidel, to strike the cross
And turn to mockery the damned deed :
Apostacy can go no farther.

Farewell ! oh, heavy word ! and must we part ?
What, part to meet no more ? must all my pangs,
My toils and dangers shared in thy behalf,
End in one last farewell ?

——— Resign'd I meet my fate,
My reason tells me, if we part on earth,
'Tis but to meet again in heaven.

W. H. I.

HAVING fixed upon a place for their asylum during the night, Moor and Donavan thither bent their course in silence, both occupied in contemplations which had their origin in the occurrences of that eventful day. They at length arrived at the habitation, where Mabel instantly composed her wearied child to sleep : after which Moor acquainted her with the occurrence that had taken place, and then drew from his bosom the packet which had been committed to his charge.

Mabel in silence attended to the recital of her protector, and instigated by the most unconquerable curiosity, awaited with avidity the disclosure of the contents of the sealed parcel.

The conspirator at length broke open the same, when he found the paper to contain as follows :

“ To the catholic Moor O'Mara, our *will and pleasure* is forwarded in the name of the *Holy Trinity*.”

“ Son of the church greeting,

“ The decrees of heaven are inscrutable, and the labours of the just may be humbled, yet nothing should appal the vigour of that mind which fervently upholds the cause of heaven. No longer will the confines of England afford thee scope for action, the mighty fabric is destroyed, and all attempts must for a time prove abortive. Haste thee therefore, *without companion*, to the Irish coast, *Tyrone* awaits thy services: this is commanded thee by those who are the oracles of the apostolic father ; let not the lack of gold deter thy purpose, but present thyself before the emissary who hath hitherto supplied thy wants, and thy necessities will be attended to. Act with promptitude, but as thy faith is fixed, we do enjoin thee to proceed as *Mother Church decrees*.”

I. H. S.

Having first perused these lines internally, O'Mara presented the mandate to Mabel, who conned o'er the page in silence till she came to the words “ *without companion*,” at which, dropping the paper, she

fixed her regard full upon the features of Moor, the same being veiled with the frown of gloomy meditation. After contemplating his lineaments awhile without any apparent consciousness upon his part, she then proceeded to the conclusion of the letter, and after a pause of some minutes, thus broke the silence:

“ Then we must part, O’Mara: it is decreed; superior claims demand thy services, and Mabel Donovan must bear the shock with equanimity.”

Moor, whose hardened soul had very rarely felt the melting influence of pity, could not resist the impulse at that trying juncture, and with a stifled groan exclaimed,

“ Would to heaven I had this morning died upon the scaffold! To what eventful scenes may I now be exposed, ere death shall terminate my worldly pilgrimage.—Mabel! what too will be thy struggles in rearing yonder child, divested of thine accustomed protector? yet, can I abjure my faith? can I exist branded as a traitor to the cause, and live despised by those who honour me?—Detested thought, even my childish feelings shrink at such a contemplation, and my stern manhood upbraids me for irresolution—No! Donovan never will seek to make me act the dastard villain, or deviate from the track I have pursued with an unvarying mind, she will teach me fortitude at the hour of separation, and by her example nerve me in the field to act with the desperation that befits a catholic soldier! What says Mabel, the mother of my offspring, the sharer of my vicissitudes, and the depository of all my solemn secrets?”

A struggle of some moments ensued in the breast of Donavan, when shame at length gained ascendancy over the host of feminine emotions that rent her inmost soul. Rising from the seat, she advanced to O'Mara, and with steady dignity stretching forth her hand, thus bespoke him in a solemn tone of voice:

“ Long have I been thy partner, Moor, and ever faithful to thy bed; I am the mother of thy infant boy! to my keeping hast thou confided the mysteries which so long lay pent up in thy manly bosom, nor shall it e'er be said that I dishonoured thee. If I possess feelings, the greater is my struggle, and the more praise-worthy will be my conduct in fulfilling the duty imposed upon me; to merit thine applause is all I now aspire to, therefore, no act of mine shall urge thee to waver from the task imposed upon thee. It is sufficient that Moor O'Mara hath appealed to me, and by *that appeal* convinced Mabel how much her presence was essential to him. I will crucify my emotions in order to alleviate a portion of his: I am no egotist in feeling, and since the sacred cause demands it, will convince thee, Moor, with what equanimity I can sustain a separation from thee, which may, perhaps, prove eternal on this side of the grave.—My hope soars to another region, where, unfettered; we shall enjoy the recompense of our sufferings here; let us aspire to it, O'Mara, for we are the children of salvation.”

On pronouncing the conclusive words, Donavan tendered her hand to Moor, who pressed it with ardent zeal, after which he thus addressed her:

“ Never can I sufficiently extol the sentiments that have flowed from thy lips, Mabel, because I know they are the results of a well-tempered judgment, and not the passing ebullition of transient passion: I have little to impress on thy mind, assured as I am that no conduct when I am absent from thee will prove inimical to those precepts which it has been my uniform practice to inculcate.—All I claim of thee is, that Reginald O’Mara be reared in the strict tenets of our faith; watch over the expanding mind of my young one; let thy unceasing lesson be hatred to the protestant faith and all its adherents; and as time shall fit him for instruction, be it then thy task to acquaint him with the fate of my comrades, and of O’Mara himself, should the future vicissitudes of life snatch me from thee and him for ever.”

On concluding these words O’Mara, opening his vest, loosened from his loins a leathern girdle which he had uniformly worn, and after severing the same with a knife, produced a manuscript written on vellum, carefully sealed, which he deposited in the hands of Mabel, with the following injunction,

“ When I have left these shores, Mabel, then mayst thou break those seals, and learn from the contents of this packet an account of the ancestry of that man to whom thou art indebted for the title of mother.—Then wilt thou be instructed how sacred are the ties that bind me to the faith I profess; thou wilt learn how indefatigably my forefathers toiled to maintain those principles for which I have hazarded every ignominy that awaits the most abhorred of

cu'prits.—For the present, Donavan, will I bid thee adieu; the hour of darkness is my summons to attend where every want will be supplied for my projected journey to the Irish coast, whither I shall this night set forward.”

Having clasped Mabel in his arms, Moor articulated a farewell, and then hurried to perform his errand, while the thoughtful mother, checking a rising tear, seated herself beside her infant boy, and yielded her mind a prey to those pangs which she conceived herself at liberty to indulge in, while absent from the being who was alone the source of all her sufferings and ill-judged happiness.

There are seasons when the delusions of error can no longer mask the effulgent beam of truth, and such was the chain of ideas which at this juncture took possession of the mind of Mabel Donavan, in whose breast the catholic for a transient period vanished,

*“ For all the WOMAN CAME into her eyes,
And gave her up to tears.”*

“ How sickening is my fate,” exclaimed Mabel internally, “ how wayward are the chances of Fortune, so justly appreciated by the incalculable number of her victims; like a capricious wanton she lavishes her favours, neglecting those who most assiduously court her. In her choice she is indiscriminate, but in her gifts most persevering. Alas! I am not one who basks in the sunshine of her smiles: Moor and myself were born to quaff from dire misfortune’s cup, and break the bread of bitterness and disap-

pointment. Oh! if I thought our babe was born to share the destiny of those who gave him existence, (Jesu forgive me!) but methinks even these my hands could terminate his ill-starred existence."

As Mabel spake, the gnawing fang of disappointment goaded her wretched heart; she cursed internally the whole creation, and had no sigh left but for O'Mara and her child. Actuated with those ideas Donavan raised the infant, and placing it in her lap, regarded its countenance for a time in speechless agony; after which, rivetting her eyes to earth, she continued immersed in deepest thought, while Reginald, fully awakened, stretched forth his little hands, and in the playfulness of infancy seized the knife that lay upon the table, with which O'Mara had previously severed the belt containing the manuscript committed to Mabel Donavan's care.

The mother, wholly absorbed in gloom, heeded not the action of her babe, who, after brandishing the weapon in air, struck the breast of its parent; when the blow arousing Donavan, she wrenched the knife from her child, but what language can betray her horror as she felt a cold damp trickle down her bosom, and on tearing aside the covering, found that the point of the blade had struck the ivory effigy of the Redeemer of the world, which always hung suspended from her neck, while a stream of blood fast issued from the same.

Hastily tearing the crucifix from the ribbon, the terrified Donavan held it in her trembling grasp, when three large drops fell upon the forehead of Regi-

nald, and the current of blood then stopped on the instant. From this petrifying object the attention of Mabel was at length led to contemplate the countenance of her boy, which was distorted by the most violent laughter. Enhorrored at the sight, which seemed to indicate a spirit of judaism in the soul of her infant offspring, a momentary frenzy seized the brain of Donavan.—Encircled in her left arm lay the infant victim of her ire, her right hand still grasping the fatal knife.—She raised the weapon, and poizing it in air, was in the very act of striking Reginald to the heart, when at that instant the door of the apartment was thrown open, and Moor O'Mara rushing forward tore the instrument of destruction from the vengeful mother's grasp, at the same time exclaiming,

“Is this the mother of my babe?—What means thy infuriate wrath, Mabel?—and is such then the final scene I must witness ere my departure hence?”

“Unhand me, Moor!” replied Donavan, struggling to disengage herself from his grasp, while the violence of her passion almost impeded utterance.—

O'Mara having removed the babe, regarded Donavan with an emotion of intermingled horror and astonishment, while the mother, with the malignancy of a fiend, still bent her impressive eyes on the form of the child, which then unconscious of all that had transpired, lay encircled in the arms of Moor O'Mara. After a few moments' pause, the astonished father again broke silence:

“What momentary effervescence of passion can

have prompted thee to imagine a deed so truly accursed? speak, Mabel, resolve a father's doubtings, nor leave me in suspense to conjure up ideas that may for ever blast thee in the eyes of him who feels for thee as the mother of his infant and only son."

The last words were pronounced by Moor with an expression that even touched Mabel, for it was a trying moment; the fatal period had arrived, which was perhaps to part her for ever from the man she revered with all the enthusiasm of religious affection; one sympathetic feeling soon awakened a second, and Donovan thus argued with herself for a few short seconds:

"It is a babe, it is the flesh and blood of Moor O'Mara; can the action of the infant be intentional?—impossible.—Yet blood hath flowed—these eyes beheld the crimson stream."

A sickness at that moment overpowered the senses of Donovan, for the scruples of a catholic could not be repressed; and her cheek assuming an ashy paleness, she fell senseless into the arms of Moor, who aware of the struggles that pervaded his partner, had placed the child upon the bed that he might yield assistance and support her agitated frame.

Having applied such remedies as were necessary for the revival of Mabel, she at length unclosed her eyes, and fixing them with an expression of gratitude on the features of Moor, speedily assumed her wonted energy, when she thus bespoke him:

"Deem me not, O'Mara, a worthless sharer of thine affections, neither misconstrue the conduct of

her who has been the partaker of all thy dangers and vicissitudes of fortune; for had thy feelings been wrought to such a pitch as mine, not even all Mabel's energies would have prevented thee from the completion of that act which had so nearly stained my soul, and doomed me to the pangs of eternal remorse."

Donavan then proceeded to relate the action of the infant, in having struck the crucifix with the weapon, without however explaining the ominous appearance of the blood which had flowed from the image; being well assured that a faithful recapitulation of the whole occurrence would have doomed the child to immediate death.

The tale however, as partially narrated by Mabel, produced a strong impression on the mind of O'Mara; his eyes assumed an air of gloomy thoughtfulness, and his visage underwent a variety of changes as he advanced to the reclining infant, and regarded its form in speechless contemplation.- Donavan, whose vengeance had subsided, felt only as a mother at the present juncture, and agitated for the welfare of her offspring, approached O'Mara, and gently raising his hand, endeavoured to soften the rigour of his soul, which was so legibly written on his gloomy countenance, by thus addressing him:

"Crimes should only be appreciated, Moor, according to the purport of the actor; and how then could Reginald intentionally commit a deed of which he is not conscious? his infancy should indubitably plead his cause in thy esteem, O'Mara, as it now doth in the breast of his mother."

Mabel paused, when Moor, elevating his dark eyes, fixed them on the countenance of his partner, and with a penetrating look, demanded, while a sneer involuntarily played on his visage,

“If such be thy opinion at this time, Donavan, whence arose that premeditated action which was intended to hurl destruction on thy babe?”

“It was the effect of a momentary impulse of indignation,” replied Mabel, as if aware of the interrogatory which would ensue.

“Canst thou then reprehend my conduct?” demanded O’Mara sullenly, “when from thine own lips the cursed action has been detailed?”

“No, my O’Mara, I do not blame thy agitation, but I would have thee governed by the self-same argument that now convinces me of my error.”

After a few moments’ pause, Moor replied,

“I yield to the justice of thine appeal, though I confess a burthen weighs upon my soul, nor can I look upon yon infant without the keenest sensation of anguish. May Jesu guide him in the true paths of catholicism, or may he die the most accursed of infidels!”

On concluding these words, O’Mara turning towards Mabel, thus continued his address,—

“I have executed my errand, and have supplies, my Donavan, not only amply sufficient for the completion of my purposed journey hence, but upon a representation of *thy* resolute conduct in furtherance of the catholic cause, I have also procured ample means for thy provision during my absence from thee.”

O'Mara then drew from beneath his vest, a leathern purse, which he deposited in the hand of Donavan, saying,

"Therein is gold sufficient to supply thy utmost wishes; use it, Mabel, as discretion shall dictate, for none is better calculated to act with caution than thyself.—And now must I take a long farewell, thou most tried of women," continued Moor; "the hour of midnight fast approacheth, and at that juncture shall I take horse, according to the mandate of my holy directors.—Didst thou but know, Mabel, what anguish rives my soul, couldst thou but read the bleeding record on my heart, then wouldst thou at once confess that Moor was not a stranger to thy worth; nor should the call of mundane power thus tear me from thee: 'tis heaven commands, and I must silently obey the dread decree; for we pursue the paths of true salvation, and thorny is the road that leads eventually to everlasting happiness."

Donavan with open arms received the close embrace of him she revered; in vain her dauntless bosom strove to check the rising flood of anguish, it gushed forth impetuously, and as the tears bedewed her cheeks, they fell in copious drops upon the bosom of O'Mara, who still pressed her to his aching heart.

"Great God! can this be Moor? am I myself?" exclaimed O'Mara in convulsive accents, "when have such feelings ever touched my soul before? I live to taste of second childhood; yes, 'tis Mabel hath commanded, and Moor no longer is the master

of himself, but yields to tenderness and melting pity."

As the catholic concluded this ejaculation, he burst from Mabel's close-locked arms, and staggering backwards a few paces, concealed for a time his visage within his open hands, during which juncture, Donavan proceeding to the bed, raised up her infant, and approaching its father caught his hand, and elevating the babe, exclaimed in tender accents,

"This is thy son, dear Moor, look on thy flesh; nor leave thy boy without one last paternal benediction."

Moor withdrew the hand that still concealed his visage, and bending his eyes upon the child with an expression of mingled sorrow and dread, at length seized the little Reginald, and after imprinting kisses on his lips, raised him in his left hand towards heaven, and then reclining on one knee, offered up the following ejaculation in the most impressive and solemn accents,

"To the watchful eye of Omnipotence do I commit thee, so long as the faith of thy forefathers shall characterize thy every action; but if thou failest to be a *catholic*, thou wilt become without the pale of happiness hereafter, and then do I disclaim thee."

O'Mara then delivering Reginald into the hands of Donavan, proceeded thus:

"To thy mother's charge do I commit thee; mayst thou follow her precepts, and merit hereafter the bright reward of those who bear without repining the cross of that divinity whose blood was the redemption of all true believers."

O'Mara arose; he once more caught Mabel to his throbbing bosom, "farewell!" he cried, "to continue longer would impede my purpose, and quite overcome the vigour of my soul; Farewell—farewell—may all the host of angels guard thee!"

As Moor concluded that ejaculation, he burst from the chamber with the utmost precipitancy, while Mabel uttering one faint adieu, sunk speechless on the bed beside her little infant!

CHAPTER X.

Is such thine ancestry? then, by my soul,
Rather had I been dung-hill born, and bred
With wand'ring pedlars and their gipsy trulls,
Whose trade is lying, and who vegetate
Like brutes in ditches.——
Or let me rather boast the wild man's name,
From Hottentot descended.—For then
I should not call on heaven to sanction deeds
At which a savage shudders.——

I've seen a lion feed upon its prey,
And tigers gorge on entrails of the slain;
Hast thou beheld such bloody banquetings?
Yes: I have seen creation's paragon,
The lord of brutes, the god-like creature, man,
With savage pleasure crop the bud of life
From new-born infancy.—I have seen this,
and then blaspheme his God—by vaunting loud,
Thou didst command me to enact the deed. W. H. I.

THE torpor of anguish, like the fascinating eye of the basilisk, lulls for a time the wound of grief only to usher in accumulated pangs, and rive the unsus-

pecting heart. For a period the spell of calm oblivion ensteeped the senses of Mabel Donavan; wrapped in the mantle of peace, she became unconscious of her loss, and dead to every sublunary sense of bodily suffering.—Happy had it proved for the mourner, could the annihilating trance have continued, and her feelings have been sealed in death, but Donavan awoke to a recollection of her forlorn situation, and casting a retrospective eye on scenes long since past, she gave vent to the anguished groan, while the big tears stole involuntarily from her sunken eyes.

“ I am left,” quoth Mabel, “ yes, Moor hath quitted me, perhaps for ever, and all those fond scenes which warm affection had imprinted on my fancy, are now no more. How wayward is the fate of human nature, how little are we to depend on sublunary appearances; like the bright radiance of a summer’s day, all wears for a time the smiling aspect of delight; but little do we dream that one short moment drifts a murky cloud before that resplendent luminary of the world, when all becomes shadowed, dark, and cheerless, and even such is now the soul of Donavan.”

Mabel paused for a time, and as the glistening tears chased each other down her melancholy visage, she unconsciously raised her hand to wipe them from her bosom.

“ What a succession of events have within a short period characterized my wayward life; from a state of maiden modesty I have surrendered my innocence,

and made myself dependent for happiness on the will of another. I have a double tie, this child too pleads for its absent father, and calls forth the attentions of a mother. I have leagued myself the ardent votary of the faith which I profess. I have enlisted myself a conspirator—and all for what?—for the being who has usurped eternal empire over my every action, and who hath even now left me, prompted by the dictates of that very faith which has so irrevocably fixed me his on this side of the grave. What is human felicity, and what are the pursuits of frail mortality? Happiness is an air-drawn phantasy, and those who conceive themselves most benefited by its smiles, are speedily proved the dupes of their own mental reveries. From henceforth I will blot out from the calendar of my days all thoughts of pleasure; the world is nought to me, and I am insignificance itself when placed on the grand scale of existence;—bitterness is my lot, and if my feeble powers can impart a share of that gall to any of the human species, it shall be my study to make them partakers of my misery, for to a mind so trebly cursed as Mabel Donovan's, vengeance can alone impart a ray of sickly pleasure, and warm the soul with exultation.

“Hold!” exclaimed Mabel after a moment's pause, while her gaze was bent steadfastly on the form of her child, “I have another instrument within my power, which may be trained by my counsels to vindicate *my* wrongs, and those of Moor O'Mara, lo! here in this my boy will I infuse the precepts of hatred to all mankind, even he shall prove the scourge

of those who have pursued us, and hurl perhaps the vengeance of a catholic even on kings themselves.— I feel an inspiration that assures me he is born to wondrous deeds, may they be such as will appease the rancour of my breast, and afford me the consolation I pant for at the hour of dissolution.”

Having concluded this ejaculation, Donavan sunk into a state of gloomy contemplation, while a variety of plans (the dictates of the most diabolical vengeance) rose in quick succession on her fancy, and fed her gloom with the fond assurance of sanguinary retribution.

On the departure of Moor O'Mara for the Irish coast, Mabel Donavan assumed the surname of Scroope. That precaution was adopted by order of Moor O'Mara, in consequence of his name having acquired so much publicity, and the rewards offered for his apprehension, which might have endangered the life of herself, and perhaps afforded a clue to the place of his flight. Having acquired a certain degree of mental composure, Mabel prepared for the perusal of the manuscript placed in her hands by the conspirator, and in order that no interruption might occur to wean her thoughts from the desired communication, she awaited till the hour of night, when having lulled her child to rest, she trimmed the lamp, and drawing from her bosom the packet, broke the seal, and found the contents to run as follow:—

ANCESTRY

OF THE CATHOLIC MOOR O'MARA.

THE soil of Ireland first nurtured the race from which I sprang, and from the remotest period when the apostolic faith found sanctuary in that dear land, were my progenitors staunch adherents of its cause. To trace the lineal descent of the O'Maras would be impracticable;—some found the path of honour in the blood-stained field of war, and many sought their soul's salvation in the tranquil shades of monastic seclusion; no one has been branded with the name of traitor to his chieftain, nor has there been a soul who proved apostate to his faith:—in maintaining the independence of our native land against the incursions of foreign invaders the O'Maras were ever foremost, nor would they have bartered Erin's freedom for the empire of the world.—Such constituted the characteristic features of the race from whence I sprang, and may such ever prove the incentives of Moor O'Mara's actions.

On the arrival of that baleful epoch which has sealed so many for damnation, by planting the standard of heresy in the realm of England, under that sensual and despotic tyrant Henry the Eighth, Dennis O'Mara, my grandsire, lived the firm opponent of that hellish doctrine, being at the epoch in question commander of a troop in defence of his native land; vainly however were his most strenuous endeavours set on foot to preserve his country's independence, in vain did he league against the growing in-

fluence of English Henry, he lived to see that monarch proclaimed king of Ireland, when he left the army in disgust, burning with hatred against the English race; soon after which he abandoned the coast of Erin, and with his son arrived in safety on the land of Englishmen who had dishonoured the soil of our progenitors.

The first care of Dennis O'Mara was to ally himself with those who were inimical to the doctrines of that arch fiend, Luther, and boldly denied the king's supremacy; in the plots of the lord Darcie, the lord Hussey, and other gentlemen of note, my grandsire took an active part, and with infinite difficulty escaped the fate of those honourable men, who, together with William Thrift, the abbot of Fountains, and Anthony, prior of Gervaux, with many more of equal sanctity, were most inhumanly butchered.

Dennis O'Mara being with others straight proclaimed, he left the northern parts disguised, and proceeded to London only to behold the lady Bulmer burned in Smithfield, and the lord Darcie beheaded on Tower-hill, while the staunch lord Hussey shared at Lincoln the self-same fate.

In the councils of Henry marquis of Exeter, the lord Montacute, and sir Henry Neville, did my ancestor next engage, but with the same ill fate, for all those nobles met their doom on the sanguinary scaffold, at Tower-hill, while Dennis O'Mara alone survived to mourn the fate of beings he loved, and seek new scenes for action.

Oh! with what bitter anguish did my forefather

view the bloody execution of the noble countess of Salisbury; her inoffensive life, her age, and the royal blood that flowed within her veins, could not plead for her with the blood-boltered Henry, he signed the warrant for her death without a thrill of soft compassion, while she, unfortunate dame, untainted by any guilty act, and burning with the pride inherent in her soul, denied the power that doomed her to her fate, and scorned to bend the neck to an ignoble executioner; thus armed with heroism, she struggled for awhile, and claimed the pity of the gaping crowd, who saw with doleful moans the noble lady levelled to the earth, and mangled by the butcher's axe, where she resigned her soul into the keeping of the beatified Mary, immaculate mother of the God of catholics.

Next to my grandsire's purpose appeared sir Felix Grey, who, leagued with Dennis O'Mara, fired the mansion of sir John Williams, then filling the trusty office of keeper of the king's jewels, the whole of which were burned or stolen away by the surrounding rabble, while those who wrought the deed escaped alike unknown and unsuspected.

Unceasing in his machinations, no plot was formed but Dennis proved an indefatigable friend, till the event arrived of Henry's death, which left the throne of England to his youthful son, the stripling Edward, who, nurtured in the lap of apostacy, strove to re-establish the infernal doctrines which had been sanctioned by his fiend-like father, to answer the purposes of insatiate lust and inordinate ambition.

As the determined spirit of Henry seemed to animate the soul of Edward, new plots were set on foot and secret endeavours made to hold a correspondence with the princess Mary, who was well known to be a determined advocate for the true faith and a friend to the persecuted catholics: in that undertaking Dennis O'Mara was the person fixed upon to bear despatches to that princess, for which purpose he had had frequent interviews with Edmund Bonner, bishop of London, a most zealous servant of the Most High, and the great luminary of all true catholics.

Upon that occasion, my great progenitor, anxious to seal the felicity of his offspring, placed his son Patrick O'Mara, then fifteen years of age, under the guidance of Bishop Bonner, who, together with Stephen Gardner, bishop of Winchester, instilled into his mind the leading principles of rigid catholicism, subsequent to which he was placed under the care of father Sebastiano, a Spanish monk of the order of Saint Dominick, and a secret emissary of the holy Inquisition,* who remained in England for the divine

* In order to bring to the reader's recollection some of the notable feats of that worthy labourer in the catholic vineyard, Dominick, who stands a saint in the papist calendar, we have thought it incumbent on us to subjoin the following sketch:—Dominick, institutor of the order of Dominican Friars, was a native of Calahorta, a city of Arragon, in the year 1170. His mother when pregnant with him is said to have had a dream, whereby she conceived that she bore a dog, others state a wolf, which carried in its paws a blazing torch that appeared to set the universe in a state of conflagration. If such narrative be true, it was a melancholy presage of the sanguinary mind that would inhabit the frame of her offspring,

purpose of overthrowing heresy by forwarding all secret machinations and plots against the sovereign Edward and the rights and liberties of England.

Such were the characteristic features of the holy man who was deputed to watch over the son of Dennis O'Mara, and fit the mind of my father to persevere in those tenets which can alone conduce to the soul's eternal salvation.

Affairs were thus situated when Dennis O'Mara repaired to the princess Mary with the packets committed to his charge ; he found the royal lady occupied in devout meditation, her soul bent on petitioning the Almighty to turn the heart of her brother

and the bloody massacres perpetrated by himself and his demoniac followers in various parts of the world. It does not appear that Dominick was any great scholar, but being made canon of the church of Osimo, he repaired to the court of Rome, and tendered his services to Pope Innocent the Third, for the extirpation of the Albigenses. From Rome Dominick passed into Languedoc, where he laid the first foundation of his order, and was appointed inquisitor against heretics. The Albigenses, whom some pretend to have been the Vaudois, being adverse to the papal see, it was against that people this fiend commenced his butchering career, in which he so far prospered by his fanatic preaching, as to stir up all the popish princes to arm in a crusade against the Albigenses, who commenced the work of *charitable conversion* by slaughtering upwards of *an hundred thousand souls* under the auspices of their leader Dominick. Proud of the success that had attended this first essay, he found it no difficult matter to establish his order permanently, which obtained great credit with the pope and conclave, as being every way suited to the genius of the Romish church. Innocent the Third in consequence approved the order, which was subsequently in 1216 confirmed by Honorius the Third. Dominick made three divisions of his fraternity ; the first

Edward from his perverse belief, or else take his soul at once into his holy keeping, that she might restore the banished faith in its full force, and hurl destruction on the heads of those who had combined to overthrow it.

On perusing the letters of bishop Bonner and my lord of Winchester, a secret satisfaction was depicted on her visage, and her assent was given to their several propositions, while assurances of her most gracious protection were heaped upon my grandsire Dennis O'Mara, who, ere his departure, was allowed to kiss her princely hand.

Flushed with the success of his expedition, Dennis

applied themselves with him to preaching and converting of heretics, who were called preaching friars; the second consisted of nuns, who resided in walled monasteries; while the third formed a band of merciless desperadoes, whom he maintained to cut the throats of heretics while he was preaching, those members being denominated *the militia of Jesus Christ*. As a specimen of the credit to be attached to that butchering saint, we will conclude with a vision which he gravely asserted to have witnessed, and then leave the reader to judge of the rest.

Saint Dominick avers "That he was once ravished in the same manner as St. Paul to the third heaven, where he saw Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary, environed by multitudes of monks of every order, his own excepted, which vision caused him to be greatly ashamed and troubled. Christ beholding him thus perplexed, commanded him to approach, and enquired the reason, when Dominick very freely communicated the source of his anxiety. Jesus then demanded 'If he was desirous of beholding the children of his order?' 'With all my heart,' answered Dominick, upon which Christ commanded his mother to open her long royal robe, when the saint espied an innumerable host of his religious fraternity, whom she cherished under the drapery, as her own children, being far dearer to her than the monks of any other order."

returned to London, when, to his inexpressible grief, he found my lord of Winchester in close confinement in the Tower, for preaching before king Edward in favour of the holy faith, while numerous persons were placed as spies in order to betray if possible the resolute Edmund Bonner, and seal him for perdition. Those efforts however were for a time unsuccessful, and the good bishop of London, with indefatigable zeal, prepared to forward alone those schemes in which my lord of Winchester was to have taken such an active part, Dennis O'Mara being appointed to conduct as before the secret communications forwarded to the princess Mary. Suddenly the hand of heaven fell heavily upon Dennis, for among the first who became victims of the dreadful pestilence that ravaged London, was O'Mara, who had however sufficient time to exhort his son to persevere in the belief which had been instilled into his mind, and establish by fire and sword the true religion. Then with execrations in his mouth against king Edward and the race of heretics, my grandsire Dennis yielded up his breath, leaving my father, who was thirteen years of age, to grieve for the irreparable loss he had sustained, and profit by the righteous counsels of his defunct parent.

At this part of the manuscript Mabel paused for a time, actuated by sentiments of respect for the grandsire of the man she had selected as her protector for life, and feeling reverence for his character as a true disciple of the faith she followed.

"Yes," exclaimed Mabel internally, "*my* resolute

Moor O'Mara is worthy the family from whence he sprang : oh ! if the spirit of his grandsire views from on high the traits of heroism which have characterised his son's proceedings in the cause of catholicism, then must he rejoice in the persevering conduct of his representative, who deems his existence but a secondary consideration when summoned to action in the cause of heaven."

Donavan again paused for a time ; then fixing her eyes once more upon the manuscript of Moor O'Mara, continued the recital, which proceeded thus :

THE LIFE OF

PATRICK O'MARA.

PATRICK O'MARA on the demise of his parent, although of such puerile years, yielded not to those effeminate emotions, which could have been productive of no good effect, and disdained to shed the tear of pusillanimity. In that resolution he was further strengthened by his guardian and tutor, Sebastiano the monk, who sedulously inculcated into the mind of his eleve those stern virtues which should ever mark the conduct of a catholic, resolved to enforce his doctrine by the commission of any act, and who, rather than fail in conquering the obstinacy of heretics, should imbrue his hands in the blood of his fellow creatures. Having deeply imbibed those principles, my parent Patrick O'Mara made a rapid progress in all those doctrines which were calculated to forward our cause and undermine the false fabric

which was then rearing its infernal head to the total extinction of all true religion, and the consequent perdition of the English race.

Scarcely had twelve months transpired from the demise of Dennis O'Mara, when Edmund Bonner was seized and sent from Lambeth to the Marshalsea, where he was kept in close confinement, for a sermon preached by him at the cross at Pauls, which gave offence to the arch heretic king Edward. That step threw a damp on the hopes of the faithful, amongst whom father Sebastiano and Patrick O'Mara were not the least conspicuous in testifying their sorrow, while princess Mary, being thus bereft of both her counsellors, (the bishops of Winchester and London) became a prey to the most gloomy meditations. Soon after, through the sacrilegious machinations of the court, the righteous Bonner, for disobedience to the king's mandate on a religious point, was deprived of his bishoprick, and sentenced to undergo the most painful incarceration, when those rigorous measures and the vigilant proceedings of his enemies, quelled for a time all the plans which had been previously formed to compass the overthrow of Edward, and place princess Mary on a throne she was so calculated to occupy for the extirpation of all sceptics in the true belief. Thus for a period the catholic cause seemed to droop, and the saints of mother church were trampled under foot, the sanctuaries of religion violated, and the scourge of Omnipotence appeared directed against the faithful servants of his redeeming son, as a punishment for some dire offence committed

against his omnipotent will.—Those ill omens however were of short duration, the heretic king Edward suddenly sickened at Greenwich, (thanks to the poison of our friends) when at the age of sixteen he terminated his earthly career, to share the future torments which are reserved for all such as waver from the faith of heaven.

No sooner were the welcome tidings spread abroad, than exultation swelled the soul of every catholic, while sorrow chilled the heart of each unbeliever; it was then our turn to wield the sceptre of controul, to show the dungeon, to clank the fetter, to exercise the instruments of torture, and rear on high the flaming brand of exterminating fire. Oh! welcome hour, the cross re-appeared surrounded by two-fold rays of glory; in vain had pusillanimous Edward, by an illegal act, endeavoured to continue his pernicious doctrines, by nominating in his will the lady Jane Grey (an heretic like himself) to succeed in the government of the realm; her claims were despised, and she with her husband, father, and her whole usurping race, ended on the block their career of heresy and rebellion.

Scarcely had the immaculate queen Mary ascended the throne, when all the disgraced catholic prelates and imprisoned nobles were restored to their dignities, estates, and honours, and Edmund Bonner among the rest, issued forth a fulminating brand, in whose grasp was vested the scourge of heretics. That was indeed a glorious scene for action, the monk Sebastiano, well aware how useful Patrick O'Mara

might prove in times of such eventful import, instantly repaired with my father, then only nineteen years of age, to the palace of Edmund Bonner, who in remembrance for the services rendered by Dennis O'Mara, and the promises formerly made, instantly took my parent under his especial care. My sire, and the holy monk Sebastiano, then formed the council of the bishop of London, notwithstanding Patrick O'Mara's youth, he having been so strenuously recommended by the father of Saint Dominick, for the determined resolution he displayed in upholding the papal dignity, and his stern manners when any theme of pity occurred, which might have touched with sensibility the most determined heart.—Such was the man for Bonner's purposes, and such I glory to add, was mine own father.

While hundreds who had triumphed in their apostasy were daily experiencing the lash of Patrick O'Mara's just and religious vengeance, under the sanction of his patron, Edmund Bonner, the persevering monk Sebastiano, well skilled in the tortures inflicted by the holy inquisition of Spain, of which he ranked a worthy member, instructed my father in the necessary modes to be pursued on such occasions. Those he adopted with unvarying zeal, and by that means proved himself worthy his benefactor, and justly entitled to the praises lavished upon him by his holy instructor Sabastiano, the monk of Saint Dominick.

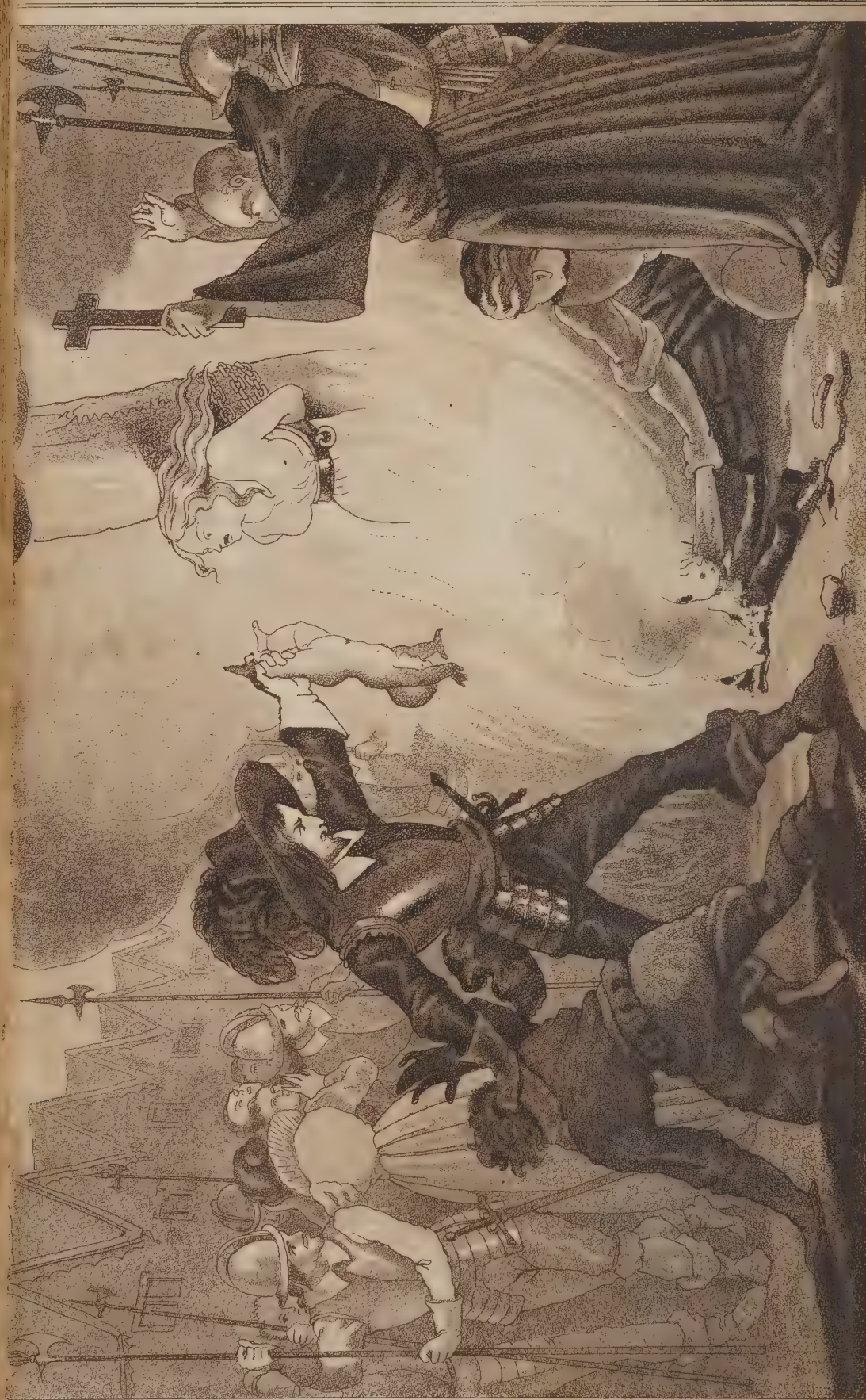
During these proceedings, instituted in the cause of our religion, arrived count Egmont, ambassador from the emperor, in order to conclude the marriage be

tween king Philip of Spain and queen Mary of England. The treaty being ratified, notwithstanding the opposition of the rebel sir Thomas Wyatt and his followers, many of whom, together with their leader, suffered the just punishment of the law, prince Philip landed at Southampton, and the marriage was shortly after solemnized in London between that prince and Mary of England, to the excessive joy of those who wished well to the cause of catholicism.

Then blazed the welcome fires in Smithfield, acceptable offerings to offended heaven, and a just retribution for the injuries heaped upon the followers of the faith, at one of which spectacles a scene occurred worthy the character of Patrick O'Mara. A female heretic, even at the stake, supported her damnable tenets; vainly did the monk Sebastiano tender her the crucifix, and exhort her to abjure her sinful persuasion: she was hardened against conviction, and the gates of salvation were closed upon her. The flames arose, and as her pregnant body was consuming, the agony of pain caused her to give birth to the offspring she had borne,* when one of the executioners (a half-fledged catholic,) yielding to sinful commiseration, caught the infant from the devouring flames; 'twas then the mother craved some mercy on its head, and begged in pity salvation for her child.

"Such pity will I show," returned the indignant Sebastiano, "as is due to heresy; villain," conti-

* The pregnancy of an unfortunate female burned in the Isle of Man, and delivered during her torments, is detailed in Fox's Book of Martyrs, as well as the sanguinary measure above related, of casting the baby into the flames that it might share the fate of its suffering parent.



nued the reverend father, addressing himself to the commiserating slave who held the infant, "cast that little heretic into the flames, or dread my fury."

The wretch, unmindful of the order, fixed his eyes upon the child, and then upon Sebastiano, who, feeling indignant at the villain's tardiness, bade him, as he tendered dear his soul's salvation, cast the babe into the fire; but instead of obedience, the miscreant placed the little one upon the ground and turned aside in horror.

At that instant Patrick O'Mara, rushing forwards, struck to earth the disobedient churl, and seizing the infant with the left hand hurled it into the flames at the feet of its expiring mother, exclaiming, "Go, damned heretic, and as thou wast borne by thy mother in this world, so now shalt thou bear her company in the regions of hell, fit sanctuary for such defilers of the faith of God."

Mabel Donovan paused and dropped the manuscript; a sickening thrill pervaded every faculty, for though she was alive to the tenets of the most unbending catholicism, she nevertheless felt at that moment that she was a mother. One thought rapidly succeeded another in her mind, and something like doubt appeared to taint her fancy. "Curse on all heretics!" she mentally exclaimed, "even I, a woman, would at this moment annihilate the monarch and the rulers of this land; but could I have so sacrificed a babe? was the young one amenable for the sins of its parent? was it not innocent, and might it not have been reared in the paths of salvation?" A qualm of conscience struck the heart of Donovan.—

Again she was lost in conjecture.—“ Yet a father of the faith, a monk of Saint Dominick, sanctioned the deed, and Moor O’Mara’s parent was the perpetrator. I must banish thought, even surmise or doubt is criminal ; if it was evil, Sebastiano was to blame, and must abide the act ; Patrick O’Mara too was innocent, for he obeyed the mandate of the functionary of heaven. Yet hold,” resumed Mabel, “ what was the impulse of the executioner, who would not act the part of Patrick O’Mara ? He too was a catholic, a hireling, a churl, and yet with him the babe had been harmless : I am bewildered, doubt succeeds doubt, and even Religion’s self requires the spur to distance my conjectures. Perhaps this internal struggle proclaims me a truant to my duty ; yet can I war against the sentiments that flow spontaneous from my soul ?—No, not even O’Mara’s presence could subdue my thoughts, they might indeed be dumb, but they would no less actuate my mind, and bewilder me in the intricate mazes of inexplicable doubt.

“ I will pursue the narrative,” continued Donovan, re-opening the manuscript, almost unconscious of the action ; “ yes, I will obliterate if possible these unhallowed strictures which debase my soul and contaminate the pure faith I profess.”

Mabel again fixed her eyes upon the paper, but in vain, she could not lull to rest the war of the mind, and after reading awhile, unconscious of the subject, closed the manuscript, and immersed in a train of abstruse thinking, sought repose upon her pallet, just as the beams of early morning broke in ruddy streaks upon the eastern horizon.

CHAPTER XI.

O! most pernicious rancour, that can thus
Religion's name with profanation slur,
And 'ray her purity in blood-stain'd garb
Of most insatiate murder.—

Are these the advocates of faith?—the men
Who, pastor-like, into the fold should bring
The scattered sheep with tenderness and love,
The symbols of their everlasting lord?
Such are the tenets they profess.—But mark
how sadly varied shows the pleasing scene,
Where rankling hatred into gall transforms
Fraternity and gentle peace:—no care,
No soft persuasive eloquence is heard,
But in its stead, compulsion rears the lash,
While tortures direful, and the flaming brand,
Prove the dread engines of extermination.

W. H. I.

MABEL DONAVAN spent the succeeding day in making such arrangements as she conceived would tend to the comfort of her future establishment; and on the return of darkness, having placed her infant on the couch, drew forth the manuscript which had engrossed her whole attention on the preceding night, and turning to the page where she had broken off, continued the perusal thus:

CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE
OF

PATRICK O'MARA.

My father having thus established his rooted hatred to every thing which bore the smallest relationship to heresy, was, if possible, more cherished by the monk Sebastiano, and his patron Edmund Bonner, who, at the instigation of Patrick O'Mara, began to consult on the possibility of establishing in London an inquisition founded on the principles of that which flourished at Madrid. For this purpose, and in order that my father might be introduced to the personal notice of the monarch (who had previously learned from Edmund Bonner how rooted were his tenets to the catholic faith), Patrick O'Mara was delegated to present the plan to king Philip and queen Mary, and for that purpose an hour was appointed in every respect applicable to the subject in question, as it was a period when they enjoyed in private the soothing contemplation of the massacre of unbelievers.

To a chamber commanding a full view of Smithfield, were their gracious majesties frequently accustomed to resort with privacy, in order to witness the conflagration which struck at the root of heretical doctrines. It was therefore, on the 1st day of July when king Philip and his consort attended to behold the burning of the arch-fiend John Bradford, that Patrick O'Mara was delegated to present himself before those *sainted defenders of the faith*, and lay at their feet

the *merciful code* of Saint Dominick, so calculated in every respect for the suppression of even *a thought* that could militate *against the ordinances of the Papal see*.

Patrick O'Mara at the appointed hour presented himself at the portal of the chamber which was occupied by their majesties, and having made known his name to the nobleman attending, was shortly after admitted into the royal presence. There upon his knees he delivered into the hand of king Philip the outlines of the plan proposed, who having graciously received the same, bade him arise, after which the following conversation from the journal of my father took place.

"We have heard much in thy commendation, Patrick O'Mara," said the king most graciously, "and we do much commend thy zeal as a rigid partisan of the holy faith."

"Beshrew me," cried queen Mary, "but we do owe thee much, our trusty Patrick, not for thine own merits solely, but that we do bear in remembrance the goodly works of thy trusty father Dennis, who was to us, and in our cause, a most true and active gentleman."

"I shall in every thing endeavour to make my life obedient to your highnesses' pleasures, which must ever tend to the advancement of religion," replied my father.

"Seest thou that monster there?" resumed the queen, pointing to the fiend-like Bradford, who still continued to preach his hellish tenets though his

legs were then devouring by the flames ; “ doth he not merit such a death ? ”

“ Yea, he doth, so please your majesty,” replied Patrick O’Mara, bending low his head, “ and, trust me, he shall have more on’t when he visiteth the gulf below.”

“ Was it thine hand that threw the body i’ the fire ? ” demanded king Philip.

“ Yea, my gracious liege.”

“ Then art thou truly one of us, and we shall bear thee in our dearest remembrance for the same.”

King Philip upon that withdrawing his regard from my father, fixed his eyes on the crackling flames where writhed the dying heretick Bradford : in her right hand the godly Mary held her missal, while in her left, which rested on her knee, was clasped her ebon beads, whereto was hung a comely crucifix.

“ The wretch dieth sturdily,” said the monarch.

“ Ay, marry,” replied the queen, “ he dieth like that which he truly is ; your staunch-bred dog will abide his meat and suffer rather than let chastisement draw him from his hold : beshrew me now, but ’tis a charming sight ! ”

King Philip then placing his hand tenderly on that of his consort, made answer smiling :

“ It glads my heart that our dear queen hath such holy spirit in her. Mary, if our council can but bring about this holy inquisition in London’s walls then shall we have our pastime to ourselves, and frame new tortures for those fiends of hell.”

The execution being ended, my father humbly took his leave, and with great promises of favour and royal countenance straight quitted the presence, with further assurances that the plan proposed should instantly meet the privy council's eye, and every effort be put into effect to see its complete establishment.

Fully gratified with such a flattering reception, Patrick O'Mara hastened to meet the monk Sebastian and the *reverend* Edmund Bonner, who listened with increased delight to my father's statement, in whose prolific mind, however, a new scene for action presented itself, which had even escaped the subtle genius of the Spanish father, nor once obtruded on the cogitations of the indefatigable bishop of London.

The hour of darkness arrived, when seated at the table Patrick O'Mara and his two friends continued to argue on the necessity and practicability of the inquisitorial scheme proposed, till after a time my father became gloomy and silent; a mighty project filled his brain, and the mode of its accomplishment alone remained to be planned and executed.

The depression of spirits in my parent soon aroused the curiosity of his colleagues, and they in consequence questioned him on the subject, when he replied as follows :

“Never did human nature boast the existence of three individuals more calculated to uphold truth's cause than we, who are at this time assembled; who have to acknowledge, it is true, a gracious queen fitted for the grand work of exterminating heresy, and own a monarch that delights in the effusion of irreligious

blood ; but what avails all this ? we bask but in the gleam of an autumnal sun, unless we scarf for ever the wintry aspect. Once already hath the tongue of report proclaimed our queen with child, prayers were offered up, the bells were rung, and universal joy was testified on that auspicious occasion ; but the momentary delight soon faded, the statement was erroneous and no progeny appeared to bless our toils with the prospect of an abundant harvest. Far different is now the scene, one fatal hour may cut our Mary short, and who succeeds her but Elizabeth (accursed be the name) ; yes she, the bastard and friend of all her father's heresies, the child of apostacy, and the adorer of her deceased brother Edward's tenets ; even she must succeed to hurl us from our seats and level all our labours with the dust. Tell me then," continued my father with energy, " should this be sanctioned in a christian land ? O'Mara scorns the thought, and therefore offers up himself the instrument of vengeance and annihilation. Yes, my friends, I will enlist myself the champion of our faith, and in the blood of Elizabeth write down the real doom of heresy."

Struck with the daring proposition, and at the same time conscious of the forcible argument produced, Bonner and Sebastiano continued for a time regarding each other in speechless amazement, irresolute in the opinions they should hazard, and equally astonished at the bold intention of Patrick O'Mara.

Bonner at length replied—

" Though I allow the expediency of the proceeding,

yet in a deed of such especial import we must not act but with the cognizance and warrant of those above us."

"I laud the conduct of my young eleve," continued Sebastiano, yet must coincide with the bishop of London, for in a matter which involves such mighty chances——The monk would have proceeded, when my father, indignant at his words, cut short the speech, and in an impassioned tone exclaimed,—

"Then be your doubts your doom, and live to see the days you hate deride you for this want of sternness. I have a divining spirit, and mark my words, if ever Elizabeth ascends the throne, farewell the cause we honour, farewell catholicism, for this our land is cursed for ever. Mine is the risk, let me abide the judgment of the act,—though thousands might condemn the deed I should applaud it." Patrick O'Mara then drawing his dagger continued,—
"Sanction the blow, my friends, confer your benediction on this blade, and heaven will lead me to complete the act."

"Sheath your weapon, Moor," replied the bishop, "on this same theme we will have further converse, for ere the blow be struck Mary shall allow it; 'tis her sister's blood must flow!" After a pause my father exclaimed, "It is my duty and I obey; but mark me well, this act must be accomplished, or the page of perfect bliss is closed on us on this side of futurity."

Such was the glorious scheme proposed by my father, but which, for want of execution, has too fa-

tally verified the dire prognostic which escaped his lips, leaving the catholic cause to droop, while shameless heresy rears its blasted front, and triumphs even in the cause of dire perdition to the human race. But to proceed :

Flushed with the expectancy of soon beholding a London inquisition, Patrick O'Mara and Sebastiano the monk were unremitting in their formation of new plans of torture for the just punishment of such as should fall under their cognizance ; yet fruitless was their heaven-directed toil, for notwithstanding the countenance of king Philip and his queen was given to the scheme, and that the noblemen who formed the privy council were adherents of the faith, yet some there were inimical to the plan, under an impression that such a measure might instigate rebellion among the rabble, while those defilers of the faith for whose chastisement the institution was set on foot, would use their most strenuous endeavours to fan the flame of discord to the total extirpation of religion, and the subversion of the government and laws of the realm.

Thus failed the great plan on which my parent and his friends had formed the most sanguine hopes, under the assured sanction of majesty itself ; and with respect to the assassination of Elizabeth, some time elapsed ere it was deemed expedient to sound the temper of the king, which was ultimately hazarded by the reverend Edmund Bonner, whose report of the conference to my father and Sebastiano completely banished all hope of royal acquiescence, as on account of some apparently conscientious qualms,

the monarch Philip passed an immediate interdict upon the execution of the deed, while his gloomy look and abrupt departure from the bishop, sufficiently indicated his displeasure at the proposition. Since that period, however, it has become apparent no real feeling of pity for the princess Elizabeth prompted the conduct of the Spanish monarch, who well knew that the health of his consort was rapidly declining, and therefore in the event of her demise, had it in contemplation to wed her heretic sister, thus yielding the preference to worldly policy in defiance of those dictates which religion imposed. Oh ! could the monarch have looked but for a moment into the dark page of futurity, could he have witnessed the subsequent failure of his intention, and the disgrace of his mighty armaments, which were too late resorted to, then would he have clasped my father to his breast and sealed him among his heart's dearest friends ; but no, he suffered the thirst of aggrandisement to baffle the cause of heaven, and the vengeance of Omnipotence pursued him, to the sorrow of all true adherents of the faith.

Patrick O'Mara finding his advice unheeded, became for a time less active in his measures against the heretics, during which epoch king Philip sailed from England, in order to counteract the warlike proceedings of the French king, who shortly after laid siege to Calais, and within four days became master of that place, as well as other fortifications along the coast which had been in possession of the English for many centuries. This disastrous news being com-

municated to queen Mary produced a fatal effect, as she yielded up her mind to the most determined gloom, since the loss of Calais deprived the English of the last hold they retained in that country, in addition to which, the neglect of her husband Philip was not a little instrumental to the hastening her death, which shortly after took place, to the infinite sorrow of all true catholics, who were on the same day deprived of cardinal Poole, whose zeal for papacy went hand in hand with that which had characterized the proceedings of the ever-to-be-lamented Mary, with whom expired the ardent hopes of all such as had laboured for the salvation of an heretical and accursed people.

CHAPTER XII.

Lust, like pent up fire, the blood inflames,
 Consumes all moral and religious ties,
 Lives for itself, destroying all it meets,
 And preys without remorse, fearless, and unaw'd,
 Upon the wreck of innocence and love.

Lust is a furnace in the blood,
 A steed without the rein;
 A sweeping whirlwind, raging flood;
 Insatiate furor vain.

W. H. I.

MABEL DONAVAN anxious to learn the termination of the history of Moor O'Mara's parent, resorted to the manuscript at an early hour on the following evening, when she read as follows:

CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE
OF
PATRICK O'MARA.

IT was the gloomy month of November, 1558, which witnessed Elizabeth's proclamation as sovereign of England, and on the fifteenth of January she was crowned amidst the acclamations of her irreligious subjects, whose testimonials of joy were so many wounds inflicted on the heart of mother church.

Scarcely was Elizabeth established on her throne, but she evinced her damnable tenets by overthrowing all those measures which her sister had pursued, and re-establishing the infernal system which had been tolerated by her accursed father and his heretical son the stripling Edward.

- As the vengeance of the protestants was then aroused, the names of such as had been at all active in the true cause were immediately published, and among the foremost appeared Patrick O'Mara and the monk Sebastiano, for the arrest of whose persons a reward was offered; but ever watchful and on the alert, my father and his trusty friend had taken their precautions under the expectation of such a measure, and embarked for the continent in sufficient time to evade the malice of their pursuers.

From that period my parent became indefatigable in his exertions in the low countries, and when in Spain, was concerned in forwarding several conspiracies then brooding in England against the queen, who nevertheless escaped the intended fate through

the artful contrivance of her subtle ministers, who, aided by infernal powers, subverted all our attempts to effect her overthrow.

* * * * *

Upon the shameful imprisonment of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, the indignation of Patrick O'Mara was raised to such a pitch, that he determined on revisiting England, to assist if possible in effecting her liberation. Actuated by that laudable purpose, he made known his intention to his friend Sebastiano the monk, who applauded the scheme with all the energy of religious enthusiasm, blended with pity for the immaculate sufferer.

Having mutually fixed upon their places of correspondence, and my parent receiving an outline of the schemes projected by the cabinet of Spain, he took the sacrament at the hands of father Sebastiano, and strengthened by his blessing, embarked in disguise under a feigned name for England, where he landed in safety, and soon joined in the north the most zealous advocates of the suffering Mary Stuart. To that persecuted princess he found means of delivering all letters of a political tendency during her confinement, until the discovery of the plots of Babington compelled him to seek refuge and concealment in flight. Patrick O'Mara however evinced no diminution in his exertions for that martyred queen whose cause he unremittingly forwarded, and in disguise, again ventured forth to enlist in the schemes of the noble but unfortunate Thomas duke of Norfolk, who, together with Percy of Northumberland, and the

earl of Westmoreland, strove to effect her emancipation from captivity. The projects being discovered, pursuit after my parent became so hot on account of letters intercepted by Sir Francis Walsingham from Spain, which had been intended for O'Mara, that he was again compelled to fly from England, and with infinite difficulty effected a safe landing on the coast of France.

One billet from the captive queen to her enamoured partisan, the duke of Norfolk, and another from that lamented nobleman to his adored Mary, which my father was disabled from delivering to those respective personages, owing to the watchfulness of their guards, contained the following poetical effusions, which evince on either part the most inviolable attachment that could actuate the bosoms of virtue, honour, and truth.

LAMENTATIONS

From the gloomy dungeon of Mary the queen, wafted to her champion and faithful harbinger of hope,

THOMAS DUKE OF NORFOLK.

How can the bosom's anguish find relief,
Save from the council of affection true :
'Tis sympathy that checks the tear of grief,
So Mary claims the balmy gift from you.

Like the wreck'd mariner on troubled wave,
Whose madden'd brain to thoughts of death gives scope,
Clings to the plank that buoys him from the grave,
So I on thee depend, life's latent hope.

Could'st thou behold me in this chamber drear,
A striking contrast to my former state :
The smile of freedom, now the captive's tear ;
The love of thousands, now my gaoler's hate.

One grated lattice here admits the ray
Of that bright orb enlivening nature's page :
No pleasing landscape cheers the ling'ring day,
The scene drear solitude, each hour an age.

No gilded throne my chamber now can show,
Each object here with gloomy thought accords ;
The walls to mock me, but renew my woe,
For e'en the tap'stry painful tales records.

If to the breezy morn I waft a strain,
Or if the evening hears my lute's sad note,
The matin songsters' hymn awakes my pain,
Eve's bird the pang renews, on which I doat.

No pages fly my mandate to fulfil,
No pliant nobles here attend my nod,
For I in turn am slave to other's will,
And feel the lash of heaven's reproofing rod.

Yet when my aching mind reviews the scene,
When fancy pictures all my suff'rings past,
Feeling demands—"Is this a sister queen ?
How long, Eliza, must my anguish last ?"

'Tis then the radiant form of hope appears,
Yes, Norfolk's image drives despair afar,
Bright liberty her unfurled banner rears,
And love transports me, in pure Hymen's car.

Once more in brow-decked majesty I seem,
Eager to prove my grateful soul to thee ;
For reason whispers in delusion's dream,
Bereft of Norfolk—farewell sov'reignty.

Haste then, O haste, dispel each gloomy thought,
Since thou alone can'st banish every pain ;
Mary shall own her freedom cheaply bought,
Bound to eternity in Norfolk's chain.

MARY R.

RESPONSIVE EFFUSIONS

Wasted to the mansion of love's queen by the lowliest of her slaves,

THOMAS DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Ah ! would to thee my soul might wing its flight,
To prove the fervour of my love-sick pain ;
I then might banish griefs with fond delight,
And prove thou hast not sued to me in vain.

I am the seaman by fate's billows hurl'd
Amid the torrent of impetuous love ;
Thou art my beacon ; without thee the world
Were but a waste ; I'd look for peace above.

My brain is fired whene'er thy wrongs I trace,
And think what contumely marks thy doom :
Still will I strive thy suff'rings to efface,
That thou a queen thy splendour may'st resume.

Then shall the sun's all renovating orb,
Dear freedom's path with brightest radiance gild,
Thy charms all earthly excellence absorb,
While I enraptured view my hopes fulfill'd.

Thy sumptuous palaces and wonted state,
Shall banish all remembrance of the past ;
Unfading joys thy mandate shall await,
And each new day prove happier than the last.

And when thou usher'st in the jocund morn,
Or to the eve attun'st thy plaintive strains,
Thy soul no more by keenest anguish torn,
Shall drop the tear and sigh for others 'pains.

A loving people then thy power shall own,
 And noble chiefs be proud to act thy will;
 For that same fate which robs thee of thy throne,
 Can call thee back thy rightful seat to fill.

Let mem'ry then the present ills renew,
 Warn thee Eliza's proffer'd love to shun:
 Her hatred else this scene may act anew,
 And thou with Norfolk, art at once undone.

Oh! that my efforts may thy wishes crown;
 May Norfolk realize each fancied joy:
 Mine be the task to trumpet thy renown,
 By Hymen sanction'd and by Venus' boy.

Then as the diadem entwines thy brow,
 My fervid passion still shall anxious prove,
 That from my soul I spoke the hymeneal vow,
 Thy subject as a queen, thy slave in love.

Yes, beauteous Mary, at thy call I speed,
 Since only thou can'st banish Norfolk's pain;
 Who gladly were from state and fortune freed,
 So but eternally to wear thy chain.

NORFOLK.

At the commencement of the year 1572, catholic vengeance being at its height against the bold innovations of the Hugonots in France, the presence of Moor O'Mara at Paris was deemed essential to the cause by his colleagues in Spain, in order that he might ferment as much as possible, those justifiable principles of implacable hatred which then actuated all true and staunch believers in that country; for this purpose, being in possession of the necessary credentials, he repaired to Paris, and straight intro-

duced himself to the duke of Guise, to whose councils he was admitted, being not only a most active advocate for the system of exterminating all unbelievers, but the principal instigator of that project which was speedily after put into effect, viz. the celebrated massacre of the Hugonots, so thoroughly well-accomplished, and in the onset of which Patrick O'Mara took a most active part, by striking to earth that arch heretic admiral Coligny, at the precise moment when the welcome tolling of the bell gave signal for the heaven-directed carnage.

After the enterprising genius of my father had been exerted in the general cause at Paris, as far as prudence could dictate, he was at length summoned to Madrid by his friend Sebastiano, who, since his return to Spain, had become a leading member of the fraternity of Saint Dominick, and as he felt the weight of age prey on his faculties, was therefore desirous that Patrick O'Mara should reap some advantage from his endeavours, and receive that recompence for his unremitting assiduity and the imminent dangers he had sustained, which he therefore conceived him to be justly entitled to.

This summons was instantly obeyed, and shortly after my father's arrival at Madrid, he found himself, through the interest of Sebastiano, nominated to occupy a high and lucrative post in the inquisition, having been first fitted to undertake that employ by receiving a dispensation from Rome, whereby all the progressive ordinances of the church were dispensed with, and in consequence Patrick O'Mara was immediately called to the fulfilment of his holy function.

Five years had elapsed from the nomination of my father to his office, when being one day in the public walks of the city, his attention was arrested by a female form, which for loveliness and symmetry of proportion beggared all description, while at her side an elderly woman (to all appearance her mother, from the traces of beauty which were still discernible to the eye of observation), appeared particularly attentive and watchful of the conduct of her fascinating companion.

Patrick O'Mara, enchained by this bewitching object, became unmindful of the late religious engagements whereby he had bound himself to a life of celibacy, and yielding only to those passions which having never been previously aroused raged in his breast with ten-fold fury, his only thought was the possession of so much beauty, grace, and apparent innocence.

Having with infinite caution traced the route of the signora and her guardian, my parent on his return summoned two of the numerous officials under his control, upon whose secrecy and determined zeal he could depend, and to whom he immediately delivered his orders, which were; that they should become acquainted with the names, family, and connections of the signora, and particularly whether any youth was enamoured of the lady, and in such case what was the name, &c. of the suitor; all which intelligence was to be procured with the most profound secrecy and promptitude imaginable.

Anxious to merit the commendations of my father, and reap the benefits resulting from his smiles, the two officials with the greatest alacrity obeyed and

executed his mandate, delivering to Patrick O'Mara the result of their enquiries, which were to the following effect,

That the youthful lady was named Donna Olivia Andrillo, being the only descendant of a noble family, possessing however but the name and a small portion of that extensive property which once belonged to her ancestors.

That the elderly female who had accompanied the signora was her mother, an Italian by birth, of the renowned family of Bruno, whose husband, Don Ferdinand Andrillo, father of Olivia, had been dead some years.

And lastly, that with respect to a suitor, many noble youths had made proffers of their love without effect, until the Conde Leonardo D'Algarozzi, a distant relative of the Bruno family, having presented himself, his person and accomplishments had effected a change in the sentiments of Olivia, from which period her affections and happiness seemed to concentrate only in that youthful Conde, and that an alliance would have taken place previous to his departure from Madrid some months before, had not affairs of moment claimed his immediate presence in Italy, from which country however he was daily expected, when the consummation of the nuptial rites was to be performed.

The morning subsequent to the disclosure of this intelligence to Patrick O'Mara, as he sat ruminating in his chamber respecting the plan of operations most expedient to be adopted, he was interrupted by

one of his attendants, who having received permission to enter the apartment, delivered into his hand a petition from the mother of a youth confined a prisoner in the dungeons of the inquisition, under the charge of favouring heretical doctrines, the purport of which was an asseveration of his innocence and the most solemn assurance as to the rigid catholic principles which had ever characterized his family and himself.

Having perused the contents of the paper, a sudden thought rushed upon the mind of my father, that as the petitioner was a female, by interfering in her behalf he might procure an agent who, from principles of gratitude, would feel herself bound to forward his projected plans upon the person and affections of Olivia Andrillo.

Actuated by this idea, Patrick O'Mara gave orders that the petitioner should be forthwith admitted to his presence, which command was instantly obeyed, and in a few seconds appeared before him the person of Honoria Guiscardo, who, prostrate on the earth, claimed the intervention of my father for the salvation of her offspring.

The numerous heretics consigned to the torture, whose just punishments Patrick was in the habit of witnessing for some time, on account of their frequency, obliterated from his recollection the person of the petitioner's son, whom he at length called to mind from the explanations of his mother, as having peculiarly excited his resentment, and that at his last examination in particular he had enforced a repetition of the tortures inflicted on his person, in

order to extort some confession respecting his apostasy and adherents. Conceiving, nevertheless, from the appearance of Honoria that she might prove a desirable acquisition in order to his attainment of Olivia Andrillo, he banished from his recollection all idea of former inveteracy, and promised to use his utmost exertions with respect to her son, if she would act according to those dictates he might think fit to prescribe. Swayed only by the acuteness of maternal love, Honoria acquiesced with every desire of my father, and an hour was appointed for her attendance on the ensuing day, when she was to be further instructed as to the intentions of Patrick O'Mara, and also learn what interest had been effected through his exertions for the emancipation of her son.

At the appointed period Honoria attended, when my father, wrought upon by his powerful passion, and without sufficiently studying the temper of his petitioner, so far developed his intentions with respect to Olivia Andrillo, that he had unconsciously committed his whole plot to her keeping, while she, eager to effect the liberation of her child, gave a cordial acquiescence to every proposition hazarded by my parent. The interview terminated completely to the satisfaction of Patrick O'Mara, who informed the petitioner previous to her departure, that she might expect her son Diego Guiscardo on the ensuing day, freed from the prison of the inquisition, and pronounced guiltless of every heretical charge which had been preferred against him at the table of the holy office.

The expectant mother, big with the hope of clasping to her bosom an only son who had been long kept from her eager embrace, attended at the spot before the appointed hour, when, having wrought her feelings to the highest pitch of expectancy, the specified portal was at length unclosed ; but who can express the emotions of Honoria when, instead of beholding in Diego the youth she had formerly caressed as her son, she gazed on a figure emaciated and seemingly bending beneath the pressure of the most acute corporeal sufferings. Convinced, however, by the tone of the voice that her offspring really stood before her, Honoria clasped her son to her breast, and after the first ebullition had subsided, being given to understand by one of the conductors that the mercy of his employer had effected the liberation of her child, and that she was the ensuing morning to attend on Patrick O'Mara, the officials instantly departed, while Honoria with infinite difficulty escorted Diego to her mansion. There the fond parent was shortly after informed that the alteration in her son's health and person originated in the tortures he had experienced, but that he was bound by oath previous to his release, never to reveal the secrets of the inquisition, so far as he had acquired a knowledge of its proceedings, or name the persons of any one of the Dominican fathers who might have been most active in ordering him to the rack.

Having taken every precaution which the state of Diego's health required, his mother, swayed by the dictates of gratitude, attended on Patrick O'Mara, who

being fully convinced that he had bound her irrevocably to his service, entered more at large upon the plans proposed, which were to be brought to perfection by the active conduct of Honoria, who was in the first place to gain admission into the family of Olivia and her mother, after which, prompted by the lessons of my father, she was to adopt such measures as appeared conducive to the full attainment of his desires.

Thus tutored, Honoria Guiscardo quitted the presence of Patrick O'Mara, and on returning to her son found him in some degree freed from the fever and weekness which had on his first emancipation endangered his life.

Diego Guiscardo, then in his twenty-second year, was the son of a Spanish officer, who had resigned his life in the service of his country; personal enmity in all probability gave rise to the charge of heresy with which he had been branded, as no subsequent conduct ever tended to validate that assertion; his passions were violent and his vengeance unlimited against any individual who excited that emotion. Such were the feelings of the individual liberated by Patrick O'Mara, and who on the return of his mother made anxious enquiries concerning the plans she had adopted to effect his liberation. Honoria without disguise developed the whole mystery, to which Diego attended in contemplative silence; shortly after which, pressing the hand of his anxious parent, he conjured her to act according to the will of my father, affirming that the mercy he had experienced at his hands demanded the services of his and her fu-

ture life. Such was the information gleaned by Patrick O'Mara on her next attendance upon him, at which period she had in some degree effected a plan for her introduction to the family of Olivia Andrillo.

Pleased with these appearances, my parent made proffers of exerting his interest in behalf of her son upon his restoration to health, should she prove fervent in her endeavours to forward his plans, at the same time intimating that any sufferings her child might have experienced were the offsprings of pure attachment to the catholic faith, and sanctioned by the religious code of laws instituted by the holy Saint Dominick, who always secured a seat in heaven for such *innocent souls as should expire under the tortures inflicted for their salvation, had they not really acted as perverse sons of heresy,*

Shortly after Honoria Guiscardo procured a personal introduction to the object of my father's love, when she became strongly interested in the sufferings of Olivia, whom she found a prey to the most poignant anguish on account of the Conde Leonardo D'Algarozzi's continued absence, notwithstanding despatches received some days previous, which intimated that he was then on his return to Madrid, and might be expected a few hours after the bearer of that welcome communication.

As the sentiments of gratitude towards Patrick O'Mara diminished in the breast of Honoria when contemplating the schemes of my father, and beholding the sufferings of Olivia for the loss of him on whom her soul dwelt with rapture, she began to form

plans to counteract my parent's desire, though she concealed every step from the Andrillo family, and actuated by fear seemed to enter fully into the plans of Patrick O'Mara.

Swayed by those sentiments, a gloom pervaded the mind of Honoria, while her son, who observed the alteration in his parent's conduct, entreated that she would confide to him every emotion of her soul. That desire she immediately acquiesced in, by acquainting him with the steps she had pursued, her introduction to the presence of Olivia, and the non-appearance of the youthful Conde; after which she concluded by intimating that her strenuous endeavours would beset on foot to frustrate the machinations of my father, as she felt horror in being placed (even to appearance) in the light of a creature subservient to enact such plans as he might think proper to adopt.

Diego having attentively listened to the conversation of his mother, entreated her to pursue the line of conduct she had adopted, as every hope of rendering assistance to the unfortunate Olivia depended on such a step; and that with respect to their own personal safety, he was too well acquainted with the power of the inquisition not to conjure his parent to be guided by policy, if it were only on that ground.

Convinced of the justness of Diego's advice, Honoria determined to play the part she had commenced with all the cunning and address she was capable of adopting; and for that purpose, having received an order to attend on my father, she immediately obeyed the mandate, when he demanded what had been the

result of her attendance on Olivia. Honoria in lively colours depicted the sufferings of the lady and her mother, originating in the unaccountable disappearance of the Conde Leonardo, who had been expected at Madrid for a considerable time.

Patrick O'Mara expressed a degree of astonishment at the conclusive information, when, after a pause of some moments he acquainted Honoria that the intelligence she had acquired would prove of infinite service to him, as he was thereby bereft of a rival whom he had dreaded, without any disagreeable measure being adopted on his part to remove that individual.

My father then proceeded to inform Honoria that as it was impossible for him to appear before Olivia in the robes of his order, he had projected the following scheme, in which she was to become an accessory: That he would procure the habiliments of a cavalier, and in that dress introduce himself to the notice of Olivia, as the bosom friend of the Conde, who he would inform her was unfortunately murdered on his route to Madrid: that by thus becoming a supposed partner in her griefs, he should stand some chance of operating on her affections, and in the end, by the consummation of a spurious marriage, finally accomplish his projected purpose.

A powerful sentiment of indignation pervaded the bosom of Mabel as she concluded the foregoing sentence; "and was this the father of Moor O'Mara? demanded Donavan internally, "wherefore was this tale recorded, and why was it presented unto me? Good Jesu preserve me! perhaps in the person of the

victim Olivia, I shall recognize the mother of the man I have revered; it must be so, or never could Moor O'Mara have committed to posterity the record of an act, (I shame to own it,) that slurs the name of manhood."

The night being far spent, Mabel immersed in thought, laid aside the scroll, and after impressing the kiss of fond affection on the lips of her infant, sought on her rug a transitory forgetfulness of all sublunary contemplations.

CHAPTER XII.

What wily arts will dire revenge pursue
To wreak its malice where its hate is fixed
Deadly and immutable.——
No barrier is too strong to check its course,
No cunning, though opposed, can undermine
The subtilty of him who broods on hate,
And singles out his object for destruction.

He falls the victim of his foul desires,
And on the bed of lust, in pangs expires.

W. H. I.

AT the return of twilight, Mabel resumed the thread of the narrative, which ran as follows:

TERMINATION OF THE LIFE
OF
PATRICK O'MARA.

The feelings of Honoria Guiscardo had nearly betrayed her secret, on learning the subtle scheme which was to be put into practice, and after a few seconds she ventured to express a doubt, lest the Conde perhaps might arrive, and by presenting himself before Olivia, unfold at once the projected plot, and the specious tale by which she had been imposed upon.

Patrick O'Mara smiled for a moment at this remark, when suddenly assuming an air of thoughtfulness, he informed Honoria that in affairs of such a nature there must ever be some risk, that he was resolved to defy every petty opposition, and concluded by informing her that on the ensuing evening he should present himself to Olivia. O'Mara then directed Honoria to repair shortly after to the mansion of that lady, after he had retired, in order to speak in the highest terms of the family of Placenza, as a descendant of which house it was his intention to introduce himself to the notice of Olivia Andrillo.

Tutored in this plan of operations, Honoria on returning to her son, developed the scheme of my parent, which he deprecated equally with herself, although he was less actuated by passion than his mother on that occasion.

At the appointed hour Patrick O'Mara repaired to

the dwelling of Olivia's mother, where having introduced himself as the bosom friend of the Conde, and a descendant of the Placenza race, he proceeded to deliver his preconcerted tale, which he managed with such consummate art as wholly to mislead Olivia and her mother, who conceived the Conde lost to them for ever, while they cherished the messenger of grief on account of his pretended friendship for the departed Algarozzi, and the excess of his apparent sorrow on that melancholy occasion. Honoria, according to the command of my father, attended to forward his intentions by expatiating largely on the remote ancestry, warlike achievements, and acknowledged virtues which had ever characterized the Placenza family; it was however, with difficulty she was persuaded by her son Diego to play that part, who nevertheless appeared as anxious as my father that all his orders should be acquiesced in, and performed with the greatest punctuality.

Patrick O'Mara, flushed with the success of his scheme, and feeling his desires kindled by the opportunity he had of contemplating the features and person of Donna Olivia unrestrained, quitted at length the mansion of her parent, being soon after followed by Honoria, whose mind was actuated by far different sentiments, while the unfortunate Olivia, yielding to excess of anguish, experienced in vain the consolations of her fond mother, which were unremittingly exerted to divert her determined melancholy.

Some days thus elapsed, during which epoch Patrick O'Mara in disguise regularly attended at the

dwelling of Olivia's mother, though to his infinite chagrin, he found little diminution in the excess of her grief, while instead of augmenting, when in her presence, that favourable opinion which he had conceived she cherished towards him as the friend of the Conde, it was obvious that her conduct had become more distant, and that her reception of him was even cold, and sometimes repulsive.

As Olivia one night oppressed with mental pain, reclined sleepless on her couch, a faint sound of harmony seemed to reverberate on her ear; startled at the noise, she raised herself upon the bed, when the melody became imperceptibly more distinct, and in a few moments a voice in tenderest accents accompanied the instrument, pronouncing the following verse, with the most pointed emphasis,

Lovely maid those tears restrain,
By the flatt'rer Hope amused be,
Love shall yet assuage thy pain,
Proving Hope hath not abused thee.

Struck with the words, which seemed as if directed to herself, Olivia darted to the lattice in sufficient time to catch a glimpse of a female figure, hastily retiring, being enfolded in an ample cloak of sable dye. She continued for some minutes rivetted to the casement, but no object re-appearing, she was on the point of proceeding to her couch, when the sound of a footstep in her chamber suddenly caught her attention, and chilled her soul with terror, upon which, unable to give vent to the exclamation of fear, she sunk almost lifeless into the arms of the intruder who

had created her alarm, and sprang forwards to support her in that moment of trial.

On the first symptom of her recovery, the stranger in the most impassioned accents requested she would banish all apprehension, for that in the person then before her she beheld a being devoted to serve her, and in whose power alone it lay to rescue her from impending destruction. The manner in which this address was pronounced, and the respectful distance to which the stranger retired, (the moment Olivia had sufficiently recovered herself) infused a degree of fortitude, and she raised her eyes to behold the physiognomy and person of the mysterious visitor, but in that inquiry she was frustrated, as the unknown wore a mask, and seemed to conceal with infinite care his whole person from the eye of observation.

After a pause of some minutes the unknown thus addressed Olivia :

“Swear to me, Donna Olivia, that you will be governed by the line of conduct I shall prescribe, so long as my measures are not characterized by any action at which your virtue revolts ; this you must perform, or lose the intervention of the only being who can and will preserve you.”

There was something inexpressibly awful in the manner of the stranger, at which Olivia felt appalled ; the tenor of his address implied some impending danger that awaited her, of which she was wholly unacquainted, but that particular part of his injunction, which was only to bind her to acquiesce with the measures of the unknown so long as his commands

were of an honourable nature, prompted her to assume a degree of firmness, as in case the allusion made by the stranger proved true, she might in case of noncompliance with his desire fall a victim to the machinations which threatened her. Impressed therefore with those considerations, she replied with fortitude, "I do solemnly swear to act thy will, so long as it shall not deviate from the path of virtue, honour and truth."

"First then I demand secrecy on thy part, even from thy mother," resumed the stranger, "until the period arrives when thou mayst confide the truth to all the world."

"Is not the keeping a secret from my parent a sin?" demanded Olivia with earnestness.

"Not if the act be honourable and the period of secrecy of short duration. I tell thee, Olivia, ere the lapse of a month thy mother shall know all."

"I swear to be secret as the grave," immediately resumed the wonder-struck maid.

"Know then that the Conde Leonardo D'Algarozzi lives, but that on the fulfilment of thy vow of silence depends his life."

"Lives? Leonardo lives?" demanded Olivia in half-stifled accents.

"He shall yet be thine," resumed the unknown, "if thou art governed by my counsels."

"Most implicitly," exclaimed the maid. "But speak, I conjure thee, mysterious visitor, what am I to think of Placenza's tale, the friend of my supposed departed Leonardo?"

“Seem to believe him so still, for to betray a doubt on that head seals his destruction.” The unknown then turning from Olivia uttered the word “*farewell*,” and with the quickness of lightning disappeared from her sight.

Patrick O'Mara attended as usual on Olivia, but without being able to effect any change whatsoever in her sentiments towards him of a favourable nature, and as the visit of the unknown had now awakened the most pleasing hopes in her mind, it was with the greatest difficulty she refrained from expressing her disgust at my father, whom she must have regarded in the light of an impostor, as it appears she gave implicit credence to the words of the mysterious visitor, who in the space of a week appeared before her three times at the hour of midnight, on which occasions he renewed asseverations of counteracting the plots that were planned against her, and gave fresh assurances that the Conde Leonardo should shortly present himself before her.

Patrick O'Mara, exasperated at the reception he experienced, determined no longer to wear the mask, but have recourse to those measures which must ensure him at any rate by force the possession of Olivia Andrillo. Having determined upon this plan, he kept his measures secret from Honoria Guiscardo, and resolved that the charge of heresy should be preferred against Olivia and her parent, by which means he should secure them beyond the power of recall in the prisons of the inquisition, where, in case of the continued obduracy of the maid, he might be enabled

to pursue such steps as should be deemed expedient for the fulfilment of his sensual gratifications.

Whatsoever may have been the errors of my parent on the score of ungoverned passion, he was most assuredly justifiable in this last intended measure of imprisoning the family of Andrillo, whose members were in many points adverse to the true tenets of the catholic persuasion.

With respect to the Conde Leonardo D'Algarozzi, no sooner had Patrick O'Mara learned the name and destination of his rival, than officials were despatched to await his return to Madrid ; and on the evening when he had, shortly after his courier, gained the environs of the city, under the full assurance of speedily meeting Olivia to be no more separated from her, he was arrested by the servants of the holy office (against whose warrant there is no appeal) and forthwith conducted with privacy to a dungeon of that religious edifice, there to await the charge of heresy which was to be preferred against him.

In this situation continued the rival of my father for several days, lamenting his own fate and dreading the effects which the anxiety of Olivia might produce, when he was one night at an unusual hour disturbed by the entrance of a person connected with the inquisition, whose figure and physiognomy he was unable to discern from the amplitude of his garments, and the depth of the cowl which shaded his countenance.

The stranger, after questioning the Conde for a time as to his religious tenets, gave a turn to the conversation by demanding his name, and the cause of

his incarceration ; to which Algarozzi replied by informing the inquirer who he was, and his total ignorance as to the charges which were to be brought against him : and upon further questionings on the part of the stranger, who appeared to feel an interest in the cause of the sufferer, the Conde further informed the unknown that his hopes of happiness were for ever blasted by the cruel steps which had been taken against him ; that in all probability the future peace of an unoffending female would be forfeited on account of the state of incertitude which was attached to his sudden disappearance, at a time when she had been most assured of his meeting her, in order to seal by the most sacred vow, that bond of love which he had so unceasingly pledged himself to ratify in the face of heaven. In vain did the Conde strive to acquire some insight into the real character of his guest and his intentions towards him, a veil of mystery seemed to enfold his every word and action, and in this state of incertitude remained the Conde Leonardo, fraught with the most dreadful ideas as to the fate which might shortly await him.

At the hour of midnight, on the close of the third week from the first intrusion of the unknown on the solitude of Olivia, appeared before her the mysterious visitant, whose disguised person was become in some degree familiar to her. After informing her that three days would accomplish the great work in which he had embarked, he demanded of Olivia a complete suit of her attire, and then enjoined her to make every circumstance known to her mother which had hither-

to transpired, concluding with this strict injunction, that herself and parent must be in readiness on the eve of the third day from that period, to quit for ever the walls of Madrid, in default of which, herself, her parent, her lover, and even himself, who had befriended them, must become the certain sacrifices of a superior and relentless power.

Upon the further questionings of Olivia, she was assured by the unknown that her beloved Conde would be the companion of her flight, but that on her sacred fulfilment of his order depended the safety, happiness, and lives of all. Having received the solemn assurances of Olivia that she would obey the mandate with her mother, whose only joy was centred in the happiness of herself, the stranger departed, bearing with him the vestments which he had previously desired at the hands of Olivia Andrillo.

As the appointed evening arrived, the most dreadful suspense took possession of the fair Olivia and her doubtful mother, who, although relying on the good sense of her offspring, conceived nevertheless that there appeared too much of mystery connected with the whole transaction to render it a matter of certainty; and when the uncommon fascinations of her daughter flashed upon her recollection, she shuddered lest some infernal scheme might not have been practised to deprive the Conde of life, and that its diabolical author was now on the point of accomplishing his villainy, by depriving Olivia of her honour.

Immersed in thought, the first veil of twilight had spread its grey tinge over the azure cheek of evening,

when suddenly a sound was heard at the portal of the mansion, Olivia would fain have flown thither to satisfy her eager anxiety, but her mother prevented the rash step by giving admission to the two individuals, whom she recognized with horror to be servants of the holy office ; the shrieks of the mother immediately summoned the affrighted Olivia, whose feelings can scarcely be expressed, when in one of the personages, who had thrown aside the garments of the holy office, she beheld the figure of the Conde Leonardo, who supporting the mother with one arm, clasped to his bosom with the other his almost fainting Olivia.

After a few minutes, being in some measure recovered, the fair Donna Andrillo turned to gaze upon the companion of her lover, in whom she immediately recognized the figure of her unknown midnight visitor, though the same caution as to the concealment of his countenance on former occasions was observable in the present instance.

In vain would Olivia have poured forth the gratitude of her soul, she was prevented by the commands of the stranger, who, addressing himself to the Conde, warned him to be gone on the instant, and await his coming at the appointed spot, after which injunction quitting the mansion, he was almost instantaneously out of sight.

As the necessary precautions had been previously taken, and every thing arranged for sudden flight, the Conde with Olivia and her mother, speedily quitted the dwelling, followed by two attendants whom they had selected, and traversing the streets of

Madrid which were the least frequented, passed the suburbs and entered a small hovel about half a mile from the city, in order to await the arrival of their deliverer, that having been the spot he had appointed, and whither mules were already conducted for their conveyance.

Olivia's first enquiry of the Conde was the name of the individual who appeared to have rendered them such signal service, when to her astonishment she was given to understand that Leonardo was himself a total stranger to his name and person, having only beheld in him one of the officers of the inquisition, from whose dreaded walls his own delivery had been effected through his generous intervention.

Diego Guiscardo, who had been freed from the inquisition by my father Patrick O'Mara, through the petition of his mother Honoria, who was in return to act according to the dictates of Patrick, had kept a watchful eye upon his proceedings, and having during his incarceration suffered the torture in the extremest degree by my father's order, he could not bury in oblivion the rancorous hatred and vengeance which fired his youthful breast; wherefore, actuated by such powerful feelings, he formed the plan unknown to his mother of effecting, if possible, the total overthrow of Patrick O'Mara's schemes, in order to compass which he pursued the following measures:

No sooner had Honoria communicated to her son the disappearance of the Conde Leonardo D'Algarozzi, than he felt a conviction that my father had caused his arrest; upon which he repaired to the monastery

of Saint Dominick, and having demanded an audience of Patrick O'Mara, in the first instance poured forth the most apparent effusions of gratitude for the delivery which had been effected, concluding with the most solemn assurances that his tenets ever had been, and would to his last moments continue, firm to the catholic faith. Diego then proceeded to acquaint Patrick O'Mara that his mother Honoria had in some measure confided to his keeping the wishes of my father with respect to Olivia Andrillo, and that he therefore was desirous of ratifying his assurances of gratitude by taking any active part which might be deemed conducive to the completion of Patrick O'Mara's schemes. Diego then cautiously hinted that the person of the Conde Leonardo was not unknown to him, for that he bore him and his family the most implacable hatred, from a feud which had long subsisted between their respective houses, and that in any act against that rival of Patrick O'Mara he would consequently enlist with the most determined hatred, would my father but accept of his proffered endeavours.

The well-counterfeited rancour that seemed to boil in the breast of Diego, totally divested my father of his wonted circumspection, and eagerly grasping at the proposition of the youth, Patrick O'Mara forthwith acquainted him that he had caused the Conde's arrestation, who was then a prisoner in the dungeons of the inquisition.

Anxious that Leonardo should have such a keeper placed over him as the counterfeited enmity of Diego

gave token that he would prove, Patrick O'Mara proposed to the artful youth that he should become one of the sworn officers of the holy institution of Saint Dominick, and that his enlisting of the order, having been so lately one of its victims, would prove to the other inquisitors the justice of Patrick O'Mara's conduct in having been instrumental to his release, although he had during his confinement been so pointedly inimical to him.

Diego joyfully embraced the proposition, intimating to my father that he would take especial care there should be little occasion for the torture, as he would speedily rid my parent of the rival he so much detested. The requisite steps were in consequence taken, and Diego Guiscardo, unknown to Honoria his mother, became shortly an active member of the holy tribunal; for such is the secrecy observed, that the officers of the inquisition pursue their avocations unknown even to their most intimate connections.

Being thus initiated a member of the community, Diego, instead of exerting cruelty towards the Conde, rendered his imprisonment as little irksome as possible, and as the keeping of Leonardo was wholly vested in Diego, no other official had any knowledge of the state of the prisoner, which the youth represented to Patrick O'Mara as being dreadful beyond conception, intimating that the scene glutted his vengeance, and in some degree satiated the rooted hatred he bore his family.

Wholly blinded by the arts of Diego, my father implicitly relied upon his proceedings, and shortly after

intimated to him his excessive chagrin at the obvious coolness which characterized Olivia's reception of him on presenting himself before her: Diego for a time repelled the storm, which he observed was gathering around the family of Olivia Andrillo, till the feelings of Patrick O'Mara could no longer brook the contumely he experienced, and he then intimated to Diego his intention of issuing an arrest against Olivia and her mother, by which means he should have the object of his wishes completely in his power.

Diego, fully aware that should this proceeding take effect, the plans which he proposed would be totally frustrated, and the ruin of Olivia accomplished, procured in the first place a female to attend at midnight under the lattice of Olivia's chamber, who was there to accompany the lute with her voice, delivering the stanza which has been previously given; and with respect to Diego's admission into Olivia's apartment, he had effected that at an early hour in the evening, by presenting a mandate bearing the seal of the holy office to one of the domestics of the household, who, horrified at the sight, obeyed the commands of Diego without uttering a syllable, lest the vengeance of the tribunal should fall upon him for non-obedience to its commands. To this attendant Diego enjoined the most solemn secrecy, notifying when his intention was to renew his visit, by which means his frequent intrusions upon Olivia were effected.

Finding that Patrick O'Mara was resolved upon putting his threatened plan into effect, it became necessary for Diego to pursue the most active measures

possible, to accomplish which he adopted the following line of conduct.—He artfully requested my father to abstain for a few evenings from renewing his visit to Olivia Andrillo, stating that he would pledge his salvation on the accomplishment of all Patrick O'Mara might desire, if the management of the affair were but committed to his charge. My father for a while hesitated, desirous of ascertaining the means by which Diego would perform his promise, to which the artful youth only replied by fresh asseverations of his absolute certainty of succeeding; and the more to put Patrick O'Mara off his guard and evince at any rate his intention of coinciding with his wishes, he requested at the same time an order for the arrestation of the persons of Olivia and her mother, which he sacredly promised to put into effect, should his other schemes prove abortive.

The perseverance of Diego produced the effect he desired, and having received the mandate for the seizure of Olivia and her mother, he quitted Patrick O'Mara to effect his deep-laid scheme for the deception of my father.

On the ensuing morning Diego attended Patrick O'Mara, and to convince him that his exertions were crowned with some degree of success, he desired him to attend in an obscure walk not far from the city, where he should be an eye witness of his meeting Olivia and continuance with her for some time, Diego however particularly cautioning my father not to approach too near, and above all, to keep himself concealed from the Donna's observation.

This extraordinary proof of Diego's promptitude and address, drew forth the most unbounded praises and promises of recompence from my father, who, according to the appointment of the youth was punctual in his attendance, and absolutely beheld the form of Olivia before him, who seemed to enter into the most urgent conversation with Diego. This interview continued for some time, after which the lady, enveloping herself in her ample veil, quitted the youth, who shortly after joined Patrick O'Mara, and informed him that his plan was nearly ripe for execution, and that my father might rely on the full accomplishment of his every wish.

According to Diego's promise, the lapse of two days only had occurred, when the youth attended on Patrick O'Mara, and acquainted him that, that very night would put him in full possession of the beautiful Olivia; and on my father's requesting to be made acquainted with the plan by which his desires were to be completed, Diego explained as follows.—

That he had introduced himself to Donna Olivia as a person fully acquainted with the Conde, her late lover, and that he had assured her that all reports of his demise were fabricated, which part of his tale had been fully substantiated in the belief of Olivia from the discontinuance of Patrick O'Mara's visits as the friend of Leonardo at that precise juncture.

Diego on witnessing the anxiety depicted on my father's countenance when he heard this intelligence, which he conceived, so far from forwarding his plans, must have completely frustrated them, re-

requested Patrick O'Mara would attend to him with patience, when he thus continued :—

Having fully convinced Olivia that her lover yet lived, I then informed her that he was a prisoner in the inquisition under suspicion of heresy, and that I was one of the officers of that tribunal, but that feeling for the Conde's sufferings and her unfortunate love, I had determined on frequently procuring by night his emancipation, disguised, in order that they might pour forth their mutual passion, though by such a step I endangered the forfeiture of my own life. Having arranged the plans this night at a rendezvous appointed, where impenetrable darkness will veil you from her observation, will Olivia receive you to her eager embrace as the Conde Leonardo ; perhaps the non-performance of the ceremonials of the church may for a time render her maiden modesty averse to the fulfilment of your eager desires, but I have carefully placed inebriating cordials which, in conjunction with her feverish love for the Conde, will in the end yield her up a victim to your warm and rapturous embraces.

Flushed with the description, Patrick O'Mara demanded what recompence Diego required ? who forthwith presented a paper purporting to be my father's nomination of Diego as head official of the tribunal at Madrid, beneath which document he had artfully concealed an order for the liberation of the Conde Leonardo D'Algarozzi. To that instrument Patrick O'Mara unwittingly affixed his name, the paper whereon the youth's nomination was engrossed,

concealing the scroll whose purport was to give freedom to the Conde.

At the hour appointed, obscured in darkness, Patrick O'Mara, led by Diego, repaired to the place of meeting, which was wholly retired from any other dwelling, and in every respect calculated for the intended scene. Having gained the pavilion, my father entered the portal, which was forthwith closed by Diego, who having secured the key flew with the rapidity of lightning to the prison of the holy office, where, on presenting Patrick O'Mara's order, he procured the emancipation of the Conde, whom he escorted in the habit of an official the better to elude pursuit in case of alarm. Having left him with the astonished family of Andrillo, Diego hastened to his parent Honoria, whom he forthwith ordered to proceed to the appointed hovel, she having gained previously a complete insight into his scheme. Matters being thus accomplished, Diego returned to the pavilion bearing a lighted lamp concealed within a case; when having continued till the hour of midnight, the period agreed upon, he unlocked the portal of the chamber and secured it withinside, notwithstanding the repeated orders of Patrick O'Mara, who had forbidden all intrusion. Diego then rushed towards the couch, and suddenly producing the blazing light, displayed to my father's astonished eyes the female whose embraces he had enjoyed, who, instead of Olivia, was no other than a courtesan that had been employed and liberally rewarded by the artful youth. On behold-

ing the sight, rage boiled in O'Mara's breast, who arose to annihilate if possible the traitor that had so basely worked upon his passions. But Diego, fully aware of the step, drew from beneath his robe a poniard and presented it to my father's breast, who sunk back upon the sofa which had witnessed the supposed completion of his desires on the person of Olivia Andrillo.

Rozetta Avilla, the courtesan employed by Diego, had arisen from the couch, fearful of the consequences that might ensue, when Diego demanded of her if she had presented Patrick O'Mara with the beverage placed for that purpose near her; having replied in the affirmative, Diego addressed my father in nearly the following words:—

“The lapse of one hour shall rid this world of thine abhorred being, for know, Patrick O'Mara, poison now rages in thy blood, the whole by me accomplished. Thinkest thou I could forget the cruel tortures which thy savage mind inflicted on me? No! I live for vengeance and retribution. This object, in whose embraces thou hast been deluded, is the instrument of my gold, procured to wear the appearance of the chaste Olivia, while she, a spotless angel, hath escaped thee, and with her the object of thy wrath and her true love the Conde Leonardo.”

At the last words a groan of anguish escaped Patrick O'Mara's lips, while his features, from the sudden effect of the poison, became distorted by the most cruel pangs

“Yes,” continued Diego, taunting my father's suf-

fering spirit, " 'twas thou thyself didst sign his emancipation from torture and the flames of thy tribunal. I have succeeded, and thou hast fallen the slave of thy brutal and unlicensed passions, and the victim of that deadly deceit which thou hast so frequently practised towards others."

Rozetta Ayilla, wholly unconscious that in presenting the beverage appointed by Diego she had proffered the cup of death, felt enhorrored at the idea, and proceeded to administer to my dying father such comfort as she could afford, having been informed by Diego, during the progress of the plan, that the person whom he should introduce to her acquaintance was a near relative, against whom he felt anxious to raise the laugh on some future occasion. He further stated that the liquor placed for her to present was a mere opiate, and that when the drug began to operate, which would be about midnight, he should then enter the chamber, and by discovering his relative render him an object of ridicule, as he had ever been an advocate for priestly celibacy and an opposer of all carnal pleasures. Completely deceived by that specious story, Rozetta little conjectured the tragical scene it was intended she should witness, as Diego had never informed her that he was to accompany Patrick O'Mara to the pavilion, but that a valet of the latter having betrayed the secret of his master, the plan had been arranged of introducing her in darkness, under the impression of her being another female, whom Ayilla was to personify, having received the lesson to that effect.

Ere the hour of one O'Mara yielded up his breath, a martyr to the most excruciating tortures, when Rozetta Avilla would fain have fled on the instant, but was prevented by Diego, who thus addressed her:—

“ In the object whose embraces thou hast shared, behold the person of the sanguinary inquisitor Patrick O'Mara, Monk of Saint Dominick. To endeavour to effect an escape, without my assistance, is utterly impossible, as thy life must be consigned to the next Auto de Fé, if, wrought upon by any foolish hatred against me for the deceit I have practised, thou spurnest my counsels. Thou hast not however been forgotten, for in making thee an instrument of just vengeance I have been equally careful of thy safety as of my own.”

Urged by the fears of a horrid death, Rozetta agreed to accompany Diego in his flight. Having previously dug a grave for the corpse of my father, he bore the same on his shoulders to an adjoining garden, and filling it with earth to the level of the soil, covered the spot with plots of turf prepared for that purpose, and left the scene of action accompanied by Rozetta. They gained in safety the expectant Olivia, her mother, the Conde Leonardo and Honoria, the latter having by desire of Diego previously made the party acquainted with the whole proceedings of her son, in whom they thus recognized their guardian and preserver.

Having followed the route laid down by Diego, the party gained in safety the frontiers of Italy, where the friends of the Conde greeted them with joy and

witnessed with transports the nuptials of Olivia and Leonardo D'Algarozzi, while, through the machinations of Diego Andrillo, a report was spread at Madrid *that the form of Patrick O'Mara had been wafted to heaven through the intervention of his patron Saint Dominick at the throne of his patroness the beatified Mary.* The non-appearance of my father, and his body being never after discovered, tended to authenticate the tale, and the miracle was believed by every Spanish votary of the Holy Table of Office, but more particularly his patron and tutor Sebastiano the monk, who in a short time, at the age of seventy-four, rendered up his spirit, after a life devoted to the forwarding every principle connected with the catholic faith and consequently universal salvation.

Thus untimely closed the sublunary career of Patrick O'Mara, who fell a sacrifice to his unbridled desires and the neglect which he had evinced for his sacred calling, as a functionary of the fraternity of Saint Dominick, by thirsting after the enjoyment of carnal gratifications, in defiance of the oath of celibacy whereby he had become sacredly wed to religion alone.

The conduct adopted by the Conde Leonardo and his bride Olivia towards Rozetta Avilla led her to cherish for them the most tender attachment, and from the hastily written and unconnected documents left by the latter have I been able to trace the foregoing accounts of Patrick O'Mara, which were obviously committed to paper after the most disgusting impres-

sions respecting my father had been implanted in her mind by those who had thus become the protectors of her forlorn and destitute situation.

“ Dreadful fate !” exclaimed Mabel Donavan, dropping the hand which grasped the manuscript ; “ in the person then of Rozetta Avilla I recognize the mother of Moor,” continued she pensively : “ what a succession of events characterized the life of Patrick O’Mara : that he was a most staunch religionist is obvious, and that he was wreckless of his own safety in forwarding the true faith has been fully evinced ; how strange then that after so many years of turbulence he should in the end forget the tenets he revered, and fall a sacrifice to headstrong and unruly desires.” Mabel paused for a moment, and then with a sigh exclaimed, “ We are born the children of sin, and our lot is mortality, peace to the manes of the grandsire of my poor babe.”

CHAPTER XIII.

His breeding suited well his ancestry,
For in his churlish breast were planted seeds,
Which, nurtur'd into manhood, brought forth fruits
Of bitterness and vengeance.

His locks of sable dye a front obscured
Where lurk'd suspicion and the fiend revenge ;
His sunken eye and squallid visage bore
The stamp external of a warring soul
'Gainst heaven-born peace and universal love.
He stood like Satan on the fiery flood,
And ratified his blasphemy in blood. W. H. I.

ON Mabel's perusal of the continuation of Moor
O'Mara's manuscript, the narrative of events that
succeeded ran as follows : —

ACCOUNT OF THE YOUTH OF MOOR O'MARA.

As the long pent-up flame, when suffered to rage,
burns with more unbridled fury, even so the passions
of my father , having never before been suffered to
indulge in the field of carnal delight, were productive
of the most powerful effects ; added to which the sup-
posed object of his newly-felt passion being the incen-
tive, it is little to be wondered at that Rozetta Avilla

should have proved pregnant, and that in her I have to own the author of my being.

As Rozetta became well acquainted with the ancestry of my father, from research which was made at her desire, by the Conde, a certain superstitious idea took possession of her mind, as the period of my birth drew near, and she determined, notwithstanding the unremitting attentions of Olivia and the Conde, that Ireland should witness my first inhaling the breath of life; and for that purpose, having received from her patrons every requisite of which she stood in need, and an ample supply of money, Rozetta Avilla bade adieu to her friends and the shores of Italy, from whence she set sail for the coast of Hibernia, and after a prosperous voyage, landed in safety at the mouth of the Kenmare River.

After the expiration of the wonted term, my mother gave me birth at the period when the rebellion of James earl of Desmond in favour of our religion and in opposition to Elizabeth, was raging with the greatest fury, but by the attainment of my second year the projects of that gallant nobleman, being unaided by those who had promised him assistance, unfortunately failed, and after having wandered awhile without succour or attendant, he was seized in a cabin by a treacherous countryman, when his head was immediately severed from his body, and sent to England, there to be displayed to the heretical rabble on London Bridge.

As my mother was of an active mind, she became anxious to visit the environs of Castlebar, where the

family of the O'Maras had long flourished. For that purpose Rozetta quitted the place of my birth, and removed to that part of Ireland where she set on foot the desired research, and thereby acquired a knowledge of several individuals closely connected with our house, who, on learning her story, made her acquainted with most of the events before related in the course of my recital. Those facts had been secretly forwarded to the heads of our family, both by my grandfather and his son Patrick, to whom I owe my being, and having been regularly committed to paper by my mother, were during my youth consigned to my care. From those documents therefore have I been enabled to narrate the most conspicuous events that have characterized the lives of my grand-sire and parent Patrick O'Mara.

Amongst the relatives most assiduous in their attentions to my mother, whom they regarded in the light of the widow of Patrick O'Mara, was Tully Mara O'Rourke, a seminary priest and jesuit. Having taken the oaths of the order at Rheims in Champagne, from thence he returned in disguise to Ireland, there to strengthen the minds of his connections, and the people in general against the heresies which Elizabeth was endeavouring to disseminate throughout the country, to the extirpation of holy mother church.

Under the guidance of that staunch friend of catholicism was I placed by my mother, Rozetta Avilla, and to him am I indebted for those firmly-rooted seeds which have led me to become so conspicuous an actor in the general cause of salvation.

At the age of seven my mind was sufficiently enlightened on the score of religion to feel in some degree for the untimely end of the martyred Mary, queen of Scotland, who by the mandate of Elizabeth lost her head at Fotheringay, to the indescribable grief of all friends to papacy. Such an effect did that event produce on the mind of Rozetta, who had for a time experienced the effects of lingering illness, that her pity for the murdered queen of Scots became a settled source of melancholy, which combining with her disorder, at the end of eighteen months numbered her with the dead, leaving me under the entire control of O'Rourke, who would frequently exclaim, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm,

"Thy fathers have been active servants of the faith, may I live to inculcate in thy mind their principles, and may the tenor of thy actions, as far as religion is the incentive, prove the prototypes of theirs!"

The martyrdom of Mary Stuart excited even more devoted hatred in the bosom of Tully O'Rourke against the shameless queen of England, than he had before experienced. His endeavours to excite rebellion in Ireland were more open and indefatigable, while the approaching Armada from Spain seemed in every respect calculated to forward his views, as the cabinet of Elizabeth was too much occupied in raising a force to repel the threatening overthrow of their sovereign's power, than pay much attention to any proceedings of a trifling nature. That same year however witnessed the defeat of that mighty arma-

ment, when my guardian, alive to the dictates of self-preservation, fled the neighbourhood of Castlebar with precipitancy, in order to escape the emissaries of Elizabeth, making me alone the partner of his fortunes on that melancholy occasion.

From the period of our flight a succession of events took place which habituated my mind to daring exploits in the cause of heaven, while my instructor would unceasingly place before my youthful fancy the fearless conduct of my ancestors, which tended to excite in my soul a laudable spirit of emulation that has, I fully trust, been the characteristic feature of my whole life to the present time.

At the age of thirteen I received at the hands of Tully Mara O'Rourke the manuscript documents left me by my mother, I being then in the north of England under his guardianship, where he kept up a constant correspondence with the catholics in Ireland as well as with the friends of the faith on the continent.

Being at length summoned to London on affairs of importance, O'Rourke assuming the best disguise possible, repaired thither, myself being the companion of his journey, where shortly after, having received orders from abroad, he entered into the plot of Roderick Lopez, a Portuguese, who passed for a professor of physic, and concerted with him the plan of administering poison to Elizabeth. That scheme unfortunately being discovered, Lopez was arrested, while Tully O'Rourke effected his escape, having first administered to me the sacrament and sworn me to

secrecy, as he found it impossible to render me the partner of his flight without hazarding a discovery. Being put in possession of the means of acquiring money from agents of the catholics beyond seas, who were willing to contribute to support any determined spirits in the cause of papacy ; he then laid down the plan for my future operations, and after taking an affectionate farewell, left me in the fervent hope that happier times might again bring us together. I was then in my seventeenth year ; but our meeting is to take place in a better world, for ere the lapse of two years, he having sought refuge and concealment in the mansion of a trusty catholic gentleman in Durham, under the assumed name of Thomas Pallesfray, was there discovered, and soon after executed and quartered in company with that worthy gentleman, who was for his charity condemned as an accessory in the plots of Tully O'Rourke, my guardian, relative, and friend. That fatal intelligence was communicated to me by means of the jesuits in England, with whom I had become connected, according to the plans laid down by my murdered tutor, previous to his departure from England.

At the period alluded to, the proceedings of Tyrone in Ireland were carried on with indefatigable zeal, who, in conjunction with the Spaniards, made desperate head for a time against the forces of Elizabeth. At the fatal juncture when Tyrone experienced a reverse of fortune, thy father, Mabel Donovan, found means to escape with thee into England from the persecutions so inhumanly followed up

against the adherents of the catholic belief by the blood-hounds of England's queen. Here, as thou knowest, Mabel, thy parent found in me a protector during the short epoch he survived his landing on this hateful soil, and thou in return after a time yielded thyself up to me, the sharer of my fortunes and the partner of my bed. The residue of my proceedings need no further comment, for thou hast become the depository of all my measures. Only that part cannot I divulge even to thee which bears any reference to my association with the contrivers of the late glorious plot, being by the sacrament bounden to an eternal silence, notwithstanding the unfortunate overthrow of our schemes and the martyrdom of my now beatified friends and associates.

Thus terminates, Mabel, the history of my progenitors and the ancestry of Moor O'Mara. I have trodden in the paths of my forefathers, and my days have been one scene of active endeavours for the benefit of the holy persuasion. I do not shrink from the task, but will pursue my course with unabating vigour, nor shall a measure escape me, however fraught with peril, in order to accomplish the glorious purpose. Teach our child to walk in the paths of his ancestors, while I rush forward to new scenes of danger. Should we never meet again on this side the grave, may I in the world to come experience the fullest assurance that thy latest dependance has been on the catholic faith: may I once more join thee in the everlasting regions of heavenly delight, where thou shalt with me and mine enjoy the recompence of our labours in this

world in the divine presence of the immaculate Virgin,
the host of saints, and

“Jesus Hominum Salvator.”

Mabel Donavan folding the papers, gave scope to those reflections which the perusal of O'Mara's manuscript had given birth to: in many instances she was led to shudder at the conduct of Patrick O'Mara, yet a full assurance being impressed on her mind that his premature and horrid death was the just visitation of heaven for his dereliction from duty, led her to regard his final doom as a remission of all punishment in a future state. Impressed with such sentiments, Mabel waved those scruples which feeling gave birth to, and remembered only the firm tenets of O'Mara's father, which excited in her breast sentiments of pity for his premature loss, and poignant regret that the frailty of human nature should in a moment have subverted the most laudable purposes, and placed the representative of the creator in a light at which human nature must revolt.

CHAPTER XIV.

And can this be? Do I behold the friend
Of him my bosom boasted for its lord?
Is such the sharer of his warlike toils,
Depository of his inmost thoughts,
The sworn protector of his widow'd mate,
When on the field of death was ratified
The sacred vow of everlasting truth?—
O! shame, are such, proud man, thy boasted ties?

He made excuse, and with an oily tongue,
So plausible he told his well wrought tale,
That e'en suspicion's self had own'd the charm,
And yielded to his cunning.

W. H. I.

FROM the period of Moor O'Mara's departure from Mabel to join the rebel Tyrone, in Ireland, the latter spent her time solely in the superintendence of her child Reginald, who very early displayed an acuteness of intellect, which was however characterized by passions the most extraordinary, in the breast of one so green in years.

In order to frame the mind of her offspring for the tenets of the faith she professed, Donavan constantly presented the crucifix to her child, while she descanted on the doctrines of catholicism, in language suited to the infantile perception of Reginald. In that way did Mabel continue to rear her child, until he attained his seventh year, during which lapse of

time no tidings of Moor O'Mara had arrived to afford consolation to the soul of Donavan, who received the necessary means of support by applying to those possessed of gold for the furtherance of all plans against heresy.

One evening as Donavan was busied in giving instruction to her son, she was aroused by hearing a knock at the door of her chamber; so unexpected a summons (as she held converse with no individual) excited surprise, and she immediately repaired to the portal and demanded the cause of the intrusion. Having opened the door a person presented himself to her eyes, who, after making a slight obeisance, thus addressed Donavan, in tones which at once betrayed him a native of Ireland.

"Thou art, if I judge aright, Mabel Scroope?"

"Such is my name," returned Donavan cautiously.

"Then have I converse for thine ear which requires privacy," resumed the stranger, who observing a degree of trepidation in the conduct of Mabel, quickly caught her hand and in a whisper continued,

"Be not alarmed, thou partner of our holy cause, I come from Moor O'Mara."

At the well known sound of that conspirator's name, Donavan instantly motioned the stranger to enter her chamber, when having secured the door, she seated herself near her visitor awaiting in breathless anxiety the disclosure of such information as he might be in possession of.

"From those friends who are commissioned to supply the necessities of persons enlisted as the cham-

pions of our faith did I acquire the knowledge of thy secluded residence," said the stranger addressing Mabel ; now listen to the tidings, and with religious fortitude, nor suffer excess of passion to drown that balmy comfort which it affords to the bosom of sorrow and mourning."

" I know the purport of thy mission," replied Mabel with calm fortitude ; thou art the harbinger of death, my O'Mara sleeps in the bosom of peace."

" He died like a true christian soldier, in the field of honour, maintaining bravely the faith of the cross, after having by his counsels given redoubled vigour to the proceedings of the immaculate Tyrone."

After a few moments' pause, during which an involuntary tear rolled down the cheek of Donavan, she thus made answer ;

" The will of heaven be done ; I bend to its decrees with unshaken constancy, and though my O'Mara is no more, yet shall he revive in the person of his Reginald. Stranger, behold the son of Moor," exclaimed Mabel, pointing to her child, who had been attentively listening to the words of its mother, who then presented him to her guest, when the unknown received the boy with a look of pleasure as the offspring of his departed friend. At the desire of Donavan, Felix O'Brien—for such was the name of the personage that had thus introduced himself to her presence—gave Mabel the following narrative respecting the deceased Moor O'Mara :

" No sooner had thy husband joined in safety the forces of Tyrone,—who was well aware of the plot-

ting genius of O'Mara, and the magnitude of the conspiracy in which he had been an actor in London —than he was forthwith nominated one of the council, and received a high post in the military establishment of our general. For a period our endeavours were attended with some degree of success, though not sufficient to work the grand purposes for which we had enlisted. In that situation stood our affairs when Moor O'Mara (who had honoured me by his friendship and confidence, and at whose side I ever fought for the general cause,) acquainted me that he should make a proposition to the council at its next meeting, which, if attended to, would infallibly secure our possession of Ireland, the plan intended being a general massacre of every Englishman then resident in that country. The motion was accordingly made and its expediency allowed, while it was agreed that Hibernia should be immediately subjected to the papal see, and thus placed under the sole guidance of heaven's vicegerent.

“ Such were the measures to be pursued, which were consequently notified to our allies on the continent, but the lapse of a considerable period intervened, and the great difficulty that was found in effecting so universal a scheme of just retribution, gave our enemies time for the developement of our intention. Measures were in consequence resorted to by the politic cabinet of Elizabeth to baffle our plans, which were however executed in a partial manner, so that a *few thousands only* felt the weight of our religious enthusiasm, which was bent on

the extermination of every heretic that disgraced the land.

“ From that period a constant state of warfare was pursued, in which we generally proved victors, while Moor O’Mara on all occasions displayed the most dauntless conduct. In battle death awaited his sword ; in council wisdom characterized his speeches ; in faith no catholic proved himself more staunch, and in consigning to torture, death, or lingering imprisonment any of those imps of perdition who fell into our hands, no one was more strenuous and executed his commission with such determined zeal. But the decrees of fate must be obeyed, the magnanimous must be levelled with the undeserving, and such proved the case with the renowned O’Mara, who fell at my side the victim of death’s unerring shaft, after he had given proofs of bravery almost superhuman, by effecting the retreat of one of our parties, which had fallen into an ambuscade, purposely laid to surprise it. I, as my usual custom was, fought by O’Mara’s side, and witnessed his untimely fall ; with his latest breath he blessed thee, Mabel Donavan, and called on heaven to protect his child. Committing to my charge the task of unfolding to thee his fate, he raised his hand and made the sign of the holy cross, the symbol of his faith, then sunk to earth, and gave his departing spirit to the guardians of the blessed in heaven.

“ The death of Moor O’Mara threw an instantaneous damp upon our troop, that gave way for a time to the fresh attacks of the numerous enemies, and notwith-

standing my utmost endeavours to rally them, fled with precipitancy and in the greatest disorder. In that situation we made towards our encampment, which was some miles distant, when an express having gained Tyrone that our party was cut off, and that O'Mara's life was in danger, he in consequence ordered out a considerable force, at the head of which he advanced in person at the precise juncture when our renegade corps was in full view of the camp.

“ I instantly made known to our chieftain the fate we had experienced, when boiling with vengeance Tyrone determined on surprising the victors, and putting every man to the sword. Eager for the moment of retribution, notwithstanding the fatigues endured, I mounted a fresh horse and returned with our chief to the scene of carnage, where we found the enemy busy in consigning their dead to the grave; and ere they could find sufficient time for defence, we darted upon them with the rapidity of lightning; while vengeance rode upon our swords, death was the cry, and ere the lapse of one short hour no soul was left to narrate the scene of bloody extermination.

“ After that signal proof of our hatred, immediate orders were given that the body of Moor O'Mara should be selected from the dead, in order to receive the military honours of his catholic friends and soldiers on our return to the camp; but vain was the endeavour, for although every breathless corpse was subjected to the inspection of Tyrone and myself, no where could the body be found. From thence it was

inferred that our heretical enemies in the burial of their own men had mistaken the corpse of Moor O'Mara and consigned him to mother earth, with such of their party as had been interred previous to our unexpected return from the camp.

“ Thus terminated the career of Moor O'Mara, after which I remained for the space of nine months an officer in the army of Tyrone. Finding it requisite to despatch a confidential person to our friends in England, and knowing moreover the promises made by myself to the dying O'Mara, that I would communicate to thee his fate, I was the person chosen to execute our general's commission. Thus is fulfilled the two-fold trust of acting in unison with the desires of my departed comrade and sworn friend, as well as communicating those measures here which may still tend to effect the mighty plans of universal catholicism by the downfall of heresy.”

Mabel with gratitude expressed her acknowledgments to Felix O'Brien, requesting that during his continuance in London he would consider her dwelling as his own. Having placed before him such viands and beverage as the house afforded, he partook of the repast, during which Donavan frequently interrupted him to make enquiries respecting the most trivial occurrences which had marked the career of Moor O'Mara subsequent to his departure from England.

Felix O'Brien appeared verging on forty ; he was tall of stature, possessed a countenance of the darkest hue, and characterized by the most manly and promi-

nent features. His eyes were large, black and penetrating, and his manners were the most insinuating; yet notwithstanding those external appearances, an expression of ferocity, and a subtle cunning frequently betrayed themselves, which would have prompted a shrewd observer to be wary in trusting to his winning and specious manners. Too often indeed had they been practised with effect, to the ruin of many an innocent and hapless female, and with so much success on most occasions, as left a self-conviction on the mind of Felix, that no female could for a moment frown on his addresses, if he condescended to notice her with more than common regard. This vanity had from use become an inherent quality of his breast, which he scarcely deigned to mask, as the refusal of his embraces was deemed an act absolutely impossible.

Such was the guest of Mabel Donovan, who at dusk departed from her dwelling, under the promise of revisiting it the ensuing evening.

The full conviction of O'Mara's demise threw a gloom over the soul of Mabel, which she in vain endeavoured to banish by summoning wonted fortitude to her aid. England was become hateful to her, and she for the first time felt a strong desire to revisit the scenes of her infancy and once more tread the shores of Hibernia, which had fostered her youthful days; added to which Mabel felt a powerful wish to make the young Reginald acquainted with the country of his ancestors. All those circumstances rushing in succession on her brain, Donovan recollected that

Felix O'Brien would shortly revisit the shores of Erin, and that under the safeguard of her deceased O'Mara's sworn friend and brother soldier she should be perfectly secure from danger.

On the ensuing evening O'Brien attended at the residence of Mabel, who after some preliminary conversation, hinted the intention she wished to put into effect, when her guest expressed every mark of approbation, instantly proposing himself as her protector, and affirming that his life should be freely offered up to secure the safety of the widow of Moor O'Mara, "for," continued he,

"The honour of an Irishman was never yet called in question, and if the voice of calumny should brand the name of Felix O'Brien with an act tainted by dishonour, he would either exterminate his traducers or die in the vindication of his injured name."

For three successive evenings O'Brien attended on Mabel, the whole plan being arranged for her departure, when the purport of his journey to England should have been effected, and the necessary answers prepared, which were to instruct Tyrone respecting his future plans of operation. On each succeeding visit the continuance of Felix O'Brien was procrastinated to a later hour, a circumstance which never obtruded itself on Mabel's thoughts, although the manners of her guest sometimes excited a degree of uneasiness in her breast.

A week having thus elapsed, Felix on one occasion bespoke his hostess as follows:

"Knowest thou, Donavan, the most ardent passion

of the human breast, the sensation conducive of most pleasure, and at the same time productive of the greatest mental pain?"

Whether or not Mabel understood this query, she made no pointed reply, according to the wish of Felix, but answered thus,

"Every violent emotion, if gratified, may at the moment be conceived a blessing by the individual who cherished it, although in the end that very gratification may conduce to the misery of the enjoyer. For instance, revenge is frequently cherished, and accomplished at the expence of future happiness, of life, nay, and even the soul's perdition to all eternity."

"But is there no *particular passion*," resumed Felix with peculiar emphasis, "which is productive of more violent effects than the others?"

"They are all equally pernicious," answered Donovan "if suffered to range the mind at liberty, unbridled by reason and the dictates of common prudence."

"What thinkest thou of love?" demanded O'Brien emphatically.

"It is a passion I cannot define," answered Mabel.

"Hast thou never been in love?" said Felix in return.

"I have indeed loved," replied Mabel with the most pointed energy, "but the object of that affection is now no more."

"And because he is gone must you discard with him the passion also?"



"I have by all the means that are to be made, arrived at the end of my journey, from which I am now to depart."

LONDON

" 'Twas only he who kept the flame alive, with him it became at once extinguished."

" Canst thou not love again ?" continued Felix.

" Never," was Donavan's reply.

" Is it then a sin to cherish affection for another ?"

" I do not say it is a sin," answered Mabel, " but it is in my mind that easy complying species of passion that never can be productive of the real energies of love in the bosom that fosters it."

" Suppose I loved thee, Mabel," resumed Felix O'Brien after a short pause, " what shouldst thou think of my passion ?"

" I should regard it with infinite sorrow, as it could never be requited."

" And wouldst thou refuse the offer of my heart ?" demanded Felix with energy.

" Yes, O'Brien, I should decline it, and strive to soften thy grief by the language of sincerest friendship."

" By heaven, thou couldst not refuse me."

" I should be concerned were I put to the trial," answered Mabel with steady calmness.

" Then by all the saints thou shalt be mine," exclaimed Felix springing from his seat and clasping Donavan to his bosom.

Quite petrified at this unexpected procedure, Mabel continued for a few seconds incapable of acting in her own defence, when suddenly the recollection of her situation gave two-fold energy to those powers which she possessed. After a violent struggle she disengaged herself from the rude embrace of Felix

O'Brien, while the fire of her penetrating eyes darted looks of rage and ineffable contempt on the being, who had thus unlicensed dared to infringe on the laws of hospitality, and cancel the sacred bond of faith, which had been plighted to Moor O'Mara on the blood-stained field of carnage and of death.

After a pause, which from Donavan's glances and manner was more expressive than language can paint, she thus bespoke *Felix O'Brien*, in whose soul a contrariety of the most dark and malignant passions at that moment raged.

"So this is the *honour* of the house of Felix O'Brien, this the untainted soul of an Irishman: where is the spirit of Moor O'Mara, that thou wast not blasted for thy perjured faith? Wretch, dost thou imagine all women to be the slaves of thy brutal passions? Didst thou conceive that in the person of Mabel Donavan thou hadst to sport with a wench whose feelings were pliant, and whose person was put up at the price of every reptile's brutal lust?—Avaunt and leave me, villain, nor ever with thy abhorred person blast the sight of the injured relict of thy deceived Moor O'Mara."

As Mabel concluded, a smile of irony marked the countenance of Felix, who advancing some paces to the disdainful and insulted Donavan, addressed her in the following words,

"I have with patience attended to the opprobrious epithets which have fallen from thy tongue, Mabel, fully convinced that the impression under which thou labourest respecting my conduct (possessing feelings

such as thine,) must naturally lead thee to despise me. Now list to me, Donavan, and then be judge how far I have in reality merited the character thou hast bestowed upon me. It is Moor O'Mara thou hast to thank for the late supposed insult offered thee ; it was his assurance of thy matchless truth and unshaken constancy, which have frequently prompted him to urge me forward to the adoption of such a measure, should I ever behold thee, for the sole purpose of appreciating the justice of his opinion, and thy steadfast love towards him. I confess, Mabel, till this moment I have been prompted to regard more lightly the female character, and for that purpose it was, in addition to the desires so frequently expressed by O'Mara, that I ventured for a few minutes to incur thy just resentment. After this explanation thou wilt not I trust persevere in thine opinion, which would only be repaying with unmerited cruelty the exalted idea I shall henceforth entertain of thy virtue, integrity, and honour."

The degree of calm confidence with which this apology was uttered, and the palpable compliment offered, could not but prove flattering to the vanity of Donavan ; who conscious moreover of the unalterable fidelity she cherished for her departed protector, banished all suspicion from her mind, and smiling at the pretended offers of love from Felix, voluntarily tendered him her hand, saying,

"It is sufficient, and if I felt a degree of anguish on beholding, as I conceived, a villain in the person of O'Brien, the momentary suffering is alleviated by

the satisfaction I now experience in finding that he is not unworthy the friendship and confidence which were bestowed on him by Moor O'Mara."

Felix O'Brien respectfully taking the hand of Mabel replied :

"It shall henceforth be my unremitting endeavour to prove that I act up to the principles which, when living, I solemnly vowed to be governed by in every thing that related to thy departed protector, or those connected with him by any tie of consanguinity. I will not ask a ratification of thy pardon by any fresh assurances, for I feel a conviction that Mabel Donavan would never proffer the hand of friendship while malice rankled in her soul against the being who confided in her forgiveness and amity."

"Thou judgest aright," answered Mabel; "except for the interest of the man I loved or the offspring I bore, never would I stoop to the meanness of duplicity: no, rather let me prove the infuriated tigress that gives token of its wrath and death-portending attack, than delude by the syren cries of the deceitful crocodile. I have tendered thee my hand, Felix, and I confess it was with joy I ratified my forgiveness with a return of that esteem I had previously imbibed towards thee."

Felix bowing his head in token of heartfelt satisfaction, spoke no more upon the late topic, and having continued for a short space of time with Donavan, took his departure. During that interview O'Brien had acquainted Mabel that the lapse of two days would decide the object of his mission, after which she must

immediately be in readiness to commence with him the projected journey for her native shores of Erin.

The person of Mabel Donavan which seemed to have interested the feelings of Felix O'Brien, was of that cast which excites admiration in the breast of an observer. She was tall of stature, and perfectly well proportioned, while her countenance was the index of a resolute and noble spirit. Her hair, of which she had a profusion, was long and dark, hanging over her bosom in natural ringlets ; her forehead was high and polished, while her arched brows covered two eyes, black, full, and penetrating : her nose had more of the aquiline than Grecian form, and the extremities of her well-turned mouth, instead of displaying the simpering smile, were characterized by an expression that conveyed a fixed sternness to her physiognomy, more productive of respect than the admiration which arises from love : her chin was prominent, and dented beneath the under lip, which, added to a dark complexion, very faintly tinged with the dye of health, rendered features like Mabel's, far better calculated to inspire awe than affection in the beholder.

Such was the being that had formerly interested Moor O'Mara's gloomy spirit, and seemed to awaken desire in the breast of Felix O'Brien, who notwithstanding his well-concerted excuse and apparent respectful friendship for Donavan, felt the goadings of the gloomy fiend vengeance haunt his soul, while his despised love was an insult to his pride and vanity too flagrant to be passed over in calm forgetfulness.

According to the intimation of O'Brien, Mabel

without further delay proceeded to make every necessary arrangement for her approaching voyage to Ireland, which was soon effected, when at the accustomed hour the succeeding day Felix O'Brien again presented himself, and was welcomed by his hostess with all that urbanity which had characterized her manners previous to the proceeding of Felix on the foregoing evening. Such candour and unsuspecting conduct in Donavan, gave infinite satisfaction to the vengeful spirit of O'Brien, who shortly after his arrival, informed Mabel that the next evening but one was the time fixed for his quitting London, at which period she must be prepared to depart. Donavan with cheerfulness expressed her satisfaction on learning this fact, and with unfeigned joy depicted on her countenance, gave the sincerest welcome to Felix whose conduct, though friendly and marked with respect, appeared frequently strained, a circumstance which continued unobserved by his hostess, in whose unsuspecting bosom the seeds of rancour and discontent were wholly annihilated.

At twilight on the day appointed Mabel Donavan repaired to the place of rendezvous, where she found Felix O'Brien punctually attending with a palfrey for the conveyance of herself and her son Reginald O'Mara. Being mounted in the saddle, Mabel, preceded by her protector, commenced the arduous journey with such few articles of apparel as she deemed requisite and could with ease transport. Nearest her heart hung a crucifix, and equally concealed beneath her vestments on the left side was secreted a po-

niard, which she had firmness to wield if called into any active measures for the salvation of her own or her offspring's existence.

CHAPTER XV.

'Twas not a female sure? for Spartan like
She did her sex belie, and call the blush
Into the cheek of manhood's self. The cause,
Had it been good, performed by such a soul,
Would with futurity have stood the test,
Nor yielded to the Greek or Roman name.

To save her chastity she dealt the blow,
And desp'rate laid the perjured villain low,
Whose soul accursed, imbrued in streams of blood,
Was borne by Charon o'er the Stygian flood;
To share with Tantalus unceasing pain,
Or roll with Sisiphus the stone in vain.

W. H. I.

AFTER proceeding through Middlesex and Berkshire by unfrequented roads, and making as few halts as possible, the travellers gained on the evening of the third day the city of Bristol. There they did not think fit to continue long, as Felix always dreaded pursuit, and on that account followed a track unused by ordinary travellers, such being the plan laid down by the emissaries in support of the faith in London, who had committed their despatches to O'Brien, together with a considerable sum in gold, for the furtherance of Tyrone's rebellion.

On arriving at the banks of the river Severn, not many miles from the mouth of the Bristol Channel, Felix instantly hired a small vessel for the conveyance of himself with his female companion and child, in which they embarked without loss of time, and gained in safety the Welch coast. There, having landed, they entered the town of Cardiff, whose strong castle frowned in stately majesty upon the surrounding scenery, being completely fortified to withstand the most inveterate siege.

From that garrisoned place, the travellers again proceeded forward, after having enjoyed an interval of rest to recruit the natural exhaustion attendant on continued fatigue. Apprehensive lest some enquiries might be made at Landaff, Felix O'Brien deemed it most expedient to keep to the left of that place, as well as Caerfilly, leaving the river Tawe to the right, and bearing towards the unfrequented and stupendous hills of Monuchdenery.

Towards the evening of the first day appeared in the distance a lofty chain of mountains, gradually rising in succession, till the whole were enveloped in the azure mist, and as the sun bent its rapid course towards the west, they produced the most enchanting and sublime appearance. The intermingled streaks of crimson, gold, and purple hues, arrayed in magnificence the wavy summits of the steeps, while the frequent light and shade, and the diversified tints that characterized the remoter eminences, produced sentiments at once pleasing yet awfully sublime.

Donavan, struck with the magnificent scenery of

nature, forgot for awhile that train of thought which had invariably impressed itself on her imagination, and lost in wonder, yielded to the contemplation of those works which could alone be produced by an invisible and an Almighty Power.

Far different were the sensations of Felix, who, regardless of the sublimity of nature, suffered only hidden gloomy ideas to mantle his breast, which appeared as if brooding o'er some deed of malignity and horror.

As the varied tints of heaven became less brilliant in the west, the grey robe of evening stole in silence o'er the eastern expanse ; 'twas then the dark shades enveloped the hills of Monuchdenery, which being no longer enlivened by the rays of the golden sun, appeared like so many dark eminences frowning on the plains beneath, while still in the rear the pallid hue of departing day crowned the remotest hills.

Scarcely had the expiring tinge of eve yielded to the gloom forerunning night, ere the chaste orb displayed her silvery beams, and the bright glittering gems of heaven scintillated in the dun canopy above. It was the spring time of the year, and never did nature more embellish the fecundate bosom of the earth, nor the enchanting objects of the celestial sphere shine forth with more unclouded majesty.

“ If it were consonant with my tenets,” internally thought Mabel, “ I could now divest my mind of every established form of worship, and calmly philosophize on the objects before me ; but I am forbidden to wander in the field of speculation, I must con-

concentrate my mind to one given point, where no doubt can arise to perplex, nor any visionary chimeras obtrude themselves to mar my well being here and my happiness in futurity.

“To the immaculate Virgin, therefore, will I offer up my theme of praise, and supplicate the intervention of her redeeming son, for who can approach the seat of mercy without such mediation? What hope is there for the remission of sins, and the purification of angels, bereft of the prayers of that heavenly champion who for us yielded his celestial being to become the creature of frail mortality, and expiate the transgressions of all by the sacrifice of himself upon the cross?”

As Donovan concluded this internal reverie, she placed her right hand on the crucifix, which rested near her heart, while her left arm encircled the waist of the sleeping Reginald, who, carefully enfolded in her ample garments, felt not the chilling breezes of the night that swept in gentle moanings through the foliage of the surrounding trees.

“Sacred symbol of the christian church,” exclaimed Mabel, “how my soul swells with gratitude as I press thee to my fervent heart! Thou shalt be my stay in every difficulty here, and my passport to realms of bliss beyond the grave. Thou wast the supporter of my O’Mara in all the trials he endured; on thee was his reliance placed at the solemn hour of dissolution; may this young one never vary from the faith, but, like his father, live and die the rigid adherent of catholicism.”

In this wrapt strain continued Mabel until the arrival of Felix O'Brien at a small hamlet where they halted, and by returning dawn again took horse and proceeded on their journey to the mountains of Monuchdenery. It was judged most expedient to traverse those hills for the purpose of secrecy, in their way to Aberistwith, where an Irish vessel was stationed ready for the conveyance of O'Brien from the coast of Wales.

By mid-day the travellers gained the base of the first range of mountains, when they slowly commenced the rugged ascent, sometimes proceeding towards the summit by steep roads, which at a distance seemed perpendicular, while at other periods they wound round the uneven sides of the acclivities, from whence appeared the hollow chasms beneath, re-echoing with the deep bellowings of the distant stream that rushed impetuous o'er projecting masses of the rocks. Sometimes a verdant sweep appeared in view, on which the sheep and cattle browsed, while frequently upon a rude o'er-hanging crag the mountain goat would look unconscious of the appalling height, and contemplate the shadowy dell below.

Such were the successive prospects that met the gaze of the travellers, while no human being, save themselves, appeared to diversify the stupendous scenery. In that manner they advanced, till having nearly gained the summit of the third eminence, which seemed to overtop every surrounding mountain, they beheld, through the fleecy clouds slowly wafted under

their feet, the sides of the steeps, and an expanded valley that stretched itself below, through which a serpentine current meandered. -

As grey evening once more began to shed its influence around, Mabel perceived a vast expanse of mountainous country before her, yet could not discern the trace even of a lowly hovel where they might be sheltered from the cold dews of night. The contemplation did not awaken in Donavan any apprehensions for herself, but as a mother she thought of the safety of her son, and under that impression thus addressed herself to Felix O'Brien :

“ Knowest thou whither we shall this night repair to find a lodging from the damp and cold ?”

“ I am equally unacquainted with thyself,” replied O'Brien gloomily.

“ Hast thou not perhaps mistaken the track along these dreary and unfrequented mountains ?” resumed Mabel.

“ I have but to consult my chart,” answered Felix in the same tone of voice, “ and that cannot mislead me, for here is my route designated, and by that am I governed,” O'Brien holding forth a paper which he drew from his bosom as he spoke.

“ But art thou not with others liable perhaps to err ?” continued Donavan. “ For myself, I am thoroughly assured no drawing or written description could guide me through these dreary passes to any particular given point.”

“ I am not infallible I own,” said Felix with a sneer of contempt, “ and may perhaps have misled

thymself and me ; if so, we must secure the best retreat possible, for such is the only consolation I have to offer, should we be really so circumstanced."

Mabel was silent, and in this manner the travellers proceeded until approach of darkness without the appearance of any place of shelter to reanimate the harassed spirits of Donavan, who began to feel seriously for her darling son. On a sudden, however, as they wound round the base of the lofty mountain they had passed, a rustic lad appeared at no great distance driving a flock of sheep, to whom Mabel addressed herself, desiring to be informed where they might find a place of shelter for the night.

To that enquiry, however, Donavan received an answer which she did not comprehend, as the youth could speak no other than the Welch dialect. Finding it therefore impossible to make herself understood by conversation, Mabel had recourse to action, and thereby indicated her desire to sleep, which motion the rustic soon comprehended, and by his gestures gave her to understand that she must follow his steps, which Donavan accordingly did, while Felix O'Brien advanced in silence.

The general tenor of her protector's conduct, though it did not escape Mabel's penetration, by no means excited in her breast any degree of alarm, as she attributed his silence and moroseness to the length of the journey and the weighty concerns that were committed to his charge, the failure of which might prove the overthrow of the most sanguine expectations of Tyrone and his adherents.

By the friendly guidance of the peasant lad, the travellers gained at length a rustic cottage, where they enjoyed such fare as the host could produce, who having given up the share of the rug he always occupied with his wife, Donavan took his place with her child. Felix O'Brien, for whom no accommodation could be had, passed the night with his host over a flaggon of ale, who after some conversation in the best English he was capable of speaking, demanded of Felix whither he journeyed ; to this O'Brien replied that his course was towards the Black Mountains, which it was necessary he should pass on the succeeding day.

" Beshrew me and hur thought as much," replied the host. " Oh, there be strange stories told, look you, of those dreary hills ; 'tis there they say the spirit of the lady Winefrida stalks at midnight, while the ghost of the famous Owen ap Griffith, mounted on a coal black steed, gallops like lightning along the brows of the mountains. As for hurself, look you, though hur be poor and lowly, hur would not be benighted on these hills were hur to be made king of all the world. Hur remembers well, when yet a youth in prime, hur thought 'twas all deceit, nor should have believed it otherwise, had not these old eyes, which then were young, seen the corpse candles burn, which was the token of old Griddy Shenkin's death, that happened that same night by twelve of the clock. Oh, by Saint David hur does not like those huge plack mountains at all, look you."

With such ridiculous tales did the host continue to amuse his guest until the matin songsters warned O'Brien of the necessity there was to set forwards without delay, in order that they might be enabled to pass the Black Mountains ere return of night, being drearier than those already traversed, and more liable to bewilder a traveller who was not well versed in their intricacies. Mabel having speedily arrayed herself and Reginald, received from the hands of the hostess a savoury cake and a jug of milk, which she quaffed with grateful thanks, and after rewarding the benevolence of the cottager, the party once more remounted their steeds and pursued their solitary way.

The luminary of day broke forth in full splendor, serving in some measure to enliven the road, which became less verdant as they advanced, and far more gloomy than on the preceding day's journey. By the seventh hour of morning, having passed the Monuchdenery hills, the travellers found themselves on the expansive plain which separates those eminences from the bases of the Black Mountains, which in unison with their name, seemed to lower gloomily on every surrounding object.

The unsheltered track which Felix pursued became the more unpleasant as they advanced, the heat of the sun being peculiarly oppressive, nor did there appear the prospect of any degree of comfort as they proceeded towards the acclivities, which afforded no trees for shelter, and scarcely any appearance of verdure. The whole was a rocky soil, interspersed with

spaces of gravelly land, which gave nutriment only to the dark grey furze and heath, or fostered the prickly and inodorous thistle.

Towards mid-day Felix O'Brien began to ascend the steep sides of one of the black mountains, the view from whence, as the travellers advanced, displayed nothing but a succession of dreadfully stupendous eminences which seemed to vie with each other in the solitary gloominess of their several aspects. The landscape as on the preceding day was no where enlivened by the harmless flocks of sheep or cattle which browsed on the mountains of Monuchdenery, even the wild goat fled from those steeps which seemed abandoned by every thing possessing animal life.

The persevering and active temperament of Donovan's mind, far from feeling any depression at such unpleasant scenes, only looked forward to the period which would waft her and Reginald to the shores of her native Ireland, which she felt more anxious to revisit in proportion as they advanced nearer the termination of that painful journey.

The burning sun had passed the meridian ere the travellers found themselves on the opposite base of the first mountain which they had ascended, a circumstance that apparently created some astonishment in Felix O'Brien, who paused in silence, and continued for a time examining the chart by which he had been uniformly guided in his course.

After observing with a scrutinizing eye the appearance of the surrounding hills, he at length replaced

the paper in his vest, and then continued descending to the bottom of the mountain. Having traversed a small valley which separated that and the second steep, displaying to the view nothing but loose flint stones, the travellers commenced the ascent of the second acclivity, while as they proceeded a hollow sound imperceptibly swelled upon the breeze, which gradually became more distinct, till the harsh rumbling of some impetuous fall of water at no great distance warned the travellers to advance with caution. Felix and his companion had now apparently travelled two-thirds of the way towards the summit of this sterile mountain, when the sound which had previously been loud, became on a sudden horribly tremendous. From that part of the steep a gulf almost instantaneously presented itself to the view of the affrighted travellers, being from its perpendicular depth and the narrowness of the cavity obscured at the bottom in misty gloom. The foaming waters, dashing from many a steep on a level with the spot where the observers stood, diversified the darkness by the sparkling foam which was produced at every successive ridge of the rock that projected to break the perpendicular fall of the furious torrent. The grandeur of the scene did not escape even the observation of O'Brien, who gazed for some minutes on the dreadful chasm, while Mabel, impressed with awful astonishment, felt her brain turning as she contemplated the dreadful cataract from the maddening height.

Soon after quitting that terrific spot, the travellers crossed a narrow passage, formed of planks, the same

being secured to the ridge on the opposite side of the gulf, from the middle of which a complete prospect of the whole cataract, with a view of the appalling depth beneath, were apparent, forming a scene more grand than language can possibly express.

During the remainder of the day a dreary sameness of prospect was observable, and notwithstanding all expedition had been used, the sombre shades of evening once more usurped their influence over the retiring rays of the setting sun, which still shot above the summits of the mountains, though the great luminary itself had sunk beneath their surface, to drive by its effulgent beams the shades of murky night from our antipodes.

The hour of darkness was now fast approaching, and to render the situation of the travellers more unpleasant, a dark sheet of clouds appeared in the north, while the wind, which was bleak and piercing, drove them forward in sullen majesty. As the light vanished from the horizon, a misty rain began to descend, while the murky o'erfraught clouds, expanding in every direction, soon obscured the partial light which the silvery moon-gleam had for a time displayed to cheer the solitary way.

Still Felix O'Brien advanced, until the road led into a narrow pass between two lofty precipices, when having proceeded for some time, the watery ray from the half-obscured luminary of night enabled him to discern several deep caverns on either side of the rugged pathway. Stopping his horse, he requested

Mabel would halt, when he proceeded to inform her that he was doubtful of the course he had been pursuing, and that as no habitable building appeared to afford them covering from the impending rain, he conceived it would be most expedient to retire for shelter into one of the caverns that presented themselves, and there await the return of morning.

Fearful of proceeding further in darkness, lest they should stray even more widely from the direct track, Donavan allowed the expediency of the measure, and therefore without hesitation acquiesced with the proposal of Felix O'Brien. Having alighted, he proceeded to explore the nearest recess in the rock which afforded a complete shelter from the inclemency of the night. Thither O'Brien conducted Mabel and her boy, who sought refuge at the very extremity of the cavern, while seated upon the earth she supported her back against the side of the gloomy abode. Pressing the crucifix to her heart, Mabel offered up her accustomed prayers to the Virgin, and then loosening the dagger from the scabbard which was concealed at her left side, placed it upon her lap, while her hand grasped the hilt, that in case of danger she might be prepared to repel any unexpected assailant.

No sooner had Donavan stretched the form of the infant Reginald upon the earth, than the wearied child yielded to the soft spell of sleep, which rendered its stony couch as lulling to the senses as the luxurious bed of down, while, notwithstanding Donavan's determination of continuing on the watch,

the same soporific spell crept o'er her senses, and the renovating stupor speedily lulled her soul in the soft trance of mental oblivion.

During this annihilation of all sublunary thought, Mabel's creative fancy was still picturing scenes connected with her fate, as a succession of events which had characterized her own and O'Mara's course through life were retraced to her wandering imagination with peculiar precision. At length, however, the following vision was pourtrayed to her busy mind, awakening all those feelings she was so calculated to experience in their full force.

She thought the scene in which O'Brien had been an actor when in London was renewed with every particular occurrence attendant on that event, his extraordinary attack upon her person, and the subsequent apology which had reconciled her to him: no sooner was that dream concluded than O'Mara to appearance stood before her, while she imagined herself, what she really was, absorbed in soundest sleep, and Reginald stretched beside her. In vain did O'Mara seemingly endeavour to express himself by language to Mabel, all his struggles appeared unable to accomplish the desired end, while she equally strove but without effect, to arise and throw herself into the arms of him she loved. In one instant the countenance of Moor seemed to indicate the most poignant anguish, when suddenly his image vanished from her presence, and in his place appeared the form of Felix O'Brien, whose visage was distorted by the most violent passions, while in his left hand he seemed

to grasp the person of the child Reginald, whom he eyed with a grin of the most fiend-like malignity.

This vision was productive of the most violent struggle in the mind of Donavan, when agitation at length burst asunder the bonds of sleep, and her hand, as if instinctively, felt for the spot where she had placed Reginald. What was her horror on finding the child no longer there, and when turning her head she beheld in reality the figure of Felix O'Brien, holding in his left grasp the boy, while in his right hand he displayed the weapon of bloody extermination?

On viewing the terrific sight, Donavan shrieking sprung upon her knees, and with outstretched hands supplicated mercy for her offspring; when Felix O'Brien, darting looks of brutal exultation, thus replied to her entreaties:—

“ So then I have thee now within my power, disdainful Donavan; hadst thou so little foresight as to trust my seeming tale? didst thou imagine, woman, that I, who never yet have sued in vain to thy weak sex, should smother in my breast the insult heaped upon me and be thy pander and thy slave? No, no, Mabel, my passions are not formed in such a mould, nor is revenge so easily stifled in my breast. I tell thee plain, thy person pleased, nay, yet hath charms to win me from my purpose; from the hour when thou didst scorn me have I vowed such retribution as revenge could conjure up. I have succeeded, my well-told tale deceived thy too forgiving spirit, nay, thou hast thyself been arbiter of thy fate, for even to

thy foe hast thou committed the charge of thyself and child. What prospect could be more dazzling to the desire of vengeance? what place more suited than the present to the fulfilment of my every wish? yet will I not by force abuse thee. No, I have ever found woman to be tractable and return the warmth I myself have felt; therefore list, and then decide thy destiny. From the moment when the shades of night began to scarf day's orb had I determined that my scheme should be accomplished; full well I know thy active spirit, and therefore was I aware that without some aid sleep would never have ensteeped thy senses; know then that in thy cup I mixed a soporific drug, to which alone am I indebted for the transient spell that bound thee; near to the entrance of thy cavern have I awaited the fortunate juncture, it has arrived, and I in triumph from thy side transported Reginald, whose blood be on thy head if thou refusest to receive me to thy arms with all the energies attendant on requited love."

"Monster," exclaimed Mabel, half frantic with horror and despair, "was this the bosom friend of Moor O'Mara? can this—"

Donavan was proceeding to give vent to her feelings, when the brutal and determined Felix O'Brien, in a voice commanding and loud, which echoed through the vault, exclaimed,

"Peace, daring woman, if such an epithet as *monster* again escapes thy lips, nay, if one sentence of reproof should meet my ear, thy darling son shall

through his heart receive this glittering steel, by all the saints in heaven !”

“ O God !” exclaimed Mabel, wringing her hands, and throwing herself prostrate to the ground in a state of desperation.

“ Art thou resolved ?” resumed O’Brien sternly.

As if a sudden impulse had taken possession of Donavan’s mind, she raised herself from the earth, and on one knee made answer thus,—

“ O’Brien, hear me ; to sign the warrant for my Reginald’s death is incompatible with my feelings as a catholic and a mother, therefore I resign myself to thy embraces, under the assurance that my conduct will lead thee to give me a just title to thy love.”

“ Doubt me not,” exclaimed Felix in a softened tone ; “ ere long at the altar shall my most fervent love be ratified and thou bear the name of him who from this hour will be thy slave.”

As Felix concluded this specious assurance, he placed his sword within the scabbard, and committing the affrighted Reginald to the ground continued, “ There is thy boy, take him once more to thy breast, and then prepare for the fulfilment of thy promise.”

Donavan with the energy of a fond parent received to her heart the trembling child, when after embracing him for a time, she felt the abhorred form of the treacherous and cruel O’Brien close beside her. Twining his arms around her waist, he strove by the most endearing language and soft caresses, to efface the late atrocious conduct from her mind. At the

monster's touch the thrill of death ran through every vein, and Mabel involuntarily shuddered, yet having wound her determination to the highest pitch, she rallied her sickening spirits, and masking her emotions as much as possible, returned in some measure the caresses of O'Brien. Fully assured that no obstacle now retarded the completion of his lustful purpose, he proceeded to those indecent familiarities which are the concomitants of brutal desires. Already had he sealed on Donavan's mouth the burning kiss of shameless desire, while his muscular arms held her form closely locked to his, when Mabel stretching forth her hand exclaimed—

“This, and this, and this, abhorred fiend of hell, be Mabel's offering at the shrine of female chastity.”

“Blasted be thy hand, groaned forth O'Brien, writhing in anguish from the death dooming gashes inflicted by Donavan's just and vengeful rage.

“Sorceress, fiend, thou hast it now,” continued Felix, who in vain endeavoured to unsheath his sword and bury it in Mabel's heart.

Donavan, seizing her Reginald in her arms, quickly sprang from the spot, and then exclaimed with exultation,—

“Thou knewest not how I was armed, detested fiend, to counteract thy foul intent; take thy death, the due reward of thy perjured friendship, lust, and cruelty,—by treason is treachery repaid.”

“Curses on thy soul,” groaned forth O'Brien; “and thus hath measure still its measure; deeper curses too assail thy heart! Oh, had I known thee

armed with any hostile steel, thou hadst not thus triumphed over me. 'Tis done, I cannot call on heaven—horrors and the grave await me—I—I—can no more.”

“A lengthened moan succeeded those broken exclamations, after which the lips of O'Brien uttered some unintelligible sounds, and then were mute for ever.

For a few seconds a horrid torpor numbed the frame of Donovan; in one arm she tightly clasped her enhorrored boy, while the other still held with firmness the reeking dagger with which she had so providentially armed herself.

In that state of unutterable terror, which was the effect of the violent struggles that had assailed the breast of Mabel, she continued for several minutes quite lost to every rational idea. Her mind at length became less perturbed, and her wandering thoughts acquired a greater degree of consistency, when her first thought was the situation in which she then found herself involved, and the plan most expedient to be pursued. In that train of ideas Donovan remained for a time absorbed, when suddenly her attention was aroused on hearing the shrill blast from a horn, which was apparently blown by some individual at no great distance.

Petrified at this unexpected sound, Mabel, after some few seconds' consideration, was on the point of rushing forwards to demand assistance from the stranger, when the reeking blade of the poniard, still within her grasp, and the lifeless corpse of O'Brien, sud-

denly presented themselves to her view, sufficient to stamp her guilty of murder, and consequently doom her to an ignominious death. From those considerations secretion then struck her as the best expedient, and she consequently continued in speechless agony the event that might ensue. The thought also had occurred to her, that Felix being a rebel, whose life was forfeit, she might on that account have excused herself from the murder in the eyes of the law, but then she herself was equally amenable if discovered as the partner of the late Moor O'Mara; in addition to which, evidence could be adduced that she had travelled in company with Felix O'Brien, which at once stamped her a confederate in his treasonable practices.

After a considerable lapse of time, the trampling of horses' hoofs caught Donavan's listening ear, when under the covert of the o'erhanging crags she stole cautiously with Reginald towards the entrance of the cavern, from whence she presently saw the horses, which had transported herself and O'Brien, pass slowly before the entrance of the cave; at that moment the idea of effecting an immediate escape entered her mind, when she thought the sound of a human voice caught her ear, and upon listening attentively the converse became more articulate, and nearly opposite the mouth of the cavern she presently beheld two male forms in military accoutrements approach, and there make a halt, having their helmets and armour buckled on. Desirous of ascertaining their purpose if possible, Donavan with infi-

nite anxiety listened to their converse, which proved as follows :

“ At length, comrade, we have traced them, for those must be their horses, and they have doubtless secreted themselves in one of those dark caverns.”

“ Knowest thou who the female is that bears him company, with a little boy the partner of their journey ?”

“ All I can tell thee is, that news came post from London to Landaff, stating that a discovery had been made of one of Tyrone’s emissaries having received at London a plan of operations for the catholics in Ireland, together with great store of gold, and that he was on his route to join the rebels, and had been traced to Cardiff, but that the express arrived too late to secure him ; as to the female, rumour says her name is Scroope, but that she has assumed that title, being no other than the mistress of the gunpowder conspirator Moor O’Mara, who it is supposed found means to escape from London and join Tyrone’s rebellion.”

“ Would we could secure the renegades,” replied the other guard, “ for the proclamation states that all the gold found upon the traitor shall be his who takes him.”

“ Where the plague can our brother soldiers be ? they have doubtless gone with the guide the direct road over the Black Mountains, and we shall not perhaps be able alone to secure the traitors.”

“ That’s what I fear,” returned the other soldier ; for they told us ere we marched from Cardiff Castle

that he was a tall strong Irishman, and doubtless armed bravely for his defence; besides, when the fellow knows that if he does not fight his way the gallows will end him, that gives a man the courage of the devil himself."

"Well, comrade, what's best to be done?"

"Faith, I have it," resumed the other suddenly; "do thou straight mount the villain's horse, and make at full speed towards the summit of this mountain, from whence thou wilt be enabled to descry some of our troopers, who at the sound of thy horn will instantly come to our assistance."

"'Tis justly thought," exclaimed the other; "be-shrew me but I'll make the palfry go until I bring thee succour."

"May good fortune speed thee," resumed his comrade; here then will I await and keep strict watch, and if a soul escapes without the contents of this good carabine in his stomach, my name's not Peter."

Quite petrified at this harangue, Mabel for a time knew not what course to pursue; the case was desperate, and her thoughts partook of sentiments applicable to the perilous situation in which she was placed. If taken, an ignominious death was her portion, and to rush out upon the soldier by surprise was in vain, as the charge of his carabine would instantly consign her to the grave. A transient thought suddenly flashed on her brain, which if the means were in her power, she thought might save her from the immediate peril. With a palpitating heart Donavan flew to the clay cold corpse of Felix O'Brien, and instantly

proceeded to rifle his pockets, when to her inexpressible joy she found beneath his doublet two pistols ready primed and loaded, while in his pouch was a case containing tinder, matches, flint and steel: without a moment's delay Donavan, proceeding to the very extremity of the cavern, that the noise of the beating together the flint and steel might not attract the soldier's ear, instantly struck a light, and communicated it to the two match locks, when, armed with those weapons, she returned forthwith to the place of secretion at the mouth of the cavern.

The noise created by the reverberation of the sound within the cave, while Donavan had been employed in striking the light, had however caught the attentive and listening ear of the guard, who in consequence cautiously quitted his post, and on Donavan's return to her place, she observed him stealing softly towards the mouth of the cavern with his carabine presented ready to fire. At that moment the partial light of the moon, as if to forward Mabel's design, gave full upon the soldier's person, by which means she was enabled to take a better aim, when commending herself to the protection of all the blessed saints, she dropped the burning touchwood on the pan, and as the report echoed through the cavernous abode, the unfortunate soldier fell to the earth a lifeless corpse.

Mabel, dropping prostrate on her knees, thrice made the sign of the holy cross, then rising gave a few moments to serious consideration, as to the perils that environed her own safety and that of her child,

when she executed the following purposes with the rapidity of thought.

Having first extinguished the burning touchwood of the remaining loaded pistol, lest she might find it essential to her safety, she instantly quitted the cavern, and with the utmost despatch stripped the body of the dead soldier, in whose warlike trappings Mabel speedily arrayed herself, after which, returning to the cavern, she loosened the belt that contained the despatches and gold that were to have been conveyed to Ireland by Felix O'Brien, which was buckled round his waist, and carefully concealed beneath his vestments, and then dragged forth his body, leaving it exposed in the pathway.

From that valuable repository having taken one of the bags containing five hundred marks, she bound the girdle containing the rest round her own loins, committing the bag to the pouch which hung by a belt across the buff leathern doublet wherein she was disguised, and in the pocket of which Mabel found the mandate for the seizure of the persons of herself and Felix O'Brien, together with an account of the reward offered for their apprehensions, a duplicate of which was in every soldier's possession.

Those steps being taken, she next conveyed the body of the guard within the cavern opposite to that in which she had remained secreted, and then arming herself with her own poniard, as well as the sword of O'Brien, and taking the remaining loaded pistol and the burning tinder, she sallied forth, leading Reginald by the hand, in order to secure if possible the horse

which had before transported her when under the supposed honourable protection of the traitor O'Brien.

The faint radiance of the moon still emitted a watery gleam, by which Donavan was enabled to perceive at no considerable distance the steed that was the object of her search, which having secured she speedily mounted, with Reginald before her, and thus committing her safety to the guidance of fate, took the direct road in which Felix O'Brien was proceeding, when they first made the halt that had proved so fraught with events of the most direful import.

Without making a halt Mabel galloped forwards, heedless alike of fatigue and the course she was then pursuing, when the first flush of dubious light appearing in the east at length gave token of the approaching dawn of day.

CHAPTER XVI.

—School'd in vicissitude,
And with a mien that wore composure's stamp,
She look'd on bitter foes as dearest friends,
Who never dream'd of enmity.

She scorn'd fatigue that would have shook the frame
In sturdy manhood cast—her's was a soul
With Amazonian powers array'd, that scorn'd
To own submission to the body's weakness.

Now mental anguish, foe to sleep,
The lulling charm dispels,
For naught the senses can ensteep
Where pain internal dwells.

W. H. L.

THE first measure adopted by the wary Donavan was to instruct Reginald not to address her by the title of mother, as in that case a certain exposure of her real sex must take place, which would not fail to excite curiosity, and thus her whole plan would be frustrated in one unwary moment. Having adopted that necessary precaution, Mabel was still proceeding in her course, when the approaching sound of a horse at full speed caught her attention, upon which, summoning all the resolution she was capable of displaying, she continued in the same track, determined to brave every threatening peril, and if compelled, have recourse to arms, in order to protect her

child and secure a retreat, or terminate in the struggle her eventful history.

After the lapse of a few seconds the very soldier appeared at a little distance who had mounted the horse of Felix O'Brien, in order to procure the necessary assistance for the apprehension of that traitor and Mabel. But no other guard was in his company, which circumstance afforded a degree of consolation to Mabel, who immediately drew the iron cap over her forehead as much as possible, and winding a piece of linen round the lower part of her visage which was besmeared by the blood of the murdered soldier, advanced thus disguised towards the approaching trooper, who presently halted at her side.

"Well, comrade, what news?" demanded the unwelcome intruder.

"All is completed without the aid of our fellow soldiers," replied Donavan in tones as harsh as she could possibly assume.

"Plague on it," resumed the other, "I have in vain sought after them; but say what hath happened to thee, for some blood seems to have been spilt, and thou hast got the little urchin safe."

"No matter," resumed Donavan hastily, "I lose blood apace; all I therefore advise thee, is to go and transport the traitor's body on thine horse towards the rendezvous appointed for the halt to-morrow, where I shall meet thee that we may share the prize. I struck the villain dead after a desperate round, three gashes made his finish. As to the woman, I could not find her, but verily believe that in the con-

flict she effected her escape, and brutal like left this child, which would have been a burthen to her."

"Whither goest thou?" demanded the soldier.

"I shall repair to join the captain of our troop, that I may consign to him the despatches found on the villain;" upon which the artful Donovan, fully aware of the persuasive power of gold, continued thus, "take thou this bag of marks as earnest of what we shall share."

The fellow eagerly received the welcome donation, when Mabel enquired whether or not he knew the readiest way to the appointed place of meeting, to which the other replied in the negative, simply stating that all the direction he could give was to incline as much as possible to the left of the mountain, as Denever Castle lay in that direction.

By this means Mabel acquired the name of the place of halt, which she so anxiously desired to ascertain, without asking the direct question, that must have subjected her to suspicion on the part of the guard, as every soldier had had the route designated to him previous to their march. Donovan was fully satisfied with this interview, while the fellow no less gratified with the gold in hand, took his departure, promising to follow as well as he was able and bear the body of Felix O'Brien on his horse to the commander.

Having thus providentially escaped detection, Mabel proceeded on her way, when after awhile she gained the base of the black mountain, and instead of bearing off to the left, immediately turned to the

right, and in that direction proceeded with all the despatch her steed was capable of using.

After advancing several miles, Donavan with infinite joy beheld in the distance some straggling cottages, towards which she repaired, though with some difficulty, as her horse began to feel the effects of the fatigue it had endured.

On arriving at the hamlet, Mabel who was emboldened by the success that had attended her previous endeavours, instantly made towards the most respectable cottage the place afforded, where she produced the mandate for arrest found in the pocket of the deceased soldier's vestments, in which she was then disguised, stating that she was deputed on weighty business for government, and that as her steed was incapable of proceeding further, she must instantly be supplied with the best and fleetest horse the hamlet could produce, for which she would immediately pay down its value. The owner of the dwelling, anxious to evince his love for the government, forthwith produced a palfrey in every respect calculated for the purposes of Donavan, who after partaking of a slight repast and giving food to Reginald, mounted the steed which she had purchased, and proceeded in the route pointed out by the landlord of the cottage after having made the requisite enquiries.

During two successive days and one night did Mabel pursue her journey without molestation, always adopting the same expedient as that she had had recourse to in the first instance, when it became neces-

sary to procure a fresh horse. At the close of the third night she gained in safety the neighbourhood of Aberistwith, where without a minute's delay she hired a vessel for her express conveyance from the Welch coast, after producing sufficient gold to bar the probability of any impertinent enquiries, and before the hour of midnight found herself wafted by a favourable breeze towards the shores of her much-loved native soil, the land of Erin.

During the short voyage, Mabel carefully inspected the papers containing such orders as had been intended for the guidance of Felix O'Brien from the time he quitted London until his arrival at the headquarters of Tyrone, by which it appeared he had been instructed to disembark near Wexford. After a very prosperous voyage, the vessel made the point of Rave, when Donavan shortly after found herself safely landed on the Irish coast in the vicinity of that city.

As Mabel from the documents in her possession was given to understand that the forces raised to oppose Tyrone's proceedings were scattered in different parts of the country, she determined on retaining her disguise as an English trooper, until she should arrive in the neighbourhood of Dundrum near Cashill, where the rebel forces were then encamped : one circumstance only gave her some degree of uneasiness, as it was stated in the directions committed to Felix O'Brien, that if called upon at any time by the followers of Tyrone, he was in such case to give a certain sign and token, communicated to him by the Jesuits in London, with which she was wholly unac-

quainted. Trusting however that the packets then in her keeping would prove of themselves a sufficient passport with the adherents of catholicism, she waived all scruples which that circumstance excited, and fixed in the determination she had formed, no threatening peril could wean her from the daring purpose of her soul.

After having allowed a sufficient time for rest, of which Donavan and her Reginald stood in so much need, she took horse in the vicinity of Wexford, and was soon on the road conducting towards Cashill.

During the whole of that day no event of any moment occurred to impede her progress, and she enjoyed at night the renovating balm of sleep under the covert of a lowly cabin, which she conceived better appropriated for concealment than a more commodious dwelling. At an early hour the ensuing morning Mabel again took horse in order to proceed on her eventful journey, which proved successful until about mid-day, when some English troopers, who were scouring the country to descry any straggling parties from Tyrone's encampment, suddenly presented themselves at a little distance on the road, who advanced with speed towards Mabel; summoning her wonted equanimity, she continued on without displaying any token of fear or embarrassment, when upon the arrival of the soldiers the captain ordered his men to halt, while Donavan made the accustomed salute to the commander.

"Whither art thou bound?" demanded the officer.

"I bear despatches for the governor of Cashill," replied Mabel.

"Knowest thou aught of their contents?" continued the captain of the troop, "or bringest thou any public tidings of import?"

"The emissary of Tyrone is dead," answered Donovan; "our troop surprised him on the Black Mountains of Wales, whither we had marched from Cardiff Castle after an express sent down from London to the governor, giving a detail of his then being on the route with documents of import to the rebel army, and with those papers am I now entrusted for the governor of Cashill, who from their contents may be enabled to counteract all the plans and movements of the rebellious forces under Tyrone."

"Thou bringest news indeed," replied the officer, "heaven send that our arms may crush the efforts of the bloody catholics."

Donavan made no reply, disdaining to pronounce *amen* against the dictates of her soul; producing therefore the soldier's mandate for the seizure of Felix O'Brien as a convincing proof that her assertions were grounded in fact, the commander never doubted in the smallest degree the veracity of her assertions, and thus Mabel escaped the troop unsuspected.

During the residue of the day Donovan continued to advance with a light heart, from the singular good fortune which had invariably crowned her bold expedients, and steeled against every fear, already pictured the completion of her most sanguine wishes. 'Tis thus the mind will frequently delude itself with

the brightest prospect, at the moment when the most imminent perils are awaiting to assail it, thus rendering the gloomy contrast still more appalling to the soul, bereaved alike of comfort and of hope by the stern mandate of despair.

The twilight of evening stole o'er the vaulted expanse above, as Donovan entered the coverts of an embowering wood, which threw a dubious light upon the pathway, while the chattering crows retiring to roost, and the croaking of the raven perched upon the lofty trees, alone reverberated through the forest, and broke the solemn stillness of closing day.

From the enquiries previously made, Mabel felt assured that she could not be many miles distant from Cashill, and under that impression heeded not the drawing in of night, conscious that she should repose in the suburbs of that place, from whence it was her intention to take horse at early dawn, and proceed without further halt to the plains in the environs of Dundrum, where Tyrone with his main forces was then encamped.

Impressed with those ideas, Donovan proceeded in her course till the last blush of light had faded from her view, and the stillness of nature proclaimed the feathered tenants of the wood retired to rest: while thus occupied, a shrill whistle on a sudden echoed on the breeze of night, which dissipated the thoughts of Mabel, who checking her steed made a momentary halt, but hearing naught save solemn stillness reign around, again set forwards, and had not proceeded far along the road ere she descried at a small distance

the decrepid form of an old woman, who, bending beneath the weight of years, seemed to hobble along with difficulty supported on a crutch, while at her side trotted on a shaggy dog, the faithful companion of its aged keeper.

“Jesu be with thee,” said the old dame as Donovan approached, who making a halt returned the blessing.

“How far is Cashill from hence?” said Mabel.

“Cashill,” reiterated the old woman raising her eyes and looking steadfastly upon the enquirer, “why thou art not going to Cashill sure?”

“Indeed, good dame, I am,” answered Donovan, and “even there expect to rest this very night.”

“Then surely none e’er travelled yet so strange a route,” continued the old woman; “why thou art bearing off towards Thurles instead of Cashill; besides, man, what wouldest thou have at Cashill where nothing but fighting and slaughter now take place?”

“Seest thou not I am a soldier?” replied Mabel.

“Ay truly,” answered the dame, “but my eyes are dim and weak, and I did not at first descry thy calling.—Thou art an English trooper sure, and going to support the cause of peace against Tyrone’s rebellion; well, heaven send these bloody days were over—but hark ye, soldier,” continued the old woman after a pause, “thou wilt find no place of shelter for the night to screen thee and thy boy, except it be my humble cottage, and to put thee in the direct road to Cashill now were quite impossible.—Such as I have that will I give,” continued the dame, “if thou thinkest meet to share my hospitality.”

Donavan completely disappointed at the information she had acquired, remained for a time debating on the plan to be pursued. To proceed forwards if in a wrong track was folly, and to endeavour to regain the right road if it were difficult, without any guide and in darkness, would only perhaps be exposing herself to wander even further from the point; under those ideas, coupled with the old woman's assurance that no resting place would present itself, Mabel at length resolved on accepting the proffered kindness of the dame, to whom she notified her intention, and then leisurely proceeded along the route beside her decrepid conductor.

"What forest is this?" enquired Mabel as they advanced along.

"'Tis Coolaghmore wood," replied the woman.

"Why sure then this is the route to Cashill," resumed Donovan, who had been informed that she must pass that forest in her way thither.

"'Tis true the traveller must pass Coolaghmore wood," answered the dame, "but this forest is large, and instead of proceeding to the left thou hast kept the right hand path, bearing in the direction for Kilkenny."

"Prithee what shrill sound was that I heard," demanded Donovan, "ere I o'ertook thee on the road but now?"

"'Twas I that whistled to my dog, who lagged behind," replied the dame.

"Then sounds deceive me mightily," answered

Mabel, "for I would have ventured any odds that the whistle proceeded from some individual in the rear."

The old woman was silent and still kept on with all the alacrity she was able, when suddenly branching off from the road, she struck into a very narrow winding pathway, completely obscured and at times almost impassable, owing to the low branches of the trees and brushwood which skirted the path on either side. After a considerable period spent in this way, they arrived at length at a small opening at the base of an eminence, whose acclivity was covered with the lofty foliage of the forest, at the verge of which, at a small lattice, burnt a dim light, while the habitation was embosomed in deep gloom.

"Yonder is my dwelling," exclaimed the old woman, "and it will yield thee a shelter even if it has to boast no better fare."

Donavan returned thanks, while they continued advancing, and arrived shortly after at the door of the habitation, which did not however appear so insignificant as the dame had described it, having besides, adjoining it a large building, which appeared to be a barn connected with the cottage.

The old woman having opened the door requested her guest to alight, which Mabel accordingly did, when the hostess, leading the child into the cottage, presently returned with a light, and hobbling across an adjacent yard, bade Donovan open a door which presented itself, when a convenient stable for the horse appeared, and Mabel following the instructions

of the dame, soon found corn and hay for her palfry, which she gave the jaded animal, and then repaired to the interior of the dwelling.

In a few minutes the homely food was spread upon the board, of which Donavan partook with thankfulness, while Reginald, hungry and fatigued, shared of the renovating viands, while the old woman unobserved by Mabel sometimes eyed the child with penetrating looks, and at others bent on the features of its mother the most enquiring regards, an indescribable expression marking her wrinkled and sun-burnt physiognomy while thus engaged.

Scarcely was the repast ended ere the boy sunk into the most profound sleep, which was immediately noticed by the hostess, who informed Donavan that the chamber appropriated for their rest was ready, and the rug prepared so soon as she thought it expedient to retire. As Mabel felt no desire to enter into conversation, lest curiosity might prompt the dame to make any minute enquiries, she forthwith took the hint, and raising the lamp stated her wish to be gone, bidding the dame good night. Donavan, according to the old woman's direction, ascended the stairs which communicated with the chamber above, carrying Reginald in her arm, and raising the latch of the door designated by the hostess, who continued at the bottom of the stairs, she once more wafted a blessing and then closed to the portal. After committing her son to the rug, Mabel offered up her accustomed devotions, the lamp burning on the hearth, and without divesting herself of her male attire, in which she was

disguised, stretched herself beside the entranced Reginald, and sought the balmy influence of sleep.

Bodily fatigue, however conducive to rest, will frequently prove for a time inefficient, and such was the case with Donavan, who strove in vain to banish thought from her pillow ; every event of her journey recurred in succession to her fancy, and notwithstanding the cordial welcome experienced from the hostess of the mansion which then afforded her a shelter, she could not divest her mind of a degree of uneasiness, notwithstanding she found it impossible to adduce any motive for such mental disquietude. At times Mabel conceived she heard the sound of voices, and starting up listened in breathless anxiety but to no effect, her momentary fears were repaid by a silence that seemed to laugh to scorn the fancied apprehension. Worn out with this species of mental torture, the downy pinions of sleep at length extended their powerful spell o'er the form of Donavan, who soon became lost to every thing but the visionary chimeras of a disturbed and harassed brain.

CHAPTER XVII.

And are my trials then to find no end,
But, singled out, is fate to point at me
The subject of its wrath? Better be nought,
Than, like the weather-cock, prove fortune's sport,
Subjected to each adverse blast that swells
The tide of human miseries.

Wreckless she stood of every present ill,
Nor could death's barbed arrow scare her soul,
Nerved in the cause of virtue.——

—— Lo, where she stands,
Like the archangel, 'fore whose radiant face
Shrunk Satan and his host appall'd. Such force
And sway resistless doth attend the arm
Rear'd to espouse the cause of innocence,
'Gainst lawless tyranny and fiend-like hate.

W. H. I.

THE trance continued for a while to annihilate every idea in the breast of Mabel, who enjoyed beside her boy a feverish sleep, the attendant of an active mind which has been subjected to trials of a painful and dangerous nature. The bonds of sleep were at length broken, when Donavan, but little refreshed from that species of repose, quitted her rug, and by the aid of the lamp, repaired to refresh her parched lips with a draught of water.

Having swallowed the cooling beverage she retired again to the place of rest, and endeavoured, though

in vain, to court the return of sleep : in that restless state a short period transpired, when Mabel's attention was suddenly arrested by sounds which, although indistinct, seemed to proceed from several persons, either within the dwelling or not far from its precincts.

The lateness of the hour, the lonely situation in which the mansion stood, conjoined with the unpleasant sensations that had previously taken possession of Donavan's mind, prompted her to regard with circumspection every incident that might occur, in addition to which, finding herself incapable of tasting the soothing influence of rest, she partly raised herself, and seated on the rug, lent the most attentive ear to every passing sound.

In this watchful state Mabel had not continued long, ere she became assured that several persons must be within the cottage, which was an event but little calculated to calm those emotions pervading her breast.

As Donavan remembered well that the stairs by which she had ascended to her chamber, conducted immediately to the apartment in which she had partaken of the supper, she quitted the pallet, and advanced with the most cautious steps to the portal of the room she occupied, when raising the latch without creating the least noise, she opened the door, and beheld before her the flight of steps involved in darkness. After a pause of some moments, during which no sound was heard to interrupt the reigning stillness of the solitary hour, Donavan descended the stairs, at

the bottom of which she once more halted, and strove in vain to catch a passing murmur that might be wafted on the breeze of night.

Cool and collected in her measures, Mabel proceeded warily to raise the latch of the portal opening immediately into the chamber, which she effected without creating the least noise. Moving the door, she was enabled to direct an imperfect glance into the apartment, which she found illumined only by the dull rays of a lamp that stood within the antique chimney, of sufficient expanse to admit persons on either side the fire, while from its situation immediately beside the staircase, it was impossible to discern any human form that might be there without advancing further into the chamber.

As the same dreary silence continued, Donavan, opening the portal still wider, descended into the room, where, to her no small astonishment, she beheld her hostess seated on a bench beside the hearth absorbed in soundest sleep, and on a hook projecting from the brass lamp, was hung the key which Mabel remembered was the same the old woman had used in order to open the outer portal of the cottage on her entrance the preceding evening.

Donavan's first conjecture was that the old dame might have fallen asleep, but suddenly the noises she had heard recurred to her memory, when her caution being awakened, she desisted from arousing the sleeper, a step she had in the first instance intended to adopt. Thus debating within herself, Mabel continued for a time in thought, when a distant

sound caught her ear, which as it grew louder proved to be the trampling of horses' hoofs, that shortly advanced at full speed towards the door of the cottage, while several male voices were distinctly heard conversing in the Irish tongue.

Fully alive to her situation, Donavan retired to the staircase, and nearly closing to the door, awaited to ascertain, if possible, the sequel of this adventure. No sooner had she thus placed herself, ere three distinct knocks were given on the portal, at which the hostess awakened from her sleep, immediately quitted the bench, and bearing the light in her hand, opened the door with the key which was suspended from it, giving admission to several male figures, whose persons Mabel was incapable of discerning with precision, from the guarded manner in which she was compelled to keep the portal almost closed for fear of detection.

"Are our comrades yet arrived?" demanded one of the strangers in the Irish brogue as he entered, with which dialect Donavan was partly conversant.

"They have been here long ago," answered the dame, "and there is rare news for you this night."

"What news, Judith?" enquired another voice in harsh accents.

"News in sooth that ye have to thank myself and O'Phelim for," answered the antiquated dame. "What think ye, lads, of an English soldier and an heretical spy conjoined in one person, and that I have the villain now within my dwelling?"

"By the immaculate Jesus and all the saints in

heaven," exclaimed a male voice in a most harsh and dissonant tone, "I will send him to his damned brethren : say, Judith, where is the renegade?"

"Tush, tush, man," answered Judith ; "there hath been converse on this same business, and it is ordered that he be not put to death until torture draw from him the whole tenor of his mission, for much it is supposed is vested in his keeping.

"How know'st thou that he is a spy and an English trooper?" enquired another of the party.

"Oh, by Saint Patrick, there is little doubt indeed of that," replied the mistress of the cottage, "for I have rifled the pocket during his sleep which contained an order for the seizure of Felix O'Brien, one of our trusty leaders, or any of our fellows besides ; the vagabond carries his condemnation on his back, for the doublet and vestments he wears are similar to those of the heretics of his party."

"And so he bears the mandate for the arrest of Felix O'Brien?" demanded another in a resolute yet fixed tone of voice, bespeaking the determination that swayed his sanguinary spirit.

"I tell thee he did," answered the dame, "and if thou needest more proof, why look ye, here is the instrument."

"Can any one decypher their damned language?" demanded one of the fellows in a sullen tone of voice, at which all the party was silent.

"How didst thou know this to be such a mandate?" resumed the fellow who had first questioned the dame.

“ ’Twas Lucius O'Reilly the priest that said but now the mass,” answered the hostess, “ and ’twas he that ordered me to keep him for examination, as it would be of import.”

“ Had any but a priest forbidden it,” answered the same individual, “ by all the powers above I had even now been his torturer, and torn from his breast the damned heart of him.”

After this harangue a silence of some moments ensued, during which the situation of Mabel Donovan was painful beyond conception, knowing that the person alluded to was no other than herself. A variety of contending ideas then rushed upon her fancy in quick succession. To endeavour to convince the party of her innocence, and the real intent of her journey and disguise, she well knew would be impracticable, as the very despatches she had concealed, in order to deliver them in safety to Tyrone, could not be understood by those in whose power she found herself betrayed ; besides, the order for the seizure of Felix O'Brien obtained by the subtle hostess, and the assurance of a priest that she was no other than a spy, were of themselves sufficient proofs to counterbalance in their minds every just plea of innocence she had to adduce.

While these thoughts arose in the mind of Donovan, the individuals who had given birth to her apprehensions, after a short period retired from the chamber, while Mabel, desirous of securing the despatches to Tyrone and the remittance in gold, of which he stood in need, reascended the stairs, and

withdrawing them from beneath the pallet where they lay concealed, bound them around her body in the leathern girdle wherein they had originally been secreted.

Mabel next began to consider the expedient most conducive to safety in the present dangerous predicament, when, after a hasty deliberation, she pursued the following measures with her accustomed coolness and firm determination.

The dangers with which Donavan felt herself environed, were sufficient to warn her against falling into the hands of her pursuers if possible, and for that purpose, having completely adjusted her attire, she once more descended the staircase, when the drear silence which reigned within the chamber beneath, convinced her that all the male party was retired. Being fully assured on that head, Mabel with a light and quick step remounted the stairs, and concealing the poniard in her bosom, which had previously rendered her such essential service, raised her child from the rug and took the lamp, determined to surprise the treacherous beldam in the chamber below. Her next resolve was to compel the old hag, through fear, to afford her egress from the dwelling, and conduct her to her horse, but in case of refusal, as individual preservation was at stake, Donavan determined on the immolation of the wretch, if necessary, whose art had enveigled her into the snare that threatened the life of herself and her darling Reginald.

Resolved on that mode of procedure, Mabel quickly descended the stairs and darted into the chamber,

when she found herself infinitely gratified on perceiving that the traitoress was not present, and that she had taken away with her the lamp, as the light borne by Mabel alone enabled her to discern the interior of the apartment. Donavan immediately advanced with a light heart to the portal of the cottage, which she endeavoured to open, but in vain, as the bolts were turned and the key conveyed from the lock. In vain did Mabel search the chamber, for a time her endeavour was fruitless, and her spirits sunk within her. The casement on a sudden obtruded itself on her recollection, and she flew to essay that mode of escape, but with the same want of success; the lattice was completely barred, and so secured withinside as to render all attempts to procure an escape by that means absolutely impracticable.

Foiled in her endeavours, Donavan gave a few moments to consideration, during which period a degree of desperation animated her spirits, and she proceeded to examine with care every angle of the chamber. After continuing this scrutinizing enquiry for some time without success, the pressure of her hand against a part of the pannel caused it to yield a little to the touch, when Donavan elevating the light and examining the wainscot with care, perceived a sliding pannel, which having shifted aside with ease, a dark and narrow avenue presented itself to her gaze, which, notwithstanding the glare emitted from the lamp, was in the distance obscured in total darkness.

Still bearing the child on one arm, and grasping the light in the other hand, Mabel, nerved with a

magnanimous spirit that prompted her to dare the worst, uttered a short ejaculation to the mother of her Redeemer, and then proceeded boldly forwards to explore the termination of the newly-discovered passage.

The avenue after winding for a time terminated in a narrow flight of steps, which Donavan was on the point of ascending, when the confused sound of voices arrested her attention, while close at her side a moan deep and piteous was suddenly heard to swell along the vaultings of the passage: raising the lamp, Mabel looked around with a scrutinizing glance, when the repetition of the groan directed her eye to a narrow door-way which had previously escaped her attention, being obscured by the shade of some steps which were placed over it.

The perils that environed Donavan on every side, had not obliterated from her mind a feeling for the misery of others, and fully conscious that the moans she had heard must proceed from some fellow creature in distress, Mabel instantly advanced to the portal, when a repetition of the exclamation convinced her that the sufferer was then confined within the cell adjoining. Conscious of this, our heroine approached the door, which she found completely barred, so as to preclude the power of liberating the being in confinement, when striking the broken panel with force, she demanded in a low tone,

“Speak, who is it inhabits this dreary cell?”

After some moments, a voice in tremulous accents replied,

"A being wretched and undone, who only claims the visitation of death to end her mental and corporeal miseries."

"Is it a female speaks?" demanded Donavan.

"Yes, a wretched and forsaken woman," was the response.

Donavan, sensibly touched, was on the point of making a reply, to discover the avocation of those connected with the dwelling, when at that instant the sound of the voices above became more clamorous, while the trampling of feet gave evident token that some individuals were advancing towards the ladder. There was no time for consideration, and Mabel therefore extinguishing the lamp, rushed precipitately from the spot, and in a few seconds found herself advanced a considerable way along the passage by which she had lately passed, and resting the lamp upon the brick flooring, placed her hand on the poniard in her bosom and there awaited the sequel of the event.

In a few moments Donavan discerned a door open at the summit of the flight of steps, from whence issued a strong glare of light, and in a second three male figures, one of whom bore a blazing torch, came forth and instantly descended the ladder. On arriving at the bottom, instead of advancing to the passage where Mabel had taken her station, they forthwith proceeded to unlock the portal which she had so recently quitted, when one of the men entering, shortly after came forth, leading by the hand a female form, whose features were concealed by a profusion

of hair that hung dishevelled o'er her visage, while a loose white vestment enveloped her frame in ample folds.

On gaining the bottom of the steps, one of the men, in an authoritative tone of voice, commanded the female to ascend, which mandate she obeyed in silence. The three male forms, whose accoutrements and countenances were of the most repulsive cast, followed her steps, and on arriving at the summit, pushed open the portal and led her forward into the chamber, upon which the door closed, and a confused sound of voices alone broke the stillness of the solemn hour.

Mabel, in whose soul the most pitying emotions prevailed for the destitute situation of the helpless stranger, with nimble step ascended the ladder, and found the portal on a jar, so that she was not only enabled to hear the conversation that transpired, but also discerned the individuals assembled. Their lineaments displayed the most desperate aspects; in their girdles glittered unsheathed daggers, and at their sides were suspended broad swords, in addition to which several carabines were piled in one corner of the spacious chamber, which Donavan instantly conjectured must be the interior of the building, which had previous to her entrance worn the appearance of a simple barn.

The number of men present amounted to fourteen, being seated at a long oaken table, on which were flaggons of beverage, while in an antique elbow chair rested the seeming captain of the fierce troop, beside

whom sat the dreadful old wretch who had the preceding evening lured Donavan into her snare. From the door where Mabel stood, three descending steps led down into the chamber, between the bottom of which and the table stood the unfortunate female who had so powerfully interested Donavan, while her three conductors continued at no great distance from her. Immediately opposite the entrance, at the further end of the room, was rudely designed against the wall a representation of the crucifixion, and beneath a table stood, rudely decorated, to represent an altar.

“Art thou inexorable still?” demanded the seeming captain of the band, addressing his speech to the female form before him.

After a pause she replied: “Why bringest thou me again forward but to urge thy wrath? I tell thee, death were preferable to the abandonment of my faith, and I would receive torture with the smile of content ere thou shouldst become the legal lord of this weak mortal frame.”

“Curse on thy stubborn soul,” exclaimed the old beldam, “thou lost to every hope of grace!”

“Peace, mother,” exclaimed the lowering chieftain, “thy son no more shall dally with this imp of hell. To the torture with her,” vociferated the stern captain, rising with impetuosity from his seat, and striking the hilt of his dagger with violence upon the board.

“Do with me as ye will,” answered the suffering innocent,—“my spirit soon shall join thee, well be-

loved of my soul : yes, O'Connaught, thy Anna's spirit soon shall meet thee in the realms of everlasting peace."

"To your work," again exclaimed the enraged commander, "or by Saint Patrick ——" he paused, his lips trembled and wore the pallid hue of rage, while his speech was stifled by excess of ungovernable passion.

Obedient to the will of their chief, the ruffians proceeded to tear the white vestments from the sufferer's delicate form, while a hellish appearance of malignity played on the features of the detestable old beldam, who by her language urged the instruments of her son's fury to affix a cord to Anna's wrists, by which she was soon bound to a large iron ring in the wall, so that her neck and bosom, nearly bared to the middle, were subjected to the monster-like gaze of her persecutor and his slaves.

"Wilt thou repent?" demanded the chief in a rage bordering on frenzy.

"Never," resumed the lovely sufferer.

"Her fate then is resolved," continued he; "to your duty, her blood be on her head."

At the mandate, two of the troop drawing their swords, advanced towards the victim, who, like the figure of Resignation and Despair, with eyes uplifted seemed offering an internal prayer for the speedy termination of her anguish.

"Let her breasts first meet the sharp edge of the steel," was the savage chieftain's command.

The magnanimous spirit of Mabel could bear no

more; fearless of danger and impending death, she burst open the portal with vehemence, and rapidly descending the steps placed herself between the female and the ministers of death, exclaiming aloud,

“Through my body alone shall ye pierce her.”

With Reginald twined in her left arm Donavan then drew forth the dagger, and brandishing the steel in air, seemed by her look to bid the wretches a stern defiance.

After the first impulse of astonishment had subsided, the old hag exclaimed, “’Tis the English renegade, the heretic and spy.”

“Be they both damned together,” vociferated the leader, who making a sign, six of the ruffians present flew to their carabines, and pointing them at Donavan, awaited only the order for dealing death.

“Fire, if ye please,” continued Donavan in the Irish tongue, at the same time rending open her vestments, and displaying the proof of her real sex; “fire, ye dastards, and thus immolate a second female who boasts the title of Moor O’Mara’s wife, while in her arms she bears the infant of his blood—my son, my Reginald O’Mara.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

The judge's awful frown, the solemn voice
Pronouncing accusation, ne'er appals
The soul that knows no guilt. For innocence,
Though naked and opposed to hostile steel,
Is yet in armour cased, nor yields to fear,
In conscious purity array'd.

Thinkst thou I'll tremble, fool, because thou frown'st ?
Learn first that which to virtue 'longs, and then,
If tripping thou shouldst find me, I will sue
And seek abash'd to banish from thy brow
The look of keen reproof.

When lawless bands the weak oppress,
And purity implores in vain,
Her's is the task to yield redress,
And soothe in pity others' pain.

W. H. I.

THE conspicuous part which Moor O'Mara had played in the catholic cause, not only as a gunpowder conspirator, but particularly afterwards as a rebel in the suite of Tyrone, had rendered his memory familiar to the followers of that leader, who regarded him in a light bordering on veneration, while his loss had in some measure canonized his name in the estimation of the unlettered multitude, who guided solely by their priests, yielded implicit confidence to every tenet which had any thing of the marvellous connected with it.

As the ruffians before whom Mabel had placed herself were no other than a party from the encampment of Tyrone, who had been despatched for the purpose of reconnoitring, their sudden astonishment at the words of Donavan is not to be wondered at, in which state they continued for some seconds, while a similar emotion of surprise actuated the feelings of the murderous Bertrand Killydawlke, who was the chieftain of that sanguinary crew.

The captain, whose pride was wounded at the conduct adopted by Donavan, soon recovered from the momentary surprize which had taken possession of his mind, when ordering his followers to lower their fire arms, he bespoke Mabel in a commanding tone as follows,

“That thou art a female is not to be denied, yet if thou thinkest I yield credence to thy tale thou art deceived : I therefore for the present spare thee upon two principles, first, that thou art a woman ; and, secondly, that thou mayst before the council of our general make known the truth, and answer to the points which stamp thee guilty of conspiring to overthrow the followers of the cause of heaven.”

Donavan, dropping the hand which grasped the poniard, eyed for a time the gloomy speaker with a look of haughty contempt, then moving two paces from before the person of the persecuted creature in whose cause she had freely ventured her own existence, thus replied,

“Upon two principles hast thou preserved me : first, because I was a woman.”—Mabel then pointing

with her dagger to the object of the chieftain's rancour, continued with a sneer of ineffable contempt,—“and is not this a female too? Secondly, thou wilt lead me to the council of thy superior,—conduct me thither that I may plead my cause, and make her sufferings too mine own, who languishes unjudged and uncondemned, the victim of thy selfish passion and abhorred cruelty.”

Bertrand, knitting his bushy brows, and biting his lip, was on the point of speaking, when Donavan, waving her hand, induced him to continue silent, and thus proceeded,

“Thou believest me not to be that which I truly am; would to the mother of God I could believe the like of thee!—was it in the name of thy Redeemer thou wouldst cruelly proceed to torture one so powerless as this weak victim of thy lust and wrath?—couldst thou, barbarian like, command——”

Mabel would have proceeded, but her taunting words aroused alike the fury of the hostess of the dwelling and her son Bertrand Killydawlke, the former of whom having in shrill accents commanded silence, her offspring thus continued,

“On thy soul dare not thus offer me affront with the tongue of reproof, or, by my hopes of heaven, thou diest.”

“Have I given testimony of any dread of dissolution? again I tell thee, thy threatnings are but nugatory, nor even durst thou harm me!”

“And wilt thou court thy merited fate?” vociferated the chieftain boiling with excess of passion.

“ I repeat, thou durst not harm me,” returned Donavan, “ for such an act would draw upon thyself and followers the anathemas of thy priest Lucius O’Reilly, whose order was that none should dare to harm my person until a previous examination drew from me the purposes of my journey, and thereby proved my conduct amenable to the arm of punishment and death.”

At this reply Bertrand was mute, while an expression of disappointed rage was discernible on his sallow visage : after a few moments’ internal struggle, the captain, turning to his vindictive parent, held converse with her in a low tone of voice, while Mabel, moving towards the wretched Anna, offered her the language of consolation, while she proceeded to untie the cords by which her delicate limbs were affixed to the iron ring that had held her captive and subject to the cruelty of the ferocious Killydawlke.

Bertrand, on perceiving this action, commanded his followers to seize Mabel and bear her into the outer chamber, which order his slaves were on the point of obeying, but Donavan, whose soul was not so soon awed, caught up young Reginald, and then presenting her poniard with the right hand extended, threatened instant death to the rash being who should dare contaminate her person by his touch. A sentiment of awe had pervaded the soul of every ruffian present during the whole of the preceding scene, and each in consequence kept a respectful distance, when Mabel presenting her hand to the trembling Anna,

addressed her in the following words, which were attended with a look of ineffable sweetness :

“ Fair creature, I quit thee but for a transitory period ; these wretches know me not, but soon shall they confess my power, and gladly yield thee up to freedom and to happiness : I go, Tyrone with open arms will greet the partner of his former counsellor, and I will prove to thee the harbinger of peace.”

“ Donavan then turning to Bertrand, with a firm demeanour and in steady accents continued thus her speech :

“ Hear me, thou ungracious actor in religion’s sacred cause, and be thy conduct guided by my words, or dread the vengeance that shall be heaped upon thee ; no longer let the hand of persecution fall upon this inoffensive being, no longer insult her with thy hated passion, await in dread the interview which soon shall take effect between myself and the renowned Tyrone, for if one plaint escapes the suffering innocent from this hour, thine head shall pay the forfeit of thy cruelty and malice.—Now lead the way,” exclaimed Donavan in an authoritative tone ; then once more wafting an adieu in softened accents to the grateful and astonished Anna, she retired from the chamber, while a hellish grin of hatred and malignancy characterized the features of the infernal mistress of the dwelling, and her equally cruel and obdurate son Bertrand Killydawlke.

Donavan, maintaining a contemptuous silence, descended the flight of steps, when she was escorted

through the narrow passage, and speedily found herself in the chamber of the cottage into which the old beldam had first introduced her. By order of Bertrand, who speedily followed, the horses were forthwith saddled, when Mabel having mounted, the troop divided itself, and Donavan with her son being stationed in the middle of the party, proceeded onwards thus escorted, while the early beams of returning light began to dispel the sombre gloom which had long enshrouded the overhanging forest.

After winding through many intricate mazes shaded by the interwoven boughs that formed an umbrageous covering, or proceeding along tracks which scarcely wore the appearance of being ever frequented by human form, the party at length emerged from the forest, when the expansive plains of Cashill presented themselves to the eyes of Donavan, and after continuing onwards till towards mid-day, the party halted at a small retired hut, where they procured some refreshment from a man who appeared perfectly in the secrets of the troop. After a short halt, Bertrand again ordered his followers to horse, when leaving Cashill to the right, he bent his way towards Dundrum, the head quarters of Tyrone, whose formidable army was there encamped.

Towards the third hour of evening, the sun darting forth its beams with unusual brilliancy, gave to Mabel's view the extensive range of tents spread in every direction on the plains of Dundrum, being productive of the most pleasing effect when contrasted with the verdure of the soil and the more remote chain

of hills that terminated the horizon in misty splendour.

“Yon land,” said Donavan internally, “bears on its fertile bosom the last supporters of the papal cause, in this my native soil. Oh may their endeavours be crowned with success, may they at least succeed in banishing the tenets of heresy from the shores of Erin. Let England, if she chooses, cherish still the doctrines of perdition to her children’s future beatitude, but let her not seal in blood the same pernicious faith in this my darling country.” Mabel paused for a few seconds, and her eyes became fixed on the features of Reginald, the child regarding his parent with infinite attention, when she thus in softened tones bespoke the listening boy:

“I have succeeded, my child; yes, thou art blessed in visiting the land of thy forefathers; grant thou mayest never disgrace thy name, but by some deed of matchless import weave for thine own brows a wreath of never-dying fame and honour.”

A train of reflections succeeded this ejaculation, in which Donavan continued immersed until the proximity of the troop to the camp of Tyrone led the little Reginald to express his astonishment at the novelty of the scene before him, which suddenly awakened Mabel from her reverie, who instantly began to prepare her mind for the interview that was so speedily to take place.

On arriving at the outpost, Bertrand Killydawlke gave the sign and word of the day, when he immediately passed the guards, and entering the encamp-

ment bent his course towards its centre, where Tyrone and his principal officers had pitched their tents upon a rising ground, which not only commanded an uninterrupted view of the whole line, but also afforded an expanded prospect of the surrounding country.

Having gained the base of that acclivity, Donavan being ordered to dismount was forthwith led into an adjoining tent, accompanied by two of the guards, the rest continuing to watch at its opening, while Bertrand Killydawlke ascending the hill, repaired to communicate to one of the commanders under Tyrone, the events which had transpired respecting the prisoner Mabel Donavan.

Bertrand having terminated his detail, the chief forthwith repaired to the general, when a council was shortly convened in the tent of Tyrone, whither Killydawlke was ordered to conduct the prisoner without further delay.

Donavan received with a look of exultation the welcome mandate, and followed with a firm and quick step the path pursued by her guards, which, after a time, led to the entrance of Tyrone's tent, where she was commanded to halt until the pleasure of the chieftain should be known. Mabel's suspence was of no long duration, as with her child in her arms she was soon escorted into the presence of the general and those of his council, who regarded with a look of astonishment the disguised form of the resolute mother of Reginald O'Mara.

Tyrone, who was seated in the midst of his chiefs,

after a pause of some minutes bespoke Mable in the following words :

“ It is meet, ere I address thee, stranger, in a judicial manner, that I should caution thee against any attempt at deceit, which, in despite of thy sex or rank, will be punished with death. Having thus laconically warned thee against duplicity, I shall now proceed to interrogate, and on thy soul I charge thee, whatsoever may have been the tenor of thy conduct, be guided throughout by the dictates of truth.”

Mabel, in token of acquiescence with the chieftain's command, made an inclination of the head and continued silent, when Tyrone resumed his speech in these words : “ Whence art thou ?”

“ I am by birth an Irish woman, and proudly boast the soil of Erin for the place of the nativity of my parents and of their progenitors.”

Upon Tyrone's further questioning respecting Mabel's family and name, she proceeded to satisfy his enquiries with a perspicuity that belied the supposition of falsehood, and continued the detail until her union with Moor O'Mara in England, whither she had sought refuge in company with her father as previously related. Anxious to ascertain the veracity of Donavan's statement, which from many circumstances Tyrone was prompted to believe, he then proceeded to question her concerning the gunpowder conspiracy, every incident of which she detailed with the most scrupulous precision, nor did she terminate her narrative until the departure of Moor O'Mara in order

to join the forces of her then interrogator, the brave Tyrone.

The chief, after exchanging some words in private with those around him, continued his questionings in the following words :

“ Suppose the validity of thy tale be admitted, I now demand of thee the cause of the singular disguise thou hast assumed, and more particularly the means whereby thou camest possessed of this mandate for the arrestation of our trusty friend Felix O’Brien. On that depends perhaps thine own safety and the well being of our associates in the catholic cause, for which thou seemest, if one may judge from words, to be so staunch and tried an advocate.

Donavan, fearless of incurring the resentment of the noble Tyrone, for the step she had taken in immolating Felix O’Brien for his treachery, began a faithful recapitulation of every succeeding event. As her tale met the ears of the astonished chief and his several leaders, they excited in their bosoms a sentiment of respect for the dauntless Mabel, whose conduct they unanimously applauded for constancy, courage and acuteness of intellect throughout the several trying events which had occurred in such quick succession. But when she displayed the wished-for credentials from the jesuits in London, and the greater part of the gold which had been committed to the charge of O’Brien, a general sentiment of gratitude actuated the bosoms of the chiefs assembled, amongst whom Tyrone was the most conspicuous in testifying his warm acknowledgments, by placing Mabel at his

right hand, where she continued for a time. A tent being erected for her use by the general's order, Donavan retired from the assembly to enjoy in peaceful repose the success of her dangerous enterprise.

Mabel, unwilling that the blow of deserved punishment should fall upon Bertrand Killydawlke, however meriting death, had carefully concealed the discovery she had effected at the cottage in the forest, during her narrative having simply stated that she had been made prisoner by the party that had escorted her to the camp, while seeking a short cessation from the fatigues endured beneath a lowly roof in the wood leading to Cashill.

No sooner was Donavan within her tent, than she immediately despatched a guard with orders to summon Bertrand Killydawlke to her presence. He received the mandate with the strongest emotion of dread, for as the leading features of Donavan's mission were speedily murmured throughout the camp, he did not doubt but that Mabel had related to the chiefs every event which had transpired the preceding night, and that the reverse in her fortune would consequently lead her to cause his immediate death. Impressed with those apprehensions, the villain Bertrand, now the slave of terrors, which are the concomitants of cruelty, with reluctant steps bent his course, accompanied by the guard, towards the tent then occupied by Mabel Donavan.

On gaining the presence of her so lately at his mercy, the guilty villain with cringing obeisance approached the injured Donavan, who urged by a senti-

ment of pity, without having recourse to the language of reproof, forthwith explained what had been the tenor of her conduct, which was so diametrically opposite to the proceedings he had expected and contrary to those sentiments that would have actuated his dark soul, had he been placed in a similar predicament.

After uttering the most sacred asseverations of everlasting gratitude, Donavan suddenly cut short his speech by informing Bertrand that she only desired one proof at his hands of the sincerity of his vows. Mabel then bad him retrace his steps to the cottage in the wood with a chosen troop the ensuing morning, from whence he was to escort in safety the person of the persecuted Anna; and by complying with such command she stated he would not only efface from her remembrance the recollection of his late atrocious conduct, but ensure perhaps her interest for his promotion with the generous Tyrone.

Bertrand, repeating his former vows of gratitude swore to be faithful, and perform the trust reposed in him by the generous Mabel, who satisfied with the manners and language of Killydawlke, dismissed him from her presence. Having closed the opening of the tent, Donavan threw herself upon the pallet, and enfolding Reginald in her fond arms, yielded her harassed spirits and wearied frame to the soothing influence of refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

Delusive hope! Methought the work was done,
And that the purposed wish that swayed my soul
Was crown'd with due success.—I little thought
That 'neath the flowery bed wherein I bask'd
The viper lay concealed to sting more deep
My pleasures in the bud.

I gave the reptile life, and fool like, thought
Thereby to bind him to my purposed wish,
But he commiseration hath return'd
With malice dire and base ingratitude.

While in my soul I cursed the source of bane,
Another's virtues partly soothed my pain.

W. H. I.

THE ensuing morning Tyrone repaired to the tent of Mabel Donovan, actuated by those feelings of gratitude which ever mark the noble and generous mind. Finding her already risen, and arrayed in female attire, which had been purposely procured for her use, the chief of the rebellious party entered into conversation with Mabel, renewing his enquiries as to every event which had occurred during the gunpowder conspiracy, together with many points connected solely with the concerns of the deceased Moor O'Mara. To those questions Donovan replied in the most satisfactory manner, elucidating numerous points with which Tyrone had been previously unacquainted, who in return, gave an ample detail of the con-

duct of Moor O'Mara from his joining the rebellious party to the hour of his death on the field of battle. After some time spent in this manner, the chief quitted the tent of Donavan in order to consult with the several captains of his council respecting the contents of the packets which had been so miraculously preserved by Mabel.

Shortly after Tyrone had quitted Donavan's presence, she summoned the guard who was stationed to attend upon her, and anxious to learn whether Bertrand Killydawlke had obeyed her order, despatched him to the tent of that rebel in order to make the necessary enquiry. The answer proved satisfactory to Mabel, who was given to understand on the return of the messenger, that Killydawlke, in company with three of his party, had quitted the encampment ere the morning's dawn, and was expected to return by the hour of night.

Solely occupied in attending on the person of Reginald, Donavan passed the hours, until twilight led her to expect the wished-for society of the unfortunate Anna Fitz-Allen, with whose history she felt particularly desirous to become acquainted. Having wrought her expectancy to the highest pitch, Mabel experienced the greater disappointment on finding that the hour of night had closed in without presenting to her view the solace she so much required, when she again forwarded the sentry to the quarters of Bertrand, who, after questioning such as were stationed near his tent, returned to Mabel, informing her that no tidings of Killydawlke had yet arrived, and that fears were

entertained for the safety of himself and his comrades.

While ruminating on this disastrous intelligence, which gave rise to the most alarming apprehensions for Anna's safety in the bosom of Donavan, she was suddenly aroused from her mental reverie by the voice of the guard without the tent, who demanded of Mabel permission to enter. Having forthwith acquiesced, the sentry made his appearance, from whom Donavan was given to understand that two of the comrades of Killydawlke were then waiting without the tent, anxious to make known the events which had transpired during their absence from the camp.

Donavan ordering them immediately into her presence, beheld in a few seconds two of those very ruffians who had been most active in their persecution of Anna during the scene which had transpired at the cottage in the wood. Feeling but little satisfied with their savage appearance, and the remembrance of their unlicensed ferocity, Mabel restrained in some degree that warmth of sentiment which had a few minutes previous taken possession of her soul, and in a calm, yet authoritative tone, required the explanation she so much wished yet dreaded to hear.

One of the miscreants without hesitation, proceeded to inform Donavan that Bertrand, having the preceding evening selected himself and his comrade present, together with a third soldier who had fallen, they departed ere dawn that morning, and gained in safety the house of rendezvous in the forest. He then proceeded to state that they had continued only suffi-

cient time to give their horses rest, and after mid-day remounted, having to escort the female, whom they had been previously informed by their leader was the sole cause of their journey, to the forest. They then continued a considerable time retracing their steps without molestation, when a party of English soldiers suddenly surprised and commanded them to surrender at discretion, which order Bertrand Killydawlke received with contempt, notwithstanding the enemy's troop consisted of five times their number. In consequence they instantly determined, if possible, to cut their way through the opposing force, in which attempt however, the effects of the most dauntless bravery displayed by Killydawlke proved insufficient to resist the inequality of numbers. That in consequence Bertrand was killed, together with their companion, and that it was with infinite difficulty they had effected their escape, being wholly unacquainted with the fate of the object of their charge, whose terror they alone remembered to have witnessed at the commencement of the fatal contest.

Donavan ruminated for some moments in silence on the tenor of this communication, when she proceeded to investigate more narrowly the bearer of those heavy tidings, who never faltered in his replies, but by his determined answers seemed to substantiate the whole account respecting which Mabel had been led to entertain some doubts from the characters of the men who stood before her. Bursting with anguish of heart, Donavan at length dismissed those messengers of grief, and for a time gave vent to the poignant

effusions of sorrow which uniformly characterize beings guided by feelings in unison with her own. The effects of grief, however, becoming less acute, reason began to operate on Mabel's intellects, and prompted by its sober dictates, she pursued the following steps in order to realize every fact respecting the fate of Anna Fitz-Allan.

Donavan quitting the tent, was escorted by her guard to that of the general, when having requested an audience, she was ushered into the presence of Tyrone, who rising at her approach, received her with the most marked affability, and on discovering the melancholy depicted on her countenance, he requested in the most persuasive accents that she would unburthen to him the source of that sentiment which was so legibly imprinted on her characteristic features.

"Yes, generous Tyrone," replied Mabel as she wiped away the starting drop that glistened in her eye, "to thy keeping will I unfold the secret of my breast, a tale of sorrow, that will, I doubt not, arouse in thee those feelings by which I am enslaved." Donavan, pausing for a few seconds, then began a recapitulation of the events which she had witnessed in the forest, and had previously concealed from the knowledge of Tyrone, concluding with an account of her conduct to Killydawlke, and the apparent failure of the measure she had adopted for the liberation of the unfortunate Anna.

Tyrone, with infinite attention, listened to the communication, nor obtruded a syllable during the whole

of Mabel's delivery ; after a pause however he thus made answer,

“ The feelings thou hast displayed do honour to thy magnanimity and tenderness, and augment if possible, the prior sentiment of respect I had imbibed towards thee ; but in extending that generosity of soul towards my captain Bertrand Killydawlke after what was witnessed, thou hast been misled, and wilt, I fear, have cause to rue the confidence and forbearance displayed towards him. Thou knowest not, Donavan, the characters of the party I have to command, they would suffer torture on the rack without a groan in the blessed cause of the faith, but, in other respects they are governed by the ferocity of tigers ; couldst thou have rescued the salvation of Killydawlke a thousand times, his rancour never would forgive thy conduct towards him, and if the command of the priest had not shielded thee from his revenge, not all the temporal honours and rewards that could have been bestowed would have proved competent to thy preserving. I will myself interrogate the bearers of this disastrous tale,” continued the generous chieftain, “ and should they persist in avouching its truth, my herald shall demand an audience of the English general, to whom I will offer a ransom for the suffering Anna, if within his power ; with the which demand he will the more readily comply as from her language in the forest it is obvious she adheres to the protestant faith. If, on the contrary, she has not been made a captive, I will by letter explain, as far as propriety dictates, the real cause of such strenuous intervention

in her behalf, and after pointing out the spot where the conflict is stated to have ensued, demand if any parties of the English were despatched in such direction, or whether any such skirmish has taken place; should the reply be in the negative, the story is a deceitful fabrication, and it will then appear Killydawlke hath borne away the object of thy pity and generous intervention."

Mabel, after expressing her gratitude in the most lively terms, soon after retired to her tent, when Tyrone, according to his promise, instantly commanded the two ruffians to be brought before him, whom he interrogated with an expression of sternness depicted on his brow, sufficiently indicative of his mental displeasure. Finding however that they adhered to their former tale with the most determined obstinacy, the chief then proceeded to arraign their infamous conduct towards Anna, as witnessed by Donovan at the cottage in the forest, in answer to which they had nothing to allege but that they were in allegiance bound to obey the mandate of their leader Killydawlke. That excuse however not being a sufficient palliative for the heinous offence in the estimation of Tyrone, he ordered them into immediate confinement, until the opinion of a council of officers should be taken as to the nature of their punishment, as well as to secure their persons until application had been made to the English general.

On the dismissal of those men the chief proceeded to dictate a letter to his secretary, which, when sealed, was delivered to the herald, with orders that he was

on the ensuing morning to repair to the English outposts and see the same conveyed to the hands of the enemy's commander.

The ensuing day Tyrone's mandate was punctually obeyed, when the reply of the English general precisely coincided with the supposition of the Irish chief, as the answer contained a complete denial of any female having been captured by the English troops, while the communication at the same time intimated that had such a circumstance transpired, there would have been no difficulty in restoring the female alluded to, as the detention of a harmless woman could reflect no honour on the English cause, while her freedom might soothe the anguish of her parents, husband, lover, or friends.

The noble mind of Tyrone allowed the generosity of this sentiment, and in consequence despatched a second letter, expressive of his feelings, and fully explaining the cause of his active conduct for the safety of Anna, which he concluded by requesting to be informed in answer, whether on the day specified any part of the English forces had been sent into the forest, and in such case, if any skirmish had occurred with the four Irish troopers, during which the affrighted Anna might have effected her escape.

In reply to those interrogatories, Tyrone, according to the suggestions he had formed, was given to understand that no party of the English had that day entered the forest, nor had any encounter or skirmish taken place between the English and Irish parties; the epistle at the same time concluding with sincere

hopes that the route of the lost Anna might be discovered, and her persecutors meet the reward of their perfidious cruelty.

With these unwelcome tidings Tyrone repaired to the tent of Mabel, who, when too late, began to arraign the folly of her own conduct in having confided the charge of Anna to the revengeful and merciless Killydawlke, while she supplicated that the most strenuous measures might be resorted to by the Irish chief for the pursuit of the villain, and the administration of martial justice on his head should he be discovered and taken.

The exasperated Tyrone, who needed not this spur to his indignation, endeavoured by soothing language to appease the anguish of Donavan, after which, repairing to his quarters he instantly summoned a council of officers, to whom he gave a full detail of the circumstances as communicated by Mabel, after which he produced the answers received from the English commander, and then desired to know their decision in this flagrant case. The assembly unanimously exclaimed that Killydawlke had forfeited every claim to life, and that could he be found, death should instantly be his portion. With respect to his associates in villainy, they were judged deserving no further lenity, and ordered to be forthwith separately examined, when, if they persisted in withholding the truth, the next hour was to consign them to an ignominious fate.

In consequence of this decision the command was issued, when one of the miscreants being escorted

from his confinement, was soon placed before Tyrone and his council, who endeavoured but without effect, to extort from his hardened soul the desired confession. In vain were the proofs made known to this abettor of cruelty, he boldly affirmed that the English general being an heretic, would not scruple at falsehood, and that consequently his communications were deceptive, and forwarded with the intention of deluding his chief. Persisting in that affirmation, the rebel was at length commanded back to confinement, while his colleague in infamy soon after took his place before the tribunal of the general and his commanders.

After proceeding for a time in the same course of examinations, which were replied to with a similar degree of obduracy by this second miscreant, Tyrone at length began to develope the information he had gained from the English commander, when the contumacy of the prisoner became less determined, and conceiving it therefore absolutely impossible to escape detection, he craved pardon of his judges, and proceeded to make the following confession:—"After quitting the camp with our leader Bertrand Killydawlke, we repaired without molestation to the cottage of his mother, which had long been a place of rendezvous for our party. There we found the young female, who had been kept a prisoner for a length of time at our captain's instigation, whose intentions were first to make her abjure her heresy, and then unite himself to her. Neither of those purposes however had he been able to effect, as she continued faithful to her

protestant belief, and not only abhorred our captain, in consequence of the love she entertained for another, but also from the effects of his harsh persecution in conjunction with that of his mother, who during the absence of Bertrand had never failed to supply his place by inventing measures the most painful to the captive's feelings."

At this part of the criminal's recital, Tyrone made some enquiries respecting the family of the persecuted innocent, as well as that of her lover, together with the means whereby she had fallen into the hands of Bertrand Killydawlke, but to all such questionings the delinquent pleaded total ignorance, stating that his task had only been to obey the orders of his captain, in default of which he knew the fate that must await him. Being commanded to proceed with his narrative, he thus resumed the thread of the story.

"No sooner had Killydawlke entered the habitation than he commanded my comrade and myself to conduct the female into his presence, whom he taunted with language the most cruel, stating that every plan for her emancipation was frustrated, that she must henceforward regard him as the sole arbiter of her fortune, and since her soul was deaf to the calls of salvation, and her honour not to be swayed by the offers of a union which the priest would sanction, she must be content to act his pleasure as his mistress and the slave of his will ; that no human power should urge him to relinquish her to that detested woman, who had taunted him with the most degrading words, and by her conduct set all his commands at defiance.

Bertrand then commanding Anna to prepare for immediately accompanying him in his flight, held a secret converse with his mother, who in consequence delivered up to him such gold as he had plundered from our enemies, also preparing to attend his fortunes, while our chief bequeathed to us such articles as were left in the cottage for the services we had repeatedly rendered him. At the same time he left us to frame such excuses as we conceived most feasible on our return to the camp unaccompanied by himself and the female, who was committed to his charge by Mabel Donavan, or if we thought it more expedient to desert the cause altogether, that was a contemplation left entirely at our own discretion. Having concluded these arrangements, Killydawlke placing the almost inanimate female on one palfrey, speedily vaulted the saddle of his own charger, and bidding us farewell disappeared, while, upon a third horse followed his mother, who seemed but ill satisfied with those proceedings of her determined offspring Bertrand Killydawlke. As there were three of us left in possession of the cottage and its contents, we next began to consider on the most equitable way of sharing the property, when it was agreed that the business should be adjusted over a flaggon of such liquor as the mansion afforded. We accordingly set to work, and for a time the partition went on amicably, but, unfortunately, one article was equally coveted by my two comrades, who, animated by liquor, became furious, while every effort on my part to settle the point in dispute proved unavailing. At length, having proposed a fresh supply of liquor, it

was agreed that they were to abide by the chance of the die, and in consequence I quitted the chamber to replenish the jug, but during my absence fresh words had arisen, and on re-entering the apartment I beheld my comrade O'Donnelly kneeling on the neck of his adversary, in whose heart he had at that instant plunged his dagger, thus sealing him the victim of his infuriate wrath. O'Donnelly soon quitted the body, when becoming somewhat calm, I demanded of him the plan most expedient to be adopted on the occasion, when, as we continued debating that point, Lucius O'Reilly the priest, who constantly performed mass at the cottage when our troop was there, suddenly entered the chamber. On beholding the dead body of our comrade, and the unexpected scene of confusion that met his eye, he demanded of us an immediate recital of every circumstance, which I proceeded to develope without disguise. The good father then instructed us in the tale we first delivered, by which the disappearance not only of our captain, Killydawlke, and the female who was the object of our journey to the cottage would be accounted for, but also the murder of my companion concealed. Our priest then harangued my comrade on the horrid crime he had committed, the stain of which he however charitably undertook to wipe away from his conscience, by giving him absolution, and taking as a price for the same all the effects contained in the cottage, which he intends shall be applied to defray the expense of masses to be said for the repose of the soul of my comrade who fell by the hand of O'Donnelly."

Thus ended the rebel's confession, when after a severe reprimand, he received pardon from the hands of his judges, who afterwards condemned O'Donnelly to be shot the following morning for having obdurately concealed the truth from his general, and not on account of the murder he had perpetrated, as the absolution of the priest O'Reilly had erased the act from the catalogue of those sins wherewith he might have stood charged at the throne of immutable justice.

It was with infinite sorrow Tyrone retailed to Mabel Donavan the succession of events that had occurred, from the relation of which she was assured of the failure of such a praise-worthy endeavour as had actuated her to enlist under the banner of charity. Ever awake to those emotions which had once taken root in her breast, Mabel renewed those persuasive arguments which had previously led Tyrone to adopt the measures that unravelled the villany of Bertrand Kilydawlke, to which the general replied with a kindred spirit, that threw a ray of hope on the sickening heart of the petitioner. Neither was he backward in proving by his actions the sincerity of those intentions, for on the ensuing morning parties were ordered out in every direction, while the delinquent who had saved his life by the desired confession, was appointed as a guide for the whole troop. On gaining the cottage in the forest, the band divided into several smaller bodies that branched off in every direction that presented itself; but vain the search, no clue whatever could be gained, and each reconnoitring party was compelled to relinquish the pursuit, and return spirit-

less to his expectant leader, having acquired no information that might tend to elucidate the route which Killydawlke had pursued. Neither was Tyrone content with such strenuous proofs of his wish to serve Donavan, as he had also recourse to a parley with the English general, of whom he entreated a free pass for such parties of soldiery as should be employed solely on that expedition. The demand was generously acceded to by the enemy, though to no purpose, for after many days spent in constant search, disappointment was the uniform result, as Killydawlke had effected an escape which bad defiance to the most unremitting assiduity set on foot to arrest his progress and procure the liberty of the unfortunate Anna Fitz-Allen.

CHAPTER XX.

The chieftain told his tale of early love,
And all those sorrows which will oft arise
To make life's draught of bitterness complete :
And as he spake she listened to his words,
And answer'd every pang he'd borne, with tear
That gush'd from pity's overflowing font.

Friendship, esteem, and gratitude were her's,
But more she could not to requite his love:
So talk'd of pity for another's woes,
And in the cause of mercy fled away,
To heal by absence that corrosive pain
Her presence had awakened in his breast.

W. H. I.

AFTER weeks spent in that useless pursuit, Donovan began to form plans in her mind which the fancied sufferings of Anna Fitz-Allen gave birth to, she

however kept such thoughts locked in her own bosom, awaiting the most favourable moment for the explanation of her intentions to the Irish chieftain, whose assiduities instead of diminishing from the lapse of time, grew more apparent, nor even failed to strike the mind of Donavan as indicating something beyond mere friendship and gratitude.

It had often occurred that Tyrone in plain array, would retire by night from the camp and not reappear until late the ensuing evening. Prior to such excursions, which Mabel conceived had some intimate connection with his political plans, he would often pass the preceding evening in company with Donavan, to whom he uniformly intimated his intention of not returning to the camp until the close of the following day.

The ruddy tinge of evening suffused the western sky, as Mabel, according to her wonted custom, was amusing herself with little Reginald at the entrance of her tent, the boy then approximating on the ninth year of his age. While thus occupied, notwithstanding the impulse of maternal pleasure, the thoughts of Donavan would unconsciously recur to the sufferings of Anna, and it was while absorbed in one of those ebullitions of grief that Tyrone imperceptibly stole on the pensive Mabel, whom he continued to regard with a fixed eye for some time unobserved.

On perceiving the chief, Donavan apologized for the apparent neglect she had displayed, when Tyrone taking her hand, in gentle accents requested that she would waive such ceremonious conduct towards him,

and leading her in silence, they entered the tent, while Reginald remained without to sport with the sentry who kept watch near its entrance.

No sooner were they seated than Donavan perceived from the accoutrements of the general that he was that evening equipped for one of his intended journeys, she however scrupulously avoided any mention of the subject, conceiving that in such case the displeasure of the chief might be incurred, who, after having eyed Mabel with a peculiar expression of tenderness that compelled her to avert the gaze, he thus bespoke her:

“The uniform tenor of my conduct towards you cannot have escaped the keenness of your penetration; I have watched you, Donavan, with a scrutiny that has sometimes flushed my cheek with the tinge of shame, from a consciousness of my pointed conduct towards you, yet let me with sincerity avow, that if my research has been penetrating, it has not the less redounded to your honour. I have learned every thing that could excite my admiration, and in no one instance have I been checked in those favourable conceptions with which you had been prejudged in my own mind.”

Mabel would have spoken in reply, but Tyrone gently pressing her hand, renewed his speech as follows:

“After such impressions, it is needless for me to assert that I conceive you to be in every respect worthy the confidence I am going to repose in you, and the termination of this interview must prove, that I

am actuated by no sentiment of flattery, and that whatsoever may be your decision on confiding my thoughts long concealed, you will at all events respect the feeling and forgive the man."

Tyrone paused, but as Mabel, from various suggestions that crowded on her mind, was incapable of answering such a flattering prelude, he thus resumed,

"This evening I intend absenting myself from my followers, as I have previously done on several occasions, which I have made known to you. As a prelude therefore to the sequel of what I have to advance, it is a duty incumbent on me to make you the depository of the secret that leads me thus from the camp. If you have conjectured that any circumstance connected with my post as general of the catholic cause commands such absence, you have only been the dupe of that supposition which every officer under me has long since fallaciously cherished. I know, Mabel, you will not doubt my firmness as a rigid papist; my rank, the confidence vested in me by all those connected with our belief, are sufficient indications of the faith I cherish: yet, Donavan, must I confess to thee that I once loved, and that my heart wore the fetters of a protestant. I became indeed the husband of the best of women, the lovely Ellen Seymour, of English birth, and of a noble race. Our union long remained concealed, until my wife giving birth to Kathlane Seymour, my beloved child, not only made the fatal secret known, but also tore her from my arms for ever. By dint of gold her attendants were bribed to my interest, and I was therefore

the witness of her dying struggles; she gave into these arms the little pledge of our untimely union, and with her latest breath, in solemn accents, made me swear that I would never strive to change her infant's faith, but let her, should she survive, be reared in those very tenets in which her mother had lived and died. I made the vow, I swore the solemn oath, and, as if waiting only that confirmation of her darling wish, my Ellen, resigned and smiling in the cold embrace of death, sunk on my breast to rise no more."

Tyrone paused a few seconds, the big tear stood in his manly eye, which with his hand he chased away, and then continued thus his tale:

"Aware of the vengeance that must pursue me from her incensed parent's power, and knowing full well that Josceline Seymour, her proud brother, would hunt me to desperation, and urge me, perhaps, in a moment of rage to shed his blood, I determined to escape, if possible, so abhorred a crime, and with my little infant fled with precipitancy to the county of Northumberland in disguise. After a weary pilgrimage, having arrived in safety on my native shores of Erin, whither I was followed by the female to whose charge I had committed my unfortunate babe, she safely delivered into my longing arms the little object of my fond affection. From that attendant I was given to understand, that soon after my departure the whole of my history was unravelled, and that bitterest vengeance had been vowed against me, for the fulfilment of which my Ellen's father, and

brother Josceline, had strove to trace my route, and by the most liberal rewards endeavoured to secure my person. The parents of my wife being as determined adherents to the protestant faith as my progenitors had proved in the catholic belief, that circumstance alone had impeded the avowal of our mutual attachment, and the giving publicity to our unfortunate union. Happy was it for myself that my father resigned his breath during my continuance as a student in England, or I should for that act have doubtless been expelled his sight and forgiveness for ever. My mother while she lived, being by nature more tender, although reprehending my conduct, nevertheless forgave me, and under her protection I left my offspring, fully convinced that to remain near my paternal lands must seal me for destruction. Confiding, therefore, to my mother alone the place of my secretion, I absented myself. Nor did my judgment prove fallacious, being soon given to understand that Josceline, finding all research in England vain, had followed me to the mansion of my progenitors, when having vainly endeavoured to unravel the mystery as regarded the spot of my secretion, and traversed the land of Erin, Josceline Seymour was compelled to relinquish the pursuit, and return in sullen discontent to join his equally enraged father.

“It was then I quitted my retirement, not only from a conviction that the search after me had ceased, but in consequence of a more melancholy assurance that my presence was required, to pay the last sad offices of filial duty to a dying mother. On receiving

that intimation, I hastened to the dwelling of my fathers, and speedily followed my parents manes to the grave. When the ebullition of sorrow had in some measure subsided, my first care was respecting the poor infant, who, at my request, had received at the baptismal font the name of Kathlane, having placed her under the care of a protestant nurse, bound as I was by my solemn oath, to act as my deceased Ellen had required. I then took shipping for the continent, where I served during a campaign in the Low Countries, and became closely connected with the heads of the catholic faction abroad, and being further urged by their stimulating arguments, I embarked my life and fortune in the cause of catholicism. After a lapse of three years I returned to my native land, bearing expresses to the Jesuits of the most important nature, and from that moment determined on my plan of operations. Finding my measures uniformly sanctioned by the priesthood, I speedily set about forming a party, which so rapidly increased, that at the expiration of eighteen months, I was enabled to appear at the head of a formidable army which has since that epoch been rapidly increasing, to the no small discomfiture of England's ministry, which has in vain sent forces to check my progress, or awe me into submission.

“ No sooner was it known in Northumberland that I had taken so active and prominent a part in the cause of our religion, than the former animosity of Josceline Seymour was revived. Sanctioned by his father, he purposely procured a command in the

English army despatched to subdue me, and on the meeting of our forces, while we continued encamped, I received from the brother of my Ellen the most taunting letter of defiance. Therein I was complimented with the titles of rebel, murderer, and the underminer of the peace of families; while the communication ended with a direct challenge, or in case of refusal, that the writer on the first encounter would hunt me out through every rank, and by searching with his sword a passage to my heart, thus avenge the honour of his sister, and the disgrace heaped upon his family.

“ On receipt of that document I had nearly suffered myself to be hurried away by excess of wounded pride, when the remembrance of my Ellen came fresh to my mind, and the next moment presented to my fancy the lifeless form of her brother, whose death had been inflicted by my hand. The fancied picture was productive of the most salutary effect, for burying all animosity in oblivion, I wrote to Josceline an answer becoming a brother and a christian. Vain however were my efforts, he spurned the proffered hand of amity, and during an encounter which shortly after took place, while madly rushing to the quarter where I was then engaged, Josceline fell by some unknown hand, the willing victim of his own temerity. That melancholy catastrophe occurred, notwithstanding the most positive command had been issued by myself, previous to the battle, that his person might be captured, when the soldier rendering such service should meet with promotion and reward, as a recom-

pence for his obedience to my will and pleasure. As I that day remained victor of the field, it was, while burying the dead, that Josceline's remains were found, over which having dropped the fraternal tear, I had the corse conveyed to the English out-posts, that it might duly receive the protestant form of burial.

“ From that epoch my days, and even nights, have frequently been spent to forward the cause I have espoused, and except in those instances, when I have for a few hours sought the prattling converse of my Kathlane, I have never swerved from my duty as a christian soldier. To you, Mabel, I need not say, how greatly prejudice would militate against me in the minds of my followers, were they possessed of the knowledge that Tyrone had been the husband of a protestant, and that the fruit of that union, with his concurrence, was rearing in the belief of heretics.

“ By the eleventh chime this night do I hope to press my Kathlane to my heart, who will at that eventful hour have completed the eighth year of her age. Such, Donavan, is the outline of my history to the present period, and such the impulse that so frequently impels me from the tumultuous scene of action in a camp, to taste the thrilling emotions of a father. There do I caress the only being that is left to represent me, and drop the tear of feeling to my memory when all the world beside shall have forgotten that Tyrone ever occupied a place among the living.”

Mabel having sympathised with the chief on the

untimely loss of his Ellen, and the rash exit of her brother, proceeded to express her veneration for the feelings of Tyrone, as a true christian. She more particularly applauded his firmness as a soldier of the cross, combating for the cause of salvation and his native country. Having expressed the warmth of her emotions, to which the chief made little reply, he once more addressed Mabel, who waited in silent expectation the sequel of his detail.

“ Having been thus explicit in recapitulating the leading events which have marked my career through life, I now, Mabel, must come to that point in which you are the principal object concerned, and whatever may be your decision, I shall be ruled by that implicitly, as I feel assured you would despise those prudish notions by which the generality of females are prompted to act in opposition to the impulses of nature and of truth.

“ You must be well aware, Donavan, that, exposed as I am to the hostile steel of my inveterate foes, and open to the attacks of treachery, for which there is a sufficient incentive by the reward of one thousand marks, publicly offered for my person either alive or dead, I hold my existence on a very precarious tenure. That thought would be to myself a matter of no consideration, were it not that I proudly have to boast the conviction of my welfare being in some degree instrumental to the prosperity of the catholic cause. There is, however, an additional plea for my feeling anxious for life, which centers in my Kathlane, who once bereft of fatherly protection, would be deprived

of her only remaining friend, for although I have secured and vested for her use sufficient wealth to ensure her comforts through existence, yet gold, however valuable it may be esteemed, has not sufficient power to school a mind in the track of virtue, truth, and honour. In you, Donavan, I candidly confess, I behold the being who is, in my opinion, competent to fill the sacred office, and at the same time, I vow, that since my Ellen's death, you have alone had power to rivet my affection. I feel desirous of connecting my fate with your's, that I may thus not only ensure a mother to my child, but also feel the further conviction that I am connected with an heroic spirit, animated by my principles, and worthy to become the partner of my fortunes. You will at least confess, that I can be governed by no other sentiment than affection, when even here I proffer you the terms of honour which shall give you a just and legal right to the heart, the name, and everlasting confidence of Tyrone, whose proudest wish is to be hailed as the husband of Mabel Donavan."

Tyrone paused, and preserving the most impressive silence, awaited the answer of Mabel, who, after a short struggle, thus delivered her sentiments to the attentive and anxious chief.

"If words were adequate to convey the real emotions with which I feel inspired, I should not only express my admiration of your ingenuous conduct, but return, as I ought to do, my acknowledgments for the high opinion you entertain respecting me. My heart-felt thanks are yours for the confi-

dence reposed in me, and my warmest acknowledgments are proffered for the honourable proposal you have made me of your name, your heart, and confidence. Those sentiments I cannot duly express by words, they are registered in my mind, and from thence can never be obliterated, and as such candour demands a reciprocity of conduct, I must, however painful to my feelings, decline the proffered honour. Know, Tyrone, when Moor O'Mara left these arms, I swore they never should enfold another; could you but be sensible of the pang I feel at this confession, it would, I am sure, alleviate in your generous breast a portion of that disappointment which it is doomed to make you suffer. My reverence, my friendship, my everlasting esteem, my gratitude, nay, life itself, shall be Tyrone's; more is impossible. You judged me aright, I scorn to be the subject of the world's dear idol, and wear a vizard on my real thoughts; I have been candid, and you must know, that when my vow is passed, the fiat is irrevocable."

Donavan would have proceeded, but her voice faltered, while the noble Tyrone, whose mental struggles were legibly written on his brow, spake not a word in furtherance of his suit, knowing full well the being by whom his mind had become enslaved. That heroic chieftain therefore scorned to use any ineffectual arguments, in order to make Mabel forfeit the opinion which she entertained respecting him. After a struggle of some minutes he at length approached her, and forcing to his aid a smile of complacency, respectfully took her hand,

and in a tone of voice as calm as he could assume, bespoke her thus:

"Donavan, as friends we henceforth meet, whose sentiments no worldly ills can prompt us to contaminate."

Mabel with firmness replied,

"Yes, Tyrone, as friends, who own no bond but truth, no termination of their mutual faith but in the grave."

The chief dropping the hand of Donavan, moved towards the opening of the tent, and as he retired with a faint smile exclaimed,

"Farewell, *my friend*, to-morrow evening I shall see thee, and this night for thy sake will I give my Kathlane one kiss the more. Adieu!"

Mabel, affected by the late scene, sought with Reginald her couch at an early hour, but so perturbed were her spirits that morning broke in grey tints o'er the eastern horizon before sleep's salutary spell, by its soothing influence, led her to forget for awhile the thoughts that had oppressed her.

During a few succeeding days Tyrone was the attendant on Mabel as usual, and though he never departed in word or action from that line of conduct which mere friendship should dictate, it was nevertheless apparent that a depression hung over his spirits, notwithstanding his manly struggles to suppress it. Fully conscious of the change, Donavan hailed the present juncture as best adapted for putting into effect her intentions respecting the unfortunate Anna, as she dreaded lest the melancholy of Tyrone,

nurtured by her long continuance in the camp, might imperceptibly wean him from his duty as a general, and chief supporter of every catholic's hope.

Fully resolved on pursuing her darling purpose, Donavan at her next interview with the chief renewed her conversation on the subject of Anna Fitz-Allen's unknown fate. Having by her cautious delivery aroused the generous sentiments of Tyrone, she instantly expressed her long cherished wish of going in pursuit of that unfortunate creature, if the general would grant an escort of a few troops as guardians of her safety. Tyrone, not only surprised at such an extraordinary proposition, but feeling that in the loss of Donavan's society he should be bereft of the chief solace of his melancholy hours, strongly combated her resolution, by stating the lapse of time which had transpired, the distance to which Killydawlke might have transported Anna, and the great uncertainty there was of discovering the smallest clue whereby there might be a possibility of tracing their route. In vain however were such oppositions raised, Mabel boldly ventured to affirm that she had unceasingly felt a secret inspiration which gave her the assurance of success, and being indefatigable in her applications, Tyrone was at length under the painful necessity of according with her wishes. The acquiescence however was obtained under one proviso, namely, that Donavan, during her absence, should confide her son Reginald to the guidance and instruction of Tyrone, an agreement which Mabel joyfully acceded to, as the first wish of her heart was that the boy

might become inured to feats of arms, and the rough fare of a camp. Added to that, the manly virtues which she felt assured would be instilled by Tyrone into his youthful breast, presented the most lively picture to her imagination of his future fame and honourable endeavours in the maintenance of the catholic faith.

On the morning appointed, a chosen escort, consisting of twelve hardy and long-trying followers of Tyrone, was ready to attend Mabel, while on the preceding night she had received an ample sum of money from the chest of the generous chief for the supply of every want.

All the necessary arrangements being thus completed, Donavan witnessed in her tent the parting visit of the chieftain, who having most solemnly pledged himself to act upon the strict principles of unalterable friendship, received from the arms of Mabel, as a pledge of her implicit confidence in his faith, the person of her son Reginald. Tyrone then swore to protect the boy with the same parental care he exerted towards his loved Kathlane; after which, quitting the tent, Donavan was soon seated by the assistance of Tyrone on the horse prepared for her conveyance. The chief having delivered the most pointed orders to her escort, Mabel once more kissed the little Reginald, and then delivering him into the arms of Tyrone ordered the guards to advance in the direction of the forest. The troop immediately obeyed her dictate, when waving her hand to the chief in token of farewell, she speedily disappeared, leaving the

noble mind of her benefactor absorbed in melancholy, from which he was only awakened by the caresses of Reginald, who, long accustomed to the general's kindness, felt but a transient sorrow on witnessing the departure of his heroic parent Mabel Donovan.

CHAPTER XXI.

Her tale shall speak of early budding griefs
In blooming youth, and purest innocence:
Of love, the offspring of the tend'rest flame
That e'er was nurtured in a maiden's breast,
By fate extinguish'd in incertitude:
Of villany that toil'd, nor toil'd in vain,
To reap the harvest of its treachery:
Of parent butcher'd by the lawless hand
Of treason dire, and most accursed rebellion:
Yes, though her griefs be told in words but few,
Yet shall they waken sensibility,
And from commiseration's heavenly eye
The liquid gems of sorrow steal.—For who,
Unmoved, can see the lamb defenceless bleed,
And not abhor the wretch that acts the deed?

W. H. I.

FULLY inspired with the hope of yielding assistance to the object which gave energy to Donovan's feelings, she smothered in her bosom those maternal emotions which would otherwise have engrossed her mind on account of her child. Still was the noble

sentiment of gratitude awake in her breast, nor could she recur to the recollection of Tyrone's conduct without experiencing that thrill of sensibility which is ever awake in the bosom of virtue and true magnanimity. Actuated by such thoughts, Mabel followed her escort, until the foliage of the forest, obscuring the full lustre of the noon-tide sun, cast around a cool and refreshing umbrage.

Ere the second hour of evening, Donavan's conductors, who were well acquainted with the cottage in the forest, thither led the object of their care, who had previously made known her desire to that effect. On alighting from her horse and entering the habitation, she soon discerned the havock which had taken place; every chamber was despoiled of its furniture, and the bare shattered walls presented one scene of misery and desolation.

Mabel, with pensive step, traversed every room which the building contained, while her noble soul shrunk within her as she again bent her eyes on the iron ring affixed in the wall, whereto the tender frame of Anna had been bound for the purpose of immolation, when her providential interference had snatched her from the barbarian's grasp. This invigorating idea was however of short duration, as Donavan's fancy led her to picture the miseries she might subsequently have encountered, and the indelible stain whereto her virtue might have been subjected from the lawless fury of unbridled lust. That simple conjecture was sufficient, and the soul of Mabel sickened with horror at the dreadful image of her own creative imagination.

On quitting the chamber which had witnessed the scene on Donavan's former detention at the cottage, she descended the ladder conducting to its entrance, when the portal of the miserable cell whereto Anna Fitz-Allen had been consigned, met her regard. Swayed by the impulse of curiosity, she drew back the bolts, and pushing open the strong portal, descended by two steps into the den of incarceration, where the wretched child of affliction had no doubt spent so many hours of unavailing anguish. Having so recently quitted the jocund gleam of day, Mabel at first conjectured, from the surrounding darkness, that every aperture for the cheering light had been carefully blocked up; in that supposition she was, however, in some measure mistaken, as upon closer inspection, after becoming familiarized to the gloom, she perceived a small narrow casement, crossed by a bar of iron, from whence a dim ray of light streamed, that partially illumined the spot beneath. As the observant Mabel continued to regard the aperture, something, agitated by the breeze, caught her attention, which, upon a nearer approach, proved to be a strip of velvet attached to the bar, while to the opposite end was suspended a roll of papers, that Donavan instantly detached, and quitting the cell proceeded to examine the contents, when they proved to be a manuscript, written with a pencil in the Irish tongue; the superscription, being rendered into English, running as follows :

“ Sighs from the bosom of the heart-broken Anna to the mind of sensibility that may perchance ponder

o'er her little story, and the miseries unjustly heaped upon her."

"It is Fitz-Allen's tale," mentally exclaimed the pensive Donavan as she placed the papers within her bosom.—"Yes, unfortunate and luckless maiden, the story of thy unmerited affliction hath indeed fallen into the hands of one who has a soul awake to the tenderest thrill of sympathy; a mind resolved to trace thee out, and hurl destruction on thy fiend-like persecutor."

With a hasty step Mabel then issued from the forlorn habitation, and ordering her followers to horse, speedily set forward on the adventurous journey, anxious for that retirement and leisure which would enable her to peruse the contents of the paper that had so providentially fallen into her possession.

During the remainder of the day Donavan halted at every habitation that presented itself, and made the most minute enquiries respecting the objects of her search, but to no effect, as from the lapse of time which had transpired, not an individual could recollect the features of any particular persons that might have journeyed that road.

At the close of the day, Mabel having arrived at a proper place of halt, determined on proceeding no further, and alighting, entered the habitation which she fixed upon to continue that night. After giving the necessary orders respecting the accommodation needful for her escort, she partook of an early repast, when securing the door of her chamber, she trimmed the lamp, and eagerly unfolding the manuscript perused the following tale:—

STORY OF
ANNA FITZ-ALLEN.

“ Dreary are the hours of imprisonment, and yet less painful when the taint of guilt does not justify the condemnation, and such, be praised my Maker, is the solace of the poor unoffending Anna.—Sad is the solitude of this lone dungeon, and yet less galling than the air of liberty, when tasted by the soul oppressed with crimes, may freedom, purchased at such a price, be never restored to the unhappy Anna.

“ The fertile plains of Kilkenny, from times remote, nourished the sons of Fitz-Allen, until my beloved father, Cathmore, became chief of the towers of his forefathers. Nurtured by the fond assiduity of the tenderest of mothers, I was blessed with her smiles until my thirteenth year beheld her consigned to the marble sepulchre of the ancestors of Fitz-Allen, while Cathmore and myself, his only child, were left to pay the tribute of our loves in lamentations and heart felt anguish.

“ By the castle of my sire dwelt Patrick Killydawlke, whose vicious son had numbered out his twentieth year, I had only completed the thirteenth summer of my life. From a ferocious progeny he sprang, and by his black and lawless deeds has he maintained the reputation of his ancestry.

“ Patrick long sought to acquire my father’s confi-

dence and friendship, but strove in vain, wherefore all his efforts terminated in procuring only the distant notice of Cathmore Fitz-Allen. He, incapable of the machinations of a gloomy spirit, dreamed not of the complicated villany that was intended by one so much his inferior both in rank and fortune, and above all, enlightened manners and gentleness of soul.

“ Bertrand Killydawlke arrived at man’s estate, and in every respect calculated to profit by the instructions of his malignant sire, soon imbibed an implacable hatred against my virtuous father. Still he however thirsted to obtain possession of the lands of Fitz-Allen, which he ascertained from his designing mother might be accomplished by his union with Cathmore’s child:—myself the purposed victim.

Envy however, originating in birth and fortune, was not the sole instigation of the inveteracy of the Killydawlkes. Our religious tenets were grounded in protestantism, whereas they pertinaciously adhered to the most rigid doctrines of the catholic church, the dreadful effects of which I have but too much cause to inveigh against, with all the bitterness of a persecuted spirit.

The real sentiments which Bertrand and his parents cherished towards my father and myself on the subject of our persuasion, became, notwithstanding, subservient to the claims of interest, and upon every occasion the most marked attention was displayed towards me by the designing Bertrand. But not only was his person repulsive to my heart, but rendered even more odious by the vicious principles that had

characterized his ripening years, which proved so precisely in unison with the conduct of that of his progenitors.

“ While such was the purposed scheme of the Killydawlkes, an event occurred fatal to my peace, which proved the goading spur to the vengeance and implacable hatred of the dark-minded Bertrand, who from that juncture determined on the downfall of my father, and the ruin of his unfortunate offspring.

“ As when the brilliant luminary of day, dispelling the sombre shades of night, presents its glittering orb to the ravished sight, even so appeared to my entranced eyes the fascinating form of the virtuous and noble Conrad Percy. Being then on his return to England, and understanding that my father was of the protestant religion, he made our castle his place of halt, where my delighted parent, with open arms, gave him a friendly welcome. Ah ! little did he imagine, that in presenting Percy to my view, he sealed for ever the fate of his affectionate Anna.

“ Day succeeded day, and still my Conrad procrastinated his departure, he was unceasing in his assiduities, tender in his manners, and impassioned in his expressions to me, and soon, too soon, our hearts became a prey to the most pure and generous flame, which required only a parent’s sanction, and the nuptial bond to render indissoluble.

“ Percy, with the frankness which characterized his generous nature, avowed to my parent the real state of his feelings, who thus urged me to make a similar confession. Consulting only the welfare and happi-

ness of his Anna, he ratified our loves with the most fervent blessing, and in consequence, Conrad prepared to depart for England, in order to make known to his mother the alliance he had determined on forming, and put into effect such arrangements as he deemed requisite. Those being adjusted, he was to return to Ireland, when the solemnization of our union was to seal my happiness and that of my well-beloved.

“As no secrecy was deemed requisite on that occasion, the purposed espousals quickly gained the ears of the watchful Killydawlke, who finding that his intended schemes were on the point of being frustrated, had recourse to the most diabolical plan in order to circumvent the completion of our happiness, and compass the ruin of the ancient house of Fitz-Allen.

“The fatal morning arrived, and Conrad Percy, straining my agonized frame to his panting bosom, bade me farewell. Oh! heavy word, still, still it vibrates on my heart, since never from that hour have these eyes been blessed with the form of Conrad, never have these ears been gratified with the enchanting music of his love-breathing voice. —He is lost.—Yes, Percy is lost to me for ever.

“The season arrived which should have brought me news of my soul’s dear idol, but, alas! cheerless rolled on the hours, I heard no tidings, and long did dreary silence mock the sickening anguish of my soul. In vain my parent strove to lull my sorrows, by conjuring up excuse upon excuse to tranquillize my spirit, even his own anxiety became at length too

apparent, and sighs proved the only tokens of his grief, which acted as responses to my groans and tears. The dreadful truth was at length unfolded by the arrival of a messenger express from the mother of my Conrad, who almost heart-broken, had long expected the return of her much loved son. Disappointment however repaid her anxious hopes, for since her receipt of a packet from Conrad, detailing his passion and intended union, as well as notifying the period when she might expect his return, no tidings whatsoever had reached England concerning him. Nor did the fond mother ever more behold her Conrad, for on the return of the messenger, with a detail of Percy's previous departure, and the distressing state of our minds, the wretched parent yielded herself a prey to excess of anguish, and soon became numbered with the peaceful in the regions of the grave.

“ Shortly after that period commenced the persecution of those who professed the protestant tenets, by the upholders of bigotry and superstition, who reared on every side the fiery brand of extermination. One of the first victims of their sanguinary furor was my virtuous parent, who, by the secret machinations of Bertrand, and his father, then active soldiers in the bloody cause, was dragged from the castle of his ancestors, and after a mock trial before an infernal crew, condemned as an heretic, when he suffered with constancy the execution that awaited him.

“ It was previous to the dreadful blow, that the insidious Bertrand Killydawlke assumed the specious

guise of becoming an advocate for the safety of my parent, and protector of myself, who thereby strove to impress me with favourable opinions of his humanity. Though the flimsy art did not really deceive me, I nevertheless, for the safety of my suffering father, had equally recourse to deception, and would freely have sacrificed myself to rescue the life of a parent, but heaven ordained it otherwise, the selfish interposition of Killydawlke in favour of Fitz-Allen proved inefficient, and thus died the author of my existence, a sacrifice to those men, who have stained the cross of the Redeemer of mankind with the blood of his innocent and true followers.

“Peace be to the manes of the best of fathers, the daughter of Fitz-Allen will never forget to shed the tributary tear at thy shrine, nor shall her conduct till she meets thee in a better world ever vex thy sainted spirit. Perhaps even now thou smilest on thy Anna, perhaps too the angel form of Conrad hovers over me, sanctioned by my parent’s blessing.—I shall join thee, revered saint—object beloved, our union will be sanctioned in happier regions—it is but a little suffering here, and Anna shall join the spirits of those she adored on earth, and mingle with the beatified in heaven.—Hold, hold, I wander from the point, a few short sentences and then shall close the little tale of Anna’s sufferings.

“Fitz-Allen’s murder left me the freedom of displaying my real sentiments to the enraged Bertrand Killydawlke, who upon the assembling of Tyrone’s forces, joined with his father the rebel host, and con-

ducted me a captive to his lonely habitation, the resort of his sanguinary followers. Here have I pined in grief the hours of day, and shed by night the flood of mental anguish, at the retrospection of former scenes, which promised to my hopes one smiling prospect of unclouded bliss.

“ Ere long fell in the field of battle the sire of Bertrand Killydawlke, (may heaven forgive me for the thought,) but when his doom was sealed, in the bitterness of my heart, I arraigned the justice of Omniscience, in not consigning to the grave the son instead of the father. In such case methought the misery of solitude and captivity might have terminated as well as the unceasing protestations of love which I am doomed to hear reiterated from the object of my horror and disgust, added to which torments, the persecutions of his unfeeling mother, on the score of religion, are daily renewed with direful threats, and although I condemn them with disdain, they nevertheless make me shudder from the vindictive and sanguinary spirit with which they brand the father of mercy and everlasting peace.

“ Stranger, who ere thou art that mayest peruse this sad memorial, perhaps when I am numbered with the long forgotten in the tomb, think in how short a space the fell pressure of woe has blighted all the prospects of my youth, and ere my nineteenth year is yet complete, left me nought to hope for living but despair, and nothing to wish for but the peaceful grave.”

Poor suffering Anna, mentally exclaimed the pen-

sive Donavan, as the big drops flowed from her eyes and coursed each other down her noble visage—thou hast indeed drank deeply from affliction's cup of bitterness and sorrow—A lover lost, a father murdered, and thyself the victim of a sanguinary monster. Strange is the will of fate, unsearchable the ordinances of the Almighty. Mabel paused for a few seconds, and then exclaimed aloud :—

“ I will not venture to surmise, lest I should be prompted to transgress in thought ; my consolation is in prayer, and I will offer to the mother of my God a supplication for Fitz-Allen's offspring, a prayer for the success of my endeavours to preserve her still for life, and if it be possible, terrestrial felicity.

CHAPTER XXII.

Quite unappalled her spirit still pursued
Undauntedly its pilgrimage—And now
She hopeless seems to droop, and now revives,
Determined to attain the wonted goal,
Or fall the victim of the cause she loves.
Now gay success its pinions seem to spread,
And quite illumines hope's brightest hemisphere;
Again the gaudy phantom sudden flies,
And fell incertitude's dark clouds arise;
Still she pursues, nor deigns to yield her breath,
Till poised in air she views the shaft of death;
E'en then unshaken waits th' expected blow,
Assured that bliss attends good deeds below.

W. H. I.

DURING two successive days Mabel Donavan continued on her journey without obtaining the smallest information that led to develop the point she was so anxious to substantiate, namely, the route pursued by Bertrand Killydawlke. Finding herself at length sufficiently removed from the scene of action between the contending armies in the cause of religion, Mabel conceived so large an escort not only unnecessary, but in many respects burthensome to her, and having therefore selected two of her followers, she dismissed the rest after liberally rewarding their assiduity, when they in consequence retraced their steps to the encampment of Tyrone. By those troopers Mabel remitted a letter expressive of her grateful

sentiments, and wafting to her little Reginald the fond kiss of maternal affection, while she also briefly gave a narrative of the discovery she had made at the cottage, enclosing the manuscript of the unfortunate Fitz-Allen.

If any spur had been necessary to excite the feelings of Donavan in respect to Anna, the narrative of her miseries was in every respect adapted to keep alive that spirit of indignation against the traitor Killydawlke, which had uniformly pervaded her bosom, as well as to encrease those emotions of pity with which she had felt herself so forcibly actuated in the cause of suffering youth and innocence.

Mabel, a prey to such sentiments that alternately swayed her soul, proceeded in the search with additional alacrity and unabating perseverance, but still without effect, as a secrecy attended the route of the villain which bade defiance to all her endeavours; wherefore she at length sometimes yielded her mind a prey to that despondency attendant on a struggle that presents to the view nothing but one hopeless blank—the cheerless prospect of despair and silent melancholy.

It was while absorbed in one of those mental reveries, that Donavan was suddenly led to consider that Bertrand Killydawlke might have quitted Ireland in order to secrete himself on the Welch or English coasts, in which case it equally recurred to her that by enquiring of the seamen on the Irish shore she might be enabled to verify such fact, a circumstance that might prove of the greatest consequence in

effecting the wished-for discovery. Fully impressed with the idea, Mabel without further delay proceeded first to Wexford, from whence she continued along the coast, making careful research at every little town or village that was capable of sending a vessel to the coast of Wales, and so continued the enquiry until her arrival at Wicklow. Hearing no satisfactory intelligence, Mabel soon recommenced her tedious journey until she gained Shanganah, where, having adopted the usual steps, her praise-worthy and indefatigable endeavours were at length crowned with success. On referring to the period of the flight of Killydawlke, and after fully describing the persons of himself, his mother, and Anna Fitz-Allen, they were soon recollected by one of the mariners who had been employed in escorting them to the ferry of Abermenay near the town of Caernarvon. What tended still more to elucidate the plan of operation beyond the possibility of a doubt, was the sailor's minute description of the visible anguish that preyed on the feelings of Anna, whom he described as having been constantly absorbed in tears notwithstanding the persuasive entreaties, and language of reproof, which were at intervals expressed by her conductors, in order to calm the perturbation of her soul.

Mabel, after internally offering up a prayer to the Virgin, for such an unexpected discovery, ordered a bark to be in readiness as soon as the tide would permit and the wind prove propitious, when after a continuance of some hours at the village, the word was given, and Donovan, with her two followers having

embarked, the little fishing smack was speedily under weigh, and aided by a brisk gale, made rapidly towards the shores of Wales. As the dusky hue of evening threw its embrowning mantle over the watery deep, the last grey tinge that skirted the horizon presented to Mabel the fading shores of Erin, where she had left her Reginald; the recollection of her boy, in conjunction with the stillness of the scene, gave to her mind that tone of thoughtful melancholy, which she had never before experienced since the commencement of her journey.

“ I have again abandoned my country, and with it the only memorial of my departed O’Mara,” thought Donavan internally; “ what pains did I endure once more to greet it, and now with equal alacrity have I fled its soil. How heavy are my thoughts,” said Mabel with a deep fetched sigh, “ a something seems to whisper to my soul, that I shall never view that almost faded land again; how bitter is the contemplation to my throbbing heart.” Again a languor pervaded the breast of Donavan, while a virtuous train of reflections struggled to dispel the melancholy of her bosom, by picturing to her mind’s eye the generous philanthropy which had actuated her to smother all selfish views for the preservation of another. As those consoling ideas acquired ascendancy in her breast, the acuteness of her anguish gradually subsided, and she repaired with a tranquillized bosom to her pallet in the cabin below, where rocked on the surface of the deep, she was soon lulled to gentle repose.

After two successive nights and days, the third evening presented to Mabel's view the rising shores of Wales, that skirted with dark ethereous blue the wide extended circle of the horizon. At the sight all retrospect of former scenes vanished from the liberal mind of Donavan, who then contemplated only the gratification resulting to her breast, if she should be able to fulfil her duty, by performing the promise made to Anna, when at the cottage in the forest, to whom her last words had been, "*that she would prove to her the harbinger of peace.*"

By the return of night the vessel made the shore, and landed in safety at Abermenay, the resolute Donavan and her two attendants. After counting out the promised fee to the mariners, she hired horses for the conveyance of herself and followers and soon entered the gates of Caernarvon in safety.

The ensuing morning with some difficulty Donavan was enabled to learn that the villain Killydawlke had pursued his route in the direction of Harlech Castle, to which embattled fortress she repaired, and at the village which skirted the walls and turrets of that strong edifice again renewed her usual enquiry. She was then given to understand that the fugitives had remained in that remote village for a few days and then set forward for the lake of Bala, whither Mabel pursued their course, which had been obviously changed from the first intention of the renegade; as he had thence continued directly to the left till his arrival at the city of Chester. There it was with infinite difficulty Donavan procured the smallest

intelligence as the size of the place rendered it almost impossible for her to ascertain the particular house of resort for travellers at which he had taken up his residence. As the determined zeal however of Mabel was not easily to be daunted, she at length overcame that impediment by discovering the very inn, which was stationed in an obscure part of the suburbs of the city, and in addition to such intelligence was also given to understand that the delay of the travellers some days previous to their arrival at Chester had originated in the extreme illness of the mother of Killydawlke. The advanced age of that iniquitous female had rendered her incapable of travelling with the expedition resorted to by her brutal son, who in spite of her vindictive and malevolent cruelty to Anna, was nevertheless the mother of her persecutor, who ought therefore to have cherished the yearnings of filial affection.

Having passed the confines of Cheshire, Donavan, uniformly continued to trace the route of Killydawlke through the county of Lancashire, until her arrival at Hornby, where she was informed that another halt of some days had taken place. It appeared that the delay in question had originated in the dangerous sickness of the mother of Bertrand, added to which Anna Fitz-Allen, who was every where treated as the sister of the villain, had become a prey to the violent attacks of a raging fever which her youth had overcome; when although still in a state of great weakness, it was affirmed Killydawlke had compelled both herself and his emaciated parent to pursue the course he had planned.

From Hornby Donavan advanced, and passing the borders of Lancashire travelled through Westmoreland with all the expedition possible, still accompanied by her two faithful followers, who had in many instances given convincing proofs of their hardihood and firm determination to perform with honour the task imposed upon them by their noble chief. Mabel's pursuit continued successful, when having traversed a great part of Cumberland, she at length arrived at a village in the neighbourhood of Carlton, where the intelligence reached her of the death of Killydawlke's mother, who had become the sacrifice of her brutal son's unfeeling depravity, in having compelled her to proceed forward, although it was stated, that her dissolution must prove the consequence of such a measure.

The last sad obsequies were scarcely performed over the deceased, than it appeared Killydawlke had once more set forwards, and arriving at Carlisle, passed the Solway Frith, and thus entered upon the borders of Scotland. For the space of four successive days Mabel advanced, and arrived at length in the shire of Kincardine, whither she still followed the track of Bertrand, until she gained a straggling village, in the vicinity of the petrifying cave, at the base of one of the stupendous mountains, whose cloud-capped eminences extend in a chain for many miles, presenting a magnificent but rugged expanse of scenery, appearing to lower defiance on the valleys and plains beneath.

Near that gloomy and romantic spot terminated awhile all further operations of Mabel, who endea-

voured, but fruitlessly, to acquire any additional insight respecting the proceedings of Bertrand Killydawlke. Vainly were rewards offered to the almost savage inhabitants of that hilly district, in vain were Donavan's attendants occupied in proceeding along different paths, frequented only by the hardy Caledonians, whose wretched hovels were scattered here and there along the skirts of the mountains, or on their rugged sides, no information could be acquired, and a melancholy sequel appeared to close the resolute endeavours of the noble minded Donavan.

To be foiled at a moment when success appeared in some measure to crown the research of Mabel, cast a momentary depression over her spirits, which was however dissipated by the energies of her soul, that rose triumphant to such unavailing considerations. She therefore redoubled her enquiries, which soon spread to a considerable distance, though without attaining the wished-for conclusion, and in that state of incertitude, several days elapsed, until Mabel became conscious that nothing but active measures of a personal nature would prove productive of the desired discovery. Having therefore determined on personally exploring the adjacent mountainous regions, Donavan made known the intention to her followers, when she ordered a guide might be procured, acquainted with the hilly country, to serve as an escort in exploring the surrounding gloomy eminences, which appeared to her in every respect calculated to afford a secret asylum for the infamous Killydawlke.

In consequence Mabel's attendants without delay

proceeded to fulfil the mandate of their mistress, and from their research application was at length made by a stranger, inhabiting the mountains, who volunteered his services on the occasion. The unknown being in consequence introduced to the presence of Donavan, who found him conversant with the Irish tongue, she at length accepted his services, notwithstanding the ill-favoured appearance of his lowering and ferocious countenance, which, combined with the extraordinary circumstance of his speaking that dialect, had at first raised unpleasant conjectures in her breast. After deciding on the ensuing morning for the commencement of the adventurous expedition, Mabel gave orders to one of her followers that he might hold himself in readiness to attend her, while the other was to await their return and continue his enquiries, lest any intelligence should arrive at the place of halt tending to elucidate the route of Bertrand, in which case he would be able to report the same on the return of his mistress, should her research have proved fruitless.

That arrangement being made, Mabel, armed with her usual weapon of defence, was doubly fortified against any attack owing to the dauntless bravery of her soul, which was proof against all opposition that could be raised to intimidate and subdue it. Since the demise of Moor O'Mara, the workings of her mind had become gradually more expanded and her judgment sounder, from being divested of those shackles which his constant lessons tended to rivet. Had Donavan been framed for frivolous pursuits and that

effeminate sensibility which is so prejudicial to her sex, such a change would never have taken effect. It was, however, obvious that her fancy yielded to certain infatuations, but they were not of that nature which stamp the generality of womankind, her's was an understanding never to be biassed by selfish motives, she did not regard every transient object in a favourable point of view; on the contrary Donavan possessed that considerative genius which criticises things until they become reduced to a level with rational comprehension. Conscious therefore that in moments of peril the only method is to face the evil, Donavan never failed to stand prepared for the worst, so that if doomed to fall she would at all events expire with a conviction that every mental and corporeal requisite with which nature had gifted her, was put into action to repel the evil so destined to overwhelm her. Wholly engrossed with such ideas, Mabel at an early hour the ensuing morning mounted her horse, and preceded by the guide, took the road to the mountains, followed by the attendant whom she had selected as a safeguard for her person during the painful and adventurous journey.

As the bright orb of renovating day burst from behind the distant mountains, their summits were tinged with golden splendour, while the tints of varied dyes contrasting with the radiance, mellowed the azure distance that seemed to soften into ethereal nothingness. Donavan gazed at intervals on the sublimity of the scenery, but her soul was not then attuned to appreciate all the beauties which were stretched in grand

luxuriance before her. Her soul still panted for the attainment of its darling object, without which every other blessing was bereft of half its charm.

Having gained the base of the mountain, the travellers began the steep ascent, while their conductor proceeded by paths which sometimes displayed no trace of human footstep, and frequently became almost impassable on account of the steepness and dangerous situation of the narrow tracks, from whence would at times appear yawning chasms many hundred feet in depth and perpendicular in descent.

Towards mid-day Mabel arrived at the summit of the first mountain from whence the most expanded view was visible, while the long range of frowning eminences presented to her eyes the almost fruitless task she had thus imposed upon herself for the rescue of Anna Fitz-Allen. Unmindful of difficulties, and unsubdued by the supposition of danger, Mabel regarded those impediments as of trifling import when put in competition with the task she purposed to fulfil. After partaking of some refreshment, during which halt she made several enquiries of her taciturn conductor, whose replies were laconic and but ill-adapted to satisfy curiosity, she again set forwards with that degree of hope for her companion, which is the sure attendant of a noble spirit actuated in a just and merciful cause.

During the remainder of the day a succession of wild and gloomy scenery displayed itself, well adapted to the masterly pencil of Salvator Rosa, while the ca-

vernous abodes which at intervals presented their wide apertures, verified that artist's representation of the subterraneous cells and secret holds of the ruf-fian troop of lawless banditti, or might equally have afforded matter for the wild genius of an English Mortimer.

On arriving at the bottom of the first mountain, a desolate waste of some expanse extended itself in the fore-ground, which appeared unpolluted by the tread of a human footstep, and skirted at the extremity by the base of the second stupendous eminence. In the midst of that dreary plain Donavan made a halt: the sun had half obscured its radiant orb behind the summits of the western hills, still darting oblique rays of saffron hue upon the sides of the opposite steeps, while a sombre shade was cast over the dark heathy bosom of the valley beneath.

"Tell me," quoth Donavan, addressing her guide, "how long will it be ere any habitable spot shall present itself, that we may be guarded against the setting in of night, for as we have hitherto advanced, no trace of a human being has yet been discernible."

"We must ascend as quick as possible this second mountain," replied the conductor, "and then we shall arrive at the spot destined for your halt: you will find the accommodation far beyond your expectancy, and by Saint Patrick, lady, you shall have a sound sleep of it after so toilsome a day's journey."

A kind of smile played on the countenance of O'Ryan the guide as he uttered those words, which

was the first emanation of seeming satisfaction that had characterized his physiognomy from the commencement of their journey.

As loss of time was by no means advisable, Mabel without further converse set forwards on her route, and ere long commenced the ascent of the craggy mountain.

Evening stole on apace, while the travellers advanced, and no sound interrupted the desolate stillness save the trampling of the horses' hoofs, and the swelling breezes that moaned at intervals from every deep recess of the gloomy mountain. The shades of twilight soon spread over the rugged scenery around, and yet no habitation appeared in view, nor was the dreariness of the prospect enlivened by any object possessed of animal life.

As night's sombre gloom began to curtain with ebon mantle every vestige of dubious light, Donavan became deeply immersed in a train of reflections, while the attendant on her person, whose mind was not so peculiarly framed for the indulgence of mental contemplations, having warily considered the conduct of their guide, kept a watchful eye upon his proceedings. Being far from satisfied with the route he had selected, and the general tenor of his conduct during the whole of the journey, he was occupied with thoughts widely at variance with those of Mabel, who was therefore surprised on hearing him in a tone of displeasure demand the length of way they had to advance ere they should arrive at the spot destined for their halt.

“I was on the point of informing you,” replied the conductor instantaneously, “and at the same time noting the necessity there is for our alighting in order to lead our palfreys up the rugged pathway now before us, at the termination of which you will in the distance perceive the light from the cottage destined to afford us an asylum.”

Obedient to the command of the guide, Donavan’s attendant sprang from his horse, and having assisted her to dismount, slung the bridle of her palfry and his own over his arm, while O’Ryan, having also alighted, ascended with slow pace the steep eminence which they then had to encounter.

Having for some time proceeded thus on their way, O’Ryan exclaimed,

“We have now nearly attained the end of our first day’s journey; look to the left and you will there discern the light which shall guide us to a welcome habitation.”

Mabel cast her eye in the direction, and beheld a little glimmering speck that dissipated but faintly the darkness which environed it on every side. Somewhat cheered by the sight, and the prospect of some relaxation from the fatigues of the day, the travellers proceeded onwards for a short period, when O’Ryan observed that they might again remount their horses, which would bring them to a speedier termination of their journey. Donavan’s attendant, loosening the reins, prepared to assist her in remounting, which she had not quite effected ere the beast began to rear and plunge in a most alarming manner, and

notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to keep her seat, she was forcibly precipitated to the ground, and the frantic animal also in a few seconds fell to earth at some little distance.

O’Ryan forthwith called aloud to Mabel’s attendant, who, alarmed at the fall of his mistress, had sprang from his horse to yield her assistance, and was almost instantaneously occupied in raising her from the earth, but while in that unguarded attitude, he received two stabs in the back, which instantly brought him to the ground, exclaiming in tones of bodily anguish,

“Treason ! murder ! murder !”

Donavan, with the promptitude of lightning, drew forth the fatal dagger, and having seized the garment of the traitor O’Ryan, was on the point of dealing out retributive justice on the insidious murderer. At that instant however, a second male form sprang up beside her, and seizing the raised arm with a nervous grasp, wrenched the weapon from her hold, thus leaving her person at the mercy of the blood-hounds, who exulted in the triumph of their hellish machinations.

“Sorceress, thou hast it now,” exclaimed the ruffian who had disarmed Mabel, and was then occupied in conjunction with O’Ryan, in forcibly binding her arms behind her.

Donavan deigned not to offer a reply, but suffered the villains to conduct her to the interior of a gloomy cavern by the way-side, aptly fitted for the purposes of murder, and before which it appeared the wretches

had previously planned that their intended scheme of villany should be perpetrated.

Halting at a spot environed in impenetrable darkness, one of the men exclaimed,

“ Seek out the staple which was purposely affixed to hold in safety this she devil, then hie thee straight and bring a light, that I may glut my soul’s malignity and most obdurate hate.”

Donavan was in a few seconds dragged to the appointed spot, and the strong cord that bound her wrists being speedily attached to the iron hold-fast, O’Ryan quitted the dungeon of despair, obedient to the summons of his partner in atrocious guilt, who, from the gloomy echo that resounded through the caverns, was in the act of passing to and fro with the quick step of hellish exultation.

It required but little time to collect the scattered spirits of Mabel, who fully convinced that her end drew near, rallied all her magnanimity to face the torments which might await her with heroic firmness. While thus occupied, the form of her persecutor on a sudden approached, who in tones of the most malignant malice demanded,

“ Dost thou not know me, wretch, and tremble at the tortures that await thee ?”

“ If I mistake not, by thy voice I have known thee well, and found thee out to be a damned villain ; thou art that yet unheard-of monster in man’s shape before whose malice I disdained to shrink, as even now I scorn to tremble—thou art the persecutor of Fitz-Allen’s child, the fiend-like Bertrand.”

“Thou speakest aright,” vociferated the ruffian in a voice of thunder, “’tis truly I—’Tis Killydawlke who hath thee in his grasp, nor shall the powers of hell again enable thee to escape the full tide of his bitterest vengeance.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Thy death appears irrevocably fix’d,
Nor seems there ought of probability
To ward the blow that shall for ever end
Thy struggles in support of innocence.

The fiend malicious, quite remorseless stood,
And rear’d on high the instrument of blood.
No thrill of pity could revenge controul;
He own’d no other inmate of his soul:
Gloried that mercy might entreat in vain,
Nor thought that heaven his victim could obtain;
But at the moment when he aim’d the blow,
The pow’r he spurn’d, straight laid th’ oppressor low.

W. H. I.

For a time the dread horrors of suspense, more insupportable, if possible, than the completion of the villain’s worst of purposes, hung over the fate of Mabel Donavan, who, notwithstanding, awaited with undaunted soul, the final stroke of revenge, which was to end at once her earthly sufferings. She resorted to the tenor of the conduct which had drawn her into that snare, when nothing but pleasing hopes were the fruits of the internal scrutiny; the thoughts of Reginald then came to her remembrance, exciting

all the keen thrill of maternal love, yet when she recollected that her offspring was under the immediate care and guidance of such a being as Tyrone, even that consideration became of less import, and according therefore, as the certainty of her death was inevitable, she nerved with redoubled energies those feelings which were to marshal her to the cold mansions of the dead.

During the whole of that struggle, the fierce and sanguinary Killydawlke continued to parade the scene of darkness, sometimes with a quick disordered step, then at intervals he would pause, and after a few moments recommence his unsteady march, the sure indication of the perturbed state of his infernal spirit.

At length the distant sound of a footstep was heard to advance, and as the individual approached along the cavernous passage conducting to the interior of the cell, the faint rays of light became perceptible, casting a sickly gleam upon the rugged and slimy walls of the cavern. The intruder was no other than the confederate O'Ryan, who presently advanced amidst the scene of horror, bearing the lamp in his hand, and approaching instantly towards Bertrand with a quick step, addressed him in accents so hastily uttered, as to be rendered nearly unintelligible. The observant and listening Donavan, however, was still enabled to collect from their converse, that some sound had attracted the ears of O'Ryan on his entrance into the cave, which he was unable to account for, and therefore dreaded the intrusion of an unwel-

come visitant, who might prove a bar to the completion of Killydawlke's infernal purposes.

Bertrand, drawing his sword, seized the lamp from the hand of O'Ryan, who following the footsteps of Killydawlke, with his glave alike unsheathed, those miscreants speedily disappeared from the dungeon; in a few seconds the faint beams of light died away, and an impenetrable gloom obscured every surrounding object in the dun shades of Erebus.

Donavan, far from indulging the faintest ray of hope from that occurrence, awaited with calm determination the return of her murderous persecutor, while from her wrapt soul internally flowed the prayer of fervent hope to the throne of the supreme father of all, nor could Mabel's pious spirit wholly restrain the divine emanation that actuated her, as she ejaculated this spontaneous effusion of her fervid imagination.

"Yes, great author of eternal peace, into thy bosom do I dare look for comfort in a better world, from an assurance that thy mediating son will obliterate from the catalogue of my misdeeds those weighty offences that may have slurred the heavenly attributes of my nature.—Receive my contrite heart, oh Lord of all, receive my spirit, thou author of light and everlasting life."

Mabel was proceeding in this reverential strain, when suddenly a heavy and deep groan was heard to echo through the subterraneous caverns, which vibrating to the heart of Donavan, thrilled her soul with a horror she had not before experienced, how-

ever assailed with the certainty of a speedy and in all probability a cruel and lingering death.

Scarcely had a few seconds elapsed, when a faint sound, like the nimble and careful tread of footsteps, was heard at some distance, which speedily approached the spot where Mabel was then bound fast a prisoner. Shortly after flitting drapery touched her person, when the next moment a cold hand met the visage of Donavan, which made her shrink with momentary horror. In a second the hand was withdrawn, when the same deep moan of anguish once more resounded through the cell, and the next instant gave to the eyes of Mabel the gleam of light from Bertrand's lamp, which beamed full upon the wall of the cavern. At the same juncture an echo from hasty retiring steps was again heard, which soon became lost in the loud tones resounding from the voices of Bertrand and O'Ryan, who at that instant made their appearance, the former deriding in contemptuous terms the pusillanimity of his comrade in having given way to the phantasies of a puerile imagination.

Bertrand Killydawlke, advancing with a firm step to the person of Donavan, raised the lamp to her visage with a smile of irony and contempt depicted on his dark countenance, while Mabel closing her eyes, turned her head aside to escape his insolent scrutiny.

"How prepossessing looks now the *amazonian Mabel*, the daring widow of Moor O'Mara, and the favoured minion of Tyrone," exclaimed the fiend with a grin of hellish exultation, which was however spee-

dily changed to the dark scowl of murderous revenge. "Hear me," vociferated Killydawlke in a voice dissonant and loud as thunder, "what hast thou to urge in extenuation of thy conduct towards me? what canst thou adduce to deter me from sending thee to the shades where prowls the spirit of thy Moor O'Mara? will not the blow be just, is this not the welcome hour of retribution?"

Donavan turning her head, bent her eyes full upon the countenance of Bertrand, and then exclaimed in accents firm and distinct—

"With thee such actions may be just, this may be retribution, but it is the justice of guilty vengeance, and the reward which malice dictates to the murderous spirit.—But hear me, Killydawlke, I want no useless converse with thee, I am prepared for all thy cruelty dares put in practice—my life I hold as nothing when my soul's at ease; with that though fettered I can laugh thee still to scorn, for thou art now the slave of every vice, whilst I am subject but to death, viewing in thee the minister of my fate."

"Thus terminates thy pursuit of Anna Fitz-Al-len," contemptuously vociferated Killydawlke, "see what essential service heaven hath rendered thy endeavours in her cause, she who is now the minion of my pleasures, the instrument of every unbridled wish that sways my passions. Say, woman, where is thy confidence now in divine intervention for the cause of what thou termest—a persecuted innocent."

“Naught could have urged me to reply,” exclaimed Donavan, “but the theme on which thou hast touched; a string so sensitive, that it awakens all my soul to tell thee, monster, that thou liest. Never could Anna prove the child of lust, the creature of thy unbridled pleasure; no, her innocent heart would never have endured the shock, the cords of life would have been cracked ere she had banished virtue from her soul and thus resigned her unpolluted spirit to the care of its kindred angels. Monster, do thy worst, nor let my ears be blasted with sounds of sacrilege from thine unhallowed tongue. Dare not, wretch, thus prate of heaven which never was framed for fiends so damned as thou art. Oh! if thou darest again arraign the sovereign will of fate, may the thunder of the God thou so blasphemest strike thee to earth, thou monster of bloody iniquity, thou son of dire perdition.”

The dark soul of Killydawlke arose in his visage during this reply of Mabel, and every sensation the characteristic of hatred, cruelty, and malice, by turns usurped their empire; stamping on the earth with vehemence he at length gave vent to his ire, exclaiming,—

“I will hear no more, prepare, thou fiend of contumely, for I will now cut short thy taunting speech for ever.”

“Thou canst not,” replied Donavan, hastily, “my spirit still shall haunt thee, wretch, and at the hour of dissolution scourge thy accursed soul to the regions of eternal fire and burning torments.”

“ I will hear no more,” cried the enraged Bertrand almost choaked with fury; “ here, take thou this lamp, O’Ryan,” resumed the monster, presenting it to his comrade, and at the same instant unsheathing a sharp dirk that was tucked within his girdle, “ now, now then, sorceress, have at thy heart,” exclaimed the fiend.

At that instant a sound was heard—Killydawlke stopped short—but silence reigned around.

“ Didst thou not hear ?” demanded Bertrand.

“ Methought some sound approached,” replied O’Ryan, raising the lamp in air, and looking carefully around.

“ Pshaw,” resumed Killydawlke, “ it was but an idle delusion ; yet do I feel twofold pleasure, since it hath stayed my purpose, for now will I doubly satiate my soul’s long wished-for vengeance.—Go—speed thee, O’Ryan, to the cottage straight, and with thee bring the minion of this haughty woman’s love, Fitz-Allen’s child.

Obedient to the mandate, O’Ryan forthwith sped away, when thus continued Bertrand addressing Mabel Donavan.—

“ Now shall thy blood be spilt before her eyes, so shall I glut upon thy pangs and her excess of anguish.”

“ Then have I spoken justly,” answered Donavan exultingly, “ thine own confession hath avouched that she hath feeling left, so is she still MY ANNA, worthy of my love, and all that I have suffered for her welfare.”



The mysterious dagger was raised when the bottom given up in rounded the edge the discovery

This unexpected retort stung Killydawlke to the soul; he bit his lip in despite, and then made answer—

“Thinkest thou the object of my desires is devoid of feminine feeling? no, accursed woman, she hath sentiment sufficient to weep at bloodshed, and another’s suffering.”

“And is it thus thou wouldst raise thyself in her heart’s estimation?” answered Donavan, laughing aloud in tones of the most pointed derision.

“Fiend, I tell thee she is my mistress, and the creature of my pleasures.”

“Thou liest; by heaven, thou liest,” vociferated Mabel.

Unable to stem the torrent of his fury, Killydawlke again unsheathing his weapon, rushed towards his victim: the murderous dagger was raised, when the hollow groan again resounded through the dreary cavern,—the monster paused a second, his hair stood bristling on his brow, while ghastly terror played upon his cheeks and glistened in his staring and vacant eye balls—another second transpired and the clashing of hostile weapons, together with an hasty tread of footsteps was heard in the avenue which awakened Bertrand in some degree from his stupefaction to a sense of personal danger. Thus while preparing to rush towards the spot, the convulsed cry of murder resounded, and at the same juncture a strange voice exclaimed:

“This, this, and this for thy falsehood, thou murderer accursed.” The ruffian Bertrand groaned, and with blasphemy on his quivering lip, dropped in-

stantly to earth, when at the same moment rushed forward the attendant of Donovan, who had been left at the inn to await her return from the journey she had undertaken. His sword was reeking with blood, while the youthful stranger, that had brought Killydawlke to the ground, still grasping the dagger which had enacted the retributive deed of justice, stood pale as death gazing on the convulsive struggles of the ruffian Killydawlke, and ere Donovan's attendant could arrive, staggering back a few paces, the unknown sunk upon the bosom of the petrified Mabel, who struggled but in vain to loosen her hands and clasp with feeling energy the person of her unexpected preserver.

By the assistance of Donovan's faithful attendant she speedily found herself at liberty, when ardently enfolding the stranger youth in her arms, she pressed his almost lifeless form to her palpitating bosom, while a flood of tears, the emanations of purest gratitude, moistened his pale and languid visage.

In the meantime Mabel's follower having examined Killydawlke, found that the torpid hand of death had consigned him to the oblivion of the grave, when raising the lamp he proceeded to the spot from whence a repetition of the same mysterious groan again reverberated. Donovan's faithful attendant with a thrill of sorrow instantly discovered the outstretched form of his old associate and comrade, who after falling by the hand of O'Ryan at the entrance of the cavern, had used his last endeavour to assist if possible his unfortunate mistress. Urged by that

faithful wish, he had supported himself into the cavern as well as the weak state to which he was reduced from loss of blood would enable him, and his footsteps therefore had caught the ear of O'Ryan, while his groans had equally caused Donovan's terror during the absence of Killydawlke. In that manner the perpetration of the act had been prevented, by affrighting the ruffian's sanguinary spirit at the moment when he intended to murder Mabel Donovan.

On finding that the faint throb of life still feebly agitated the heart of his comrade, the faithful fellow tore away part of the linen which served him for a covering, and wiping off the clotted gore from the gashes, proceeded to bind up his wounds with all possible expedition. Then hastening to Donovan, who would fain have breathed her grateful emotions to that trusty follower, he at once silenced those warm effusions by assuring his mistress, that if instant succour was not procured, his fellow soldier must inevitably expire. He then informed Mabel that she had yet a friend, in a total stranger, to whose intervention alone they stood indebted for the providential rescue so recently experienced, and that to her care must be consigned his comrade, while the roof of that unknown would serve the party for a place of shelter and safety. Having thus hastily expressed himself, the attendant, placing the lamp beside Donovan, flew from the cavern with the rapidity of thought, leaving his mistress the care of reviving the still languid youth, whose arm had res-

cued her from the blow of the vengeful ruffian, Killydawlke.

Mabel rearing the light, examined with anxious scrutiny the features of the being before her, which though bereft of the rosy hue of health, displayed nevertheless the most perfect Grecian symmetry.

“ Good heavens,” thought the wondering Donovan, “ were I not convinced to the contrary, I should almost be led to regard this angelic youth as one of those inhabitants of ærial bliss, whom heaven will sometimes send to minister relief to suffering souls on earth.”

As these ideas operated on the brain of Donovan, the light tinge of vermil once more revisited the wan cheeks of the entranced stranger, and in a few minutes his dark blue eyes unclosing, beamed with seraphic lustre on the anxious and characteristic lineaments of Mabel’s noble countenance.

“ I live, I live, I awake once more to taste the joys of friendship, feeling, and affection ;” exclaimed the reviving youth, who had no sooner pronounced those words, than throwing his arms around the neck of Donovan, he thus continued in accents almost stifled by the flood of tears that instantly found vent,

“ Yes, I have been instrumental to thy preservation, noble dauntless creature ; I have in some measure proved the feelings of my soul, which never will forget thy intervention in my behalf, and the perils thou hast undergone for my preserving.”

“ What sayest thou ?” exclaimed the sobbing Donovan, at the same moment holding the supposed male form at arm’s length from her.

“Merciful God! it is she,” reiterated Mabel, whose voice denied further utterance.

“Yes, oh yes, my generous friend! it is indeed the orphan daughter of Fitz-Allen, the persecuted and the friendless Anna.”

During a considerable period, no sentence escaped the lips of those affectionate beings, who absorbed in the mental ecstasy that entranced them, forgot for a time every other emotion save that which approximates to angelic bliss. In that vortex of pure delight they continued to indulge, until the return of Mabel’s attendant, who accompanied by a stranger female, stood for some moments gazing on the blissful scene before them.

Donavan at length raising Fitz-Allen from her breast, first rallied her scattered ideas, when the dangerous situation of her attendant immediately flashed upon her recollection, and at that instant her second follower, and his female companion, met Mabel’s eyes. Donavan instantly recurred to the information previously delivered, from which she naturally conjectured, that in the person before her, stood the primal cause of her unexpected rescue from the machinations of Killydawlke.

While yielding to that suggestion, the lovely Anna having recovered in some measure the equilibrium of her feelings, arose from the earth, and advancing to Judith Maclean, for such was the title of the female, took her hand with infinite complacency, and then conducting her to Mabel, spake as follows.

“To the innate virtuous principles of this worthy

woman, notwithstanding the vicious courses daily practised before her, are we indebted, my generous Donavan, for our mutual preservation, I for the untainted title of virgin, which still Omnipotence has preserved to me, and thyself, Mabel, for the precious life so miraculously preserved, which could never have been effected, had not Judith enabled me to work the overthrow of those sanguinary villains, who had insiduously planned the scheme for thy destruction."

Mabel, with the warm feelings of a grateful heart, pressed the hand of Judith Maclean, who received with unfeigned pleasure those testimonies of her thanks, when Donavan, with Anna, repaired to the inanimate corpse of the faithful, but unfortunate attendant, who had fallen through the treachery of O'Ryan. By the assistance of his comrade and Judith, having raised the soldier, Mabel and Anna bearing the lamp proceeded to quit the dungeon, from whence passing through the long avenue that led to the pathway, their steps were suddenly impeded by the clay-cold corpse of O'Ryan, who had fallen by the sword of Mabel's attendant, at the moment when Killydawlke had despatched him, to conduct Anna from the cottage, in order to witness the immolation of Mabel.

On quitting the cavern, the wounded attendant of Donavan was placed across one of the horses, while his comrade, who had accompanied Anna Fitz-Allen to the cave, proceeded to some little distance, where their steeds had been left in order to escape obser-

vation, in case either of the ruffians had quitted the interior of the cell. Mabel and Anna having mounted the steeds, Judith led the horse bearing the exhausted attendant, while his comrade carefully supported his drooping head, and in that manner they bent their way towards the humble dwelling of Judith Maclean.

As they advanced, Donavan would fain have learned the circumstances attending Anna's disguise, and the seemingly unaccountable means whereby this rescue had been planned and effected; but Fitz-Allen entreated awhile the patience of her friend, and merely acquainted Donavan that in order to place her completely off her guard, O'Ryan had brutally stabbed her horse, at the moment she had remounted near the entrance of the cavern, an act that caused the sudden starting of the poor animal, whereby she had been precipitated to earth. Being fully aware that the attendant would fly to her rescue, O'Ryan had alike profited by that opportunity to stab him, while unguarded, at which period Killydawlke, who had remained long secreted within the cavern, rushed forth to aid his associate. The latter step the ruffian had pursued in order to secure Donavan's means of defence, he being already sufficiently acquainted with her determined bravery, and that she never trusted her person on any expedition without a weapon of death.

Shortly after such explanation, the little cavalcade arrived at the entrance of Judith's cottage, who having unlocked the door gave welcome admission to her

guests. The first care was to place the senseless Donnelly on a rug, whose wounds being carefully dressed, such cordials were administered as the habitation afforded, when Judith busied herself in heaping peat upon the hearth, and spreading on the board such simple viands as the cottage could produce. Mabel and Anna Fitz-Allen, having partaken of the repast, retired as speedily as possible to the poor pallet allotted for their repose, when Anna in order to satisfy the wish of Donavan, gave the following detail of events that had transpired since their separation at the cottage of Killydawlke in the forest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

She spake; and as her words the tale rehearsed
A thousand facts in evidence arose,
With solemn truth avouching all she said.

Now teems each word with horror to the ear;
The villain's malice strikes the mind with fear;
But Fate, all-seeing, stays his dread behest—
Triumphant vice is crush'd, and virtue bless'd.

W. H. I.

ANNA'S RECITAL

TO

MABEL DONAVAN.

“ON that eventful night, when thy generous interposition rescued my person from the brutality of Killydawlke, and saved my life from his vengeful

fury, which event was succeeded by thy firm assurance that my sufferings should speedily have an end, I fondly flattered myself with that fallacious hope, until the return of Bertrand from the camp of Tyrone. That monster's subsequent conduct in transporting me from the cottage, accompanied only by his mother, fully testified that he had been guilty of duplicity towards thee, and that I was still doomed to linger the creature of his base desires and cruel persecution. It is needless, my revered friend, to recapitulate the course which Killydawlke pursued, as from thine attendant I have already learned all that transpired in the camp appertaining to myself, previous to thy departure in pursuit of me. I am equally aware of the manner in which thou hast traced our route, until my arrival in the village near the base of these mountains, where all further trace respecting our destination was lost. One circumstance I must however recapitulate, as it tends still more to portray the dark and cruel mind of the villain Bertrand. The increasing sickness of his aged parent, which twice delayed us on our weary journey, produced no effect upon the soul of Killydawlke, who brutally commanded his mother to obey without a murmur the orders for our departure, while she, a prey to the united pressure of age and disease, was with infinite difficulty enabled to sustain the motion of the horse whereon she was placed. At that juncture all recollection of the persecutions I had received at her hands was banished from my mind, and I endeavoured with the assiduity of a child to administer such comfort to

her sickness and infirmities as the situation I was placed in would permit. A mode of conduct so diametrically opposite to that she had long been in the habit of exerting towards me, produced a very powerful effect on the weakened faculties of the unhappy sufferer, and for some time previous to her demise her constant prayers were that I would accord her my forgiveness and intercede for the repose of her soul. What contributed however more than any thing to hasten her fate, was the barbarity of her hardened son, the day prior to her dissolution. Having ventured in pity for myself to touch by argument, if possible, the conscience of Bertrand, by placing before him the enormity of his conduct, and entreating he would desist from any further attempt that was hostile to my feelings, it was then with difficulty Killydawlke would permit her to terminate such expostulatory advice. He flew into the most unbridled fury, and heaping curses on his mother's spirit, thus hurried from the chamber of anguish, which soon became the receptacle of mortality, for quite emaciated and heart broken, yet with a contrite spirit, the parent of our mutual enemy, surrendered up her soul in these arms to that Omniscient Being who first gave it existence.

“ During the continuance of Bertrand at the village on the skirts of these gloomy mountains, his mind became, if possible, more morose and thoughtful. By his wavering manners, which I watched with the most anxious scrutiny, I became thoroughly convinced that his uneasiness arose from the difficulty he experienced in fixing upon some determinate spot

where he might remain in security, for Killydawlke ever dreaded the persevering spirit which he knew thee to possess, my best of friends and only present protector.

As Fitz-Allen spake the tear glistened on her cheek, while Mabel pressing her hand eloquently testified the feelings of her heart by the silent language of the brim-full eye. Having yielded for a time to that soul oppressing thrill, Anna thus resumed her narrative.

“ Bertrand being accustomed to absent himself from the lowly inn for several hours together, the idea suddenly entered my mind of explaining to the mistress of our dwelling my real situation, and endeavouring through her means either to effect an escape, or throw myself upon the protection of others. In that endeavour I had one insurmountable difficulty to combat, which was, my total ignorance of the Caledonian tongue, a circumstance that flashed upon my brain as having been a principal instigation for Bertrand’s selecting Scotland as the place of his destination in preference to any other. However, in addition to that circumstance, when I actually made an attempt to explain my mental anguish to the hostess through the medium of my tears, she obviously regarded me with a suspicious eye, a circumstance that convinced me Killydawlke had taken the prior precaution of poisoning the mind of the churlish woman in respect to me.

“ Upon the return of Bertrand, it became apparent from his conduct that he had been made acquainted with the effort I had adopted to explain myself, and

when I prepared as usual to retire to rest, he commanded me sternly to hold myself in readiness for our departure from the village at midnight. To express any discontent I well knew must prove unavailing, and I proceeded in silence to act as my persecutor had commanded.

“ On the arrival of the appointed hour, horses being saddled by Killydawlke himself, and no other person whatsoever appearing, I was seated on my palfrey, and followed in gloomy silence the course pursued by Bertrand. After advancing for a time by a route directly opposed to the base of these mountains, he suddenly struck off in an oblique direction, and after traversing the most desolate and barren parts of the hills, on the evening of the ensuing day we halted at the door of this very cottage, where O’Ryan was stationed to receive us. From his manner he was obviously no stranger to Killydawlke, while Judith Maclean being summoned received orders to take charge of my person.

“ During several days a gloomy silence characterized my conduct, except when the detested form of Killydawlke presented itself, who sometimes by softened manners and at others the most brutal threats, endeavoured to gain me to his loathed purposes. Worn with mental grief, and the repeated shocks my feelings were subjected to, my health became obviously impaired ; I loathed the sustenance presented to me daily by Judith Maclean, nor did sleep possess any charm for me, as dreams incessantly haunted my fancy, picturing the form of Killydawlke before me

in the very act of forcibly possessing himself of my person. At such moments fright dissipated the transient spell which had bound my faculties in oblivion's chain, and I dreaded again to court its influence lest a repetition of those horrors should renew the anguish I had so recently endured.

“ At the period in question I watched with greater scrutiny the conduct of Judith, whom I had never yet heard pronounce a word in the Irish dialect, a circumstance in itself sufficient to bar all hope of ultimately explaining my situation to her. Yet when I also recollected the character of her associates, and examined the forbidding contour of her physiognomy, those considerations were quite sufficient to seal my lips, and in that state of mistrust some weeks transpired, while the ravages of my malady, both mental and corporeal, reduced me to the very brink of the grave.

“ Then for the first time had I cause to doubt the veracity of my suppositions respecting Judith, who obviously attended to my situation with unremitting zeal, although she carefully avoided making me conscious of those watchful attentions she pursued for my recovery.

“ One evening as I lay upon the rug, calling to my recollection a thousand scenes of happiness which I was never more to share, Judith softly entered my chamber, and approaching the pallet, conceived that I slept, having closed my eyes to indulge more fully the train of my ideas. Seating herself near the lattice, through which blew the refreshing mountain

breeze, she continued for a time apparently buried in deep reflection, when to my infinite surprise I heard warbled forth this old Irish ditty, in a strain of melancholy that awakened every tender emotion of my breast, while I experienced the most indescribable joy on discovering that Judith possessed a perfect knowledge of my native tongue.

Kathlane of Connaught loved the boy
Who slept upon her breast ;
Kathlane of Connaught's only joy
The baby was she press'd :
And ever and anon she sigh'd,
Dear baby, hushaby,
Hushaby, sweet ;
Fled is thy father, Kathlane's pride—
Hushaby, would that I
His eyes could meet.

Poor Kathlane's soul's oppress'd with grief
To see her infant's pain ;
Poor Kathlane weeps, there's no relief,
Her sighs, her tears are vain.
Ah ! cruel, cruel was his heart,
Then baby hushaby,
Hushaby, sweet :
What though he played the traitor's part,
Hushaby, would that I
His eyes could meet.

“ Unable to repress my feelings, I carefully raised myself upon the rug, to regard more attentively the figure of the being before me, who having ended the last stanza, sunk again into her former state of con-

templative melancholy. In that situation Judith remained, wholly unconscious of the discovery I had made, until the rude summons at the door of the cottage warned her that O'Ryan and Killydawlke were returned. Starting from the seat, she turned towards me, and with wonder depicted on her countenance, saw that I was in the act of regarding her most attentively, and after a moment's hesitation, would have left the chamber without uttering a syllable. Unmindful of every other consideration, save that which feeling had awakened, I sprang from the rug, and throwing myself at her feet, seized her hand with energy, supplicating her intervention in my behalf, and conjuring that she would hear my tale and be guided by that in her future conduct towards me.

"Still Judith continued mute and struggled in silence to disengage herself from my firm grasp. And again the loud knocking was repeated without.

"Unhand me," she cried in the Irish tongue, "thy fate as well as mine depends upon thy silence." I obeyed the mandate, when Judith rushing from the apartment instantly gave admission to the tyrants of the dwelling, who for a considerable period vented their displeasure at the tardiness she had displayed in obeying the summons for their admission into the cottage.

"Two days elapsed ere I could find an opportunity of renewing my conversation with Judith, but the hour at length arrived, when by my supplications I won her to my interest, and soon gave her an exact

detail of all my sufferings. Oh when I spoke of one whose memory will never be erased from my bleeding heart"—At that period of her narrative Anna Fitz-Allen gave vent to a flood of tears, while burning blushes overspread her lovely countenance. Mabel, fully assured that she thereby alluded to the love that had animated her bosom for the lost Conrad Percy, proceeded to acquaint her friend that the recital of her story left in the dungeon of the cottage in the forest, had providentially fallen into her possession, and that she was consequently in every respect acquainted with the source of all her miseries.

“ Oh !” resumed Anna, “ had you but marked as I did the perturbation of Judith on mention of Percy, you would like me have been led to conjecture that more than ordinary commiseration for my lot had actuated her conduct. Yet although I have unceasingly questioned her upon that topic, she has uniformly evaded my enquiries, though in every other respect I have experienced her full confidence. From thence I learned that the strictest injunctions of O’Ryan and Killydawlke had been imposed upon her in regard to never confiding to me the knowledge that she was of Irish extraction. She had also been kept in profound ignorance as to the name of Bertrand Killydawlke until the narrative of my history, and was instructed to believe that in me she beheld his betrothed wife, towards whom he was under the necessity of adopting such rigid conduct, on account of my retrograde affections, which had prompted me in despite of every virtuous principle, to bestow my

love on a menial and worthless wretch. That it was in consequence of such declaration he had been compelled, with the consent of my parents, to quit Ireland, in order that I might for ever fly the presence of my paramour, which statements had appeared confirmed in the mind of Judith, in consequence of his conduct towards me, subsequent to my arrival at the cottage. Judith for some secret reasons has never yet divulged the truth, but frequently repeated that she knew from circumstances my tale was no fabrication, and that she in consequence determined from that very hour to befriend my cause in secret, and overturn if possible the machinations of my persecutors.

In consequence of those generous assurances and the constant intercourse which took place between us during the frequent absence of Bertrand and O'Ryan, my health gradually amended, though that circumstance was carefully disguised from Killydawlke, who became impatient for the completion of my ruin, but was as constantly prevented in his designs by the arts of Judith. Those generous interferences were not however calculated to lull for ever the brutality of Bertrand, who had even appointed tomorrow for the period when I was to receive him as the partner of his bed. On learning those horrible tidings, gloomy desperation sat upon my soul, a single week remained for my decision, at the conclusion of which, I was either to yield by my own consent or become the victim of brutal violence. In such exigency, Judith with heroic firmness offered to stake her own life for my preserving, and therefore flight

was the plan agreed upon, to compass which, she, during the absence of the two ruffians, hastily tacked together this male disguise for myself, together with a similar dress, which she was to adopt, and armed with that courage the exigency of the case required, we had planned the hour for elopement, when the following event so providentially for all occurred to alter the plan proposed.

“ Three nights since Killydawlke returned to the cottage at an earlier hour than usual, and two hours after arrived O’Ryan, for whose presence Bertrand had appeared peculiarly anxious. On the entrance of the former, Judith was ordered to retire, which she accordingly did, though from the appearance of Killydawlke, and the consideration of our perilous state, she thought it would be most advisable to listen, if possible, to the secrets he might have to communicate. Judith therefore descended the stairs, and placed herself in a spot applicable to the purpose, when she ascertained from Killydawlke’s discourse, that thou, Mabel, wert then a sojourner at the village which skirts the mountain, and had endeavoured, but without success, to trace his route from thence ; that thy determination was to explore these mountainous regions, for which purpose rewards had been offered to any one who should become thy guide, which information Bertrand had obtained by visiting the vicinity of the hamlet. To render himself more assured of the fact, he then secreted himself near thy dwelling, and had by that means descried thy person. Flushed with such intelligence, it was instantly resolved,

that O’Ryan should repair to the village and proffer his services as a guide over the mountains, which being agreed upon, he was to conduct thee to the cavern by a circuitous route, so as to bring on night ere thine arrival, when the artifices which were so successfully adopted it was pre-arranged should be put into practice. As the then expectation was that thy two attendants would have constituted the escort, the villains were prepared, but as thou hadst only one follower, that providential occurrence for our ultimate salvation appeared to them as a most propitious omen. Such were the plans agreed upon, and the information conveyed to my astonished ear by the wary Judith Maclean. Every difficulty that now remained was to circumvent their scheme of murderous malice, and if possible preserve thy precious existence and secure my own liberation from the grasp of cruelty and oppression.

“ During the whole of that night myself and Judith planned a thousand schemes, none of which appeared feasible, as it was utterly impossible for her to be absent from the cottage without a discovery. Every thing therefore depended on myself, as my departure might for a time be concealed from Bertrand through the arts of Judith, yet I was a total stranger to the passes of the mountain, and were I to lose the direct route all hope of my preservation was at an end. In vain did we resort to various expedients that might prove conducive to success, every thing reverted back to the same point, and it was therefore determined that I should proceed to the village in this disguise

after O'Ryan's departure. Having a few lines penned by Judith in the Scotch dialect, detailing the intended murder that was to be perpetrated, I was to deliver the same to the master of the inn where thou hadst continued, and urge him to arm in order to prevent the cruel deed. The next difficulty to be overcome was directing me in the path I should pursue, as on that every thing depended. Judith had frequently traversed the districts of the forest, and consequently as far as she could recollect, pointed out to me the nearest route, and with such imperfect direction, I last night at the mid-hour secretly stole forth in disguise from the cottage, O'Ryan having taken his departure at an early hour in the evening in order to be in readiness to present himself as thy guide in the morning. With prayers on my lips, and hope enthroned upon my soul, I proceeded with all possible expedition on my anxious way, and arrived by dawn at the spot particularly pointed out by Judith Maclean. There I offered up prayers to the angel of mercy, who had proved propitious to my hopes, and from thence with redoubled spirits, bent my steps in the direction laid down by my instructor.

The hours wore fast away, and the glorious sun had climbed the mid-heaven, yet no village appeared in view, and my soul sickened within me—I paused awhile and yielded to excess of anguish, when on a sudden some harmless sheep appeared before me climbing the brow of the hill. A supposition which heaven itself prompted me to follow, at that instant pervaded my mind, as methought that by gently

driving the flock before me, it might proceed towards the habitable spot to which it belonged, and full of that idea, my only stay in such an exigency, I followed the supposition fancy dictated, and in the end beheld before me the hamlet I had so anxiously sought to gain. With caution I proceeded forwards, and soon discovered the lowly inn, when smiling destiny first presented to my view the very attendant whom thou hadst so providentially left behind, into whose hands I delivered the paper, a step that was of no avail, he being equally with myself unable to decipher the Scottish dialect. I then proceeded to address him in the Irish tongue, to which he made immediate answer, and thus I became acquainted with his station as thine attendant, when being also informed that thou wert set out upon the expedition over the mountains, I without further loss of time detailed the dangers that environed thee by developing the whole plot. As no time was to be lost in explanations, thine attendant, saddling his own horse, and procuring a second for my conveyance, instantly bade me lead the way, when pursuing the track I had followed during the day, we arrived in the vicinity of the cavern, where we purposely left our horses concealed. It was at this juncture when within the subterranean abode I heard the pious exclamation issue from thy lips: -I flew towards the sound; I touched thee with my hand, and would have spoken words of comfort to thine ear, but the steps of the returning villains warned me from my purpose. Thus, Oh Mabel Donavan, hath thy life been providentially rescued,

and the source of all my miseries received punishment from the creature of his malice and unremitting persecutions."

Anna ceased, having thus drawn her recital to a conclusion, when after yielding awhile to the emotions which were mutually excited in their feeling bosoms, those tender friends retired to enjoy on the lowly pallet the tranquil oblivion of welcome sleep.

CHAPTER XXV.

'Tis strange, that one so long inured to vice
Should sudden turn from out the guilty path,
By mercy's call aroused—Yet peace, my soul,
For, lo, before my busy fancy now
The form seraphic of bright Virtue moves,
Alluring all my sense, while at her side
Stands loathsome Vice in horrors dire array'd,
And stain'd with human gore. Oh! from this hour
No longer shall amazement scare my thought
To find that virtue can allure the bad;
Say where's the wretch, such contrast can behold,
And not find virtue irresistible?

W. H. I.

ON the ensuing morning the united attentions of Mabel and Anna were feelingly exerted towards the trusty fellow who had fallen a victim to the treachery of O'Ryan, and although a very trifling change in his situation had taken place, it was nevertheless obvious that the alteration was for the better. Donavan's expressions of gratitude towards Judith Maclean were

not forgotten, who in the warmest terms breathed forth the sentiments that pervaded her bosom, while that attendant, who had consigned to death the villain O'Ryan, equally partook of those unfeigned acknowledgments.

The lovely Anna thus freed from the direful persecutions she had so long endured, opened to Mabel every secret of her inmost soul. Donavan forcibly impressed with that part of her friend's narrative relating to the mysterious conduct of Judith Maclean, from the period when she became acquainted with the circumstance of Anna's story respecting Conrad Percy, could not divest her fancy of an idea that she must be in possession of some facts relative to that youth. Filled with such an idea, Mabel at intervals recurred to the story of Anna, when in the presence of Judith, and even made mention of Percy in order to draw her into conversation respecting him, but all to no effect, the same reserve was adhered to by Maclean, though from her manner on such occasions, Donavan became strengthened in the supposition as to certain facts she might conceal respecting the unfortunate lover of Fitz-Allen's child, of which she was the depository.

By the direction of Mabel the bodies of Killydawlke and O'Ryan were consigned to earth, while the service of the dead was repeated over them by Donavan, who was joined in that pious duty by the feeling Anna Fitz-Allen, whose forgiveness of the ills she had endured from the defunct, was sealed as she fervently prayed for the repose of his soul, while pious ejacu-

lations were offered to the seat of mercy, imploring pardon of Omnipotence for the enormities he had committed while yet a sojourner on earth.

Urged by those imperious duties, which the dangerous situation of the wounded attendant called upon them to fulfil, Mabel and Anna remained for some weeks at the cottage. The time was also enlivened by the attentions of Judith, and rendered still more delightful on account of the success attendant on their strenuous endeavours for the welfare of the sufferer, whose amendment became daily more apparent, and soon by its favourable change gave evident marks of a rapid recovery of health.

Still was the full confidence of Judith Maclean wanting to render the mind of Donavan truly happy, for although she scrupulously concealed her ideas from Anna, fearful of awakening sentiments in her bosom that might give birth to fallacious hopes, yet she felt internally convinced that Judith was in possession of facts that if divulged would throw a light on the fate of Percy, which as circumstances then stood was enveloped in the cloud of dubious uncertainty.

Thus were affairs circumstanced when the complete restitution to health of the wounded follower of Mabel, enabled her at length to prepare for quitting the cottage, to pursue such measures as might be deemed requisite, when after some little consideration the following plans were determined upon.

As Donavan had always resolved, should fortune crown her endeavours with success, that she would

act during life as the guardian of Anna Fitz-Allen, she resolved on returning to England, and there live in retirement. It was wholly incompatible with her ideas of rectitude and decorum, that her protestant friend should be constrained to mingle with beings, not only of a different persuasion, but whose rooted adherence to their faith might perhaps subject her safety to danger, neither did she conceive it justifiable, however personally inclined to join the standard of Tyrone, that she should be instigatory in compelling another connected with the cause to become subject to the penalty that awaited every follower of Tyrone's rebellion, if taken by the opposite forces.

Actuated by those generous sentiments, Mabel determined to banish all selfish ideas, and even relinquish entirely the education of her child to the warlike chieftain, to whose keeping she had consigned him. In vain did Anna, who was fully aware of the sacrifice made by Donavan for her welfare, struggle to oppose the determination; Mabel was not to be shaken in her resolves, and the lovely maid was only led to reverence still more the object under whose maternal guidance she then found herself placed. As Donavan had not yet relinquished the idea of procuring, if possible, an explanation from Judith Maclean, she became anxious to ascertain her destination, when finding her irresolute in the plan she intended to pursue, Mabel proposed her becoming one of the party in the intended arrangement, which was cheerfully accepted. Being determined in the future line of proceedings, the inhabitants of the lowly dwelling

retraced their way over the desolate mountains, and arrived at the village that skirted the base of the first rugged eminence.

After remaining a short time at the hamlet, Donovan and the party proceeded by easy journeys to the Scottish borders, from whence she despatched one of her followers with a packet to Tyrone. Therein Mabel gave an ample detail of every circumstance that had taken place, together with an account of the plans adopted, terminating with those effusions that may be supposed to flow from such a mother as Mabel, when relinquishing to the sole guidance and protection of another the being in existence most dear and closely connected to her; the communication terminating thus:—

“Yes, take him, noble generous Tyrone, receive my boy as the best proof of that exalted opinion I entertain of your honour, probity, and lasting friendship. Watch over his ripening propensities with the eye of a lynx; instil into his soul the precepts of our faith, tutor his mind to smile on every adverse chance of fortune, and act with hardihood such as thou art possessed of. Oh! let him but prove the representative of his instructor, then indeed will Donovan be satisfied, and hail with rapturous joy that son who lives to emulate the virtues of Tyrone.”

Having forwarded the messenger with directions to take shipping at Anglesea, the most expeditious plan for crossing to the Irish coast, from whence he was to proceed by the nearest route to Dundrum, Mabel then deemed it expedient to drop the name of Dona-

van, lest her person might be subject to danger in England. She accordingly assumed the appellation of Eleanor Fitz-Allen, being determined to pass for a near relative of Anna, having previously acquainted her friend with those leading traits of her life which rendered such a step expedient, and also adduced satisfactory reasons for such measure to the mind of Judith Maclean. The latter from the moment she gained the English territory, displayed an obvious change in her manners, and yielded to the effects of contemplative gloominess, which did not fail to strike the mind of Mabel, and the lovely Anna, who notwithstanding the lapse of time, still dwelt on the memory of him she adored, whose virtues were the frequent themes of her panegyrics, when yielding up the effusions of her overflowing soul to the affectionate care of her guardian, adviser, and friend.

Mabel continued for a few days in the vicinity of Newcastle, and having determined respecting the course she should pursue on quitting that neighbourhood, intimated to Anna the intention of pursuing their journey, after acquainting her with the intended route, and confiding the same to Maclean, who continued during the whole day immersed in deepest thought. Donavan carefully heeded the conduct of Judith, whose taciturnity as regarded herself and Anna, seemed in some measure connected with the happiness of the latter. Towards the eleventh chime of night Mabel, awakened from her contemplations, prepared to seek her pallet, when an approaching foot-fall in the passage leading to the chamber arrest-

ed her attention. Donavan paused awhile, and in a few seconds a light tread of a step halting at the door of her apartment resounded, accompanied by a gentle rap that prompted Mabel to demand the cause of such unexpected intrusion ; upon which the voice of Judith craved admittance in soft accents, and Donavan in consequence, unbolting the door, gave entrance to the unlooked for visitant.

Having seated herself on the bed beside Mabel, and closing to the portal of the chamber, Judith in silence took the hand of the former, and pressing it with energy, gave vent to a heavy sigh, while Donavan, astonished at this conduct, in accents the most tenderly persuasive, entreated to be made a depository of those secrets of her soul, which so obviously preyed on her perturbed spirits.

“ Yes,” replied Maclean, after a considerable pause, “ I can no longer restrain the violent impulse that has so long burthened my mind ; I must unveil the truth, howsoever it may prompt thee to regard me with contempt, for the former line of conduct I was wrought upon to pursue. It is utterly impossible to exist with this oppressive weight on my spirits, which hath unceasingly urged me to confide in thee the pent-up truth, while an innate shame hath as constantly been a preventative to the candid step which feeling dictated. Now listen, Donavan, to my story, and if thou canst, forget my failings, nor cast aside this return (though late,) to the cause of virtue, and of honour.”

Mabel, surprised at such an address, affectionately pressed the hand of Judith, and in tender accents con-

jured her not to harbour a supposition so unworthy of her feelings, alleging that she was doubly bound to regard her with warmth of affection, not only as a christian, but her debtor, in no less an obligation than that of life and also as the liberator of Anna, the suffering object of her charge.

Having by these assurances reanimated the sunk spirits of Maclean, the latter began her recital as follows,—

THE NARRATIVE
OF
JUDITH MACLEAN.

“ It would be needless for me to enter into a detail of the infantile period of my life, which was characterized on the part of my parents by a shameful neglect of every attention that is due to the morals of ripening youth, in consequence of which I was suffered to yield unresisting control to every wayward passion that pervaded my breast. That total laxity of morals was of course attended with a neglect of religious duties, and the gratification of every reigning passion. Actuated by such sentiments, it is little to be wondered at, that on the demise of my father I gave loose to the sensual desires of ripening womanhood, by quitting the maternal roof in company with the leader of a troop, then stationed at Kilkenny, with whom I rioted in licentiousness, which soon brought my mother to a sense of that duty she had too fatally

neglected for my welfare. In vain she strove to wean me from the overwhelming vice that surrounded my inexperienced age, and in the end terminated her existence, a circumstance which then produced little effect on my vitiated mind, more particularly as it placed me in possession of such property as my parent died possessed of. As our dissolute courses had frequently involved myself and the object of my guilty passion in extreme difficulties, that welcome supply revived all my former luxurious propensities, while the man in whose protection I solely confided and to whom I had surrendered my maiden chastity, appeared equally gratified with myself on experiencing this acquisition of wealth, though, as it ultimately proved, his bosom was actuated by far other motives than those which I experienced. It is, I believe, justly allowed, that howsoever depraved the morals of a young woman, she nevertheless cherishes extreme affection for the first man who becomes the source of her ruin, and such proved indeed my case, although during the moments of stern necessity I had observed a diminution of affection on the part of my seducer. The warmth of my passion however dissipated the unpleasant suggestion, and I finally concluded by making my feelings the characteristics of his own, placing to the mere account of transient necessity the source of his apparent coolness towards me.

“ Too soon that flimsy veil was withdrawn from my eyes, for on receipt of the sums coming to me, the villain in whom I had so implicitly relied, deluded me with prospects of the felicity we should mutually

experience in seeking distant scenes. In consequence, having taken his precautions, he then proceeded to inculcate into my mind the folly of reimbursing the sums we had borrowed, or liquidating such debts as had been contracted through our wanton extravagance, and as any wish of his became a law, we suddenly absconded from the town of Kilkenny, and proceeded to the vicinity of Dermot, where stood the ancient castle of the unfortunate Cathmore Fitz-Allen, father of the persecuted Anna, with whose sufferings we are so intimately acquainted.

“ At the spot in question it was destined that I should become fully informed of the deceitful villany of the man I had adored, who, soon after our arrival, abandoned me without the least previous intimation, bearing away the whole of the property which I had from motives of affection vested in his keeping. For a certain period I imagined that he would return, but the lapse of a few days fully convinced me of my error, when yielding myself up a prey to those perturbed passions which completely governed my better sense, I in the frenzy of my rage cursed the whole human race, and swore to live the implacable enemy of mankind. But the violence of those passions only abated to place before me a succession of miseries ; the fell pressure of want stared me in the face, while I possessed no means whatsoever of administering to my urgent necessity. While thus struggling with abject want, accumulated horrors suddenly presented themselves, for my route having been traced by one of the individuals to whom I had been indebted while at

Kilkenny, my person was seized, and I was led as a fraudulent renegade to become the inhabitant of the prison at Dermot. When suffering that incarceration, mental fury for a time continued unabated, and I became for many months totally deprived of reason, when the efforts of nature at length restored me to a state of sanity, if possible more dreadful than the malady from which I was relieved. The gloom of desperation mantled my yearning spirit, and my whole thought was bent on the glorious hope of revenging my sufferings on the heads of others. It was not long ere an opportunity presented itself most suitable to my wishes, as one of the keepers of the prison proved the same O’Ryan who fell, noble Donovan, by the sword of thy attendant at the cavern on the mountain. Having frequently heard the recital of my misfortunes, and being aware of the determined malignity that nerved my spirit, he proffered the certainty of emancipation from confinement if I would place myself entirely under his protection, assuring me at the same time that he had a rich and powerful friend in every respect enabled to serve him effectually, so he would undertake to perform a daring and decisive action. Destitute as I then was of every virtuous principle, smarting from the effects of that brutality I had experienced, and groaning under a burthensome confinement, which barred all hope of wreaking the vengeance I meditated, it will not appear surprising that I joyfully embraced such a proposition; thereby willingly bartering the prostitution of

my person to a loathed object in order to compass and gratify the wishes of my soul.

“ In consequence of such decision, O’Ryan the same night introduced to my presence the villain Killydawlke as the friend at whose hands I was to receive my liberty, and through whose means I was to share, with my newly-chosen partner, the further reward that was to be obtained at the price of O’Ryan’s treachery.

“ Killydawlke, satisfied from my manner that I was a person in every respect calculated to forward his views, without further loss of time paid the sum necessary to procure my liberation from prison, upon which, accompanied by O’Ryan, I quitted the hated precincts of Dermot, and repaired to a small habitation situate in the thickest part of a gloomy forest, a few miles removed from the town I so much detested.

“ During some days, each succeeding evening brought to our lonely dwelling the person of Bertrand Killydawlke, who would remain for a considerable time engaged in secret conference with O’Ryan. One night after the departure of his employer, he proceeded to acquaint me that I must prepare the ensuing evening for the reception of a stranger, who was to remain in close confinement until the pleasure of Killydawlke should decide his future destiny, upon which occasion the room intended as his prison was pointed out, while every precaution as to securing him that had been previously devised was put into effect.”

“Merciful heaven!” exclaimed Donavan, interrupting Judith, while a variety of contending emotions characterized her features, “I can now unravel the mystery, the prisoner was no other than Anna’s betrothed love, the virtuous Conrad Percy.”

“Thy speech is prophetic,” answered Judith, “for at the appointed time the youth, fast bound, was escorted to the gloomy cottage by O’Ryan and Bertrand Killydawlke, the latter of whom wore a vizard effectually to obscure his visage from observation.

“During some months nothing material transpired. I was the constant attendant on Conrad Percy, who received many fruitless applications from Bertrand, through the medium of O’Ryan, urging him to relinquish for ever the person of Anna Fitz-Allen. The youth indignant spurned the proposal, and uniformly vowed to suffer eternal imprisonment or death, rather than basely perjure himself to the object of his love, for whose perfections he uniformly vowed the same fervid and unalterable attachment. Conrad would frequently endeavour to soften the obduracy of my conduct, and although the tender persuasive accents of his soul at times worked upon my mind, yet a recurrence to the treachery and cruelty I had experienced as uniformly checked the generous emanation, and I continued to feel a secret satisfaction that others were placed upon a level with myself on the score of mental misery.

“At length the forces of the catholics, under the guidance of Tyrone, made head in support of the faith, at which period I learned from O’Ryan that

Bertrand Killydawlke had joined the standard of catholicism, together with his father, a circumstance which freed us entirely from his daily attendance, in order to witness the torments inflicted on his hated rival.

“As the absence of Killydawlke afforded less reason for gratifying my vindictive spirit towards the captive, I was often prompted in cool moments to consider the lucrative offers which had been tendered by Percy as a ransom for his liberty, although from motives of fear I had never ventured to make my thoughts known to O’Ryan. I notwithstanding frequently reported to him the conversations of our prisoner, laying peculiar stress on the sums offered, in order to learn if possible the secret thoughts that might actuate him on that subject. At the period in question it so happened a decisive blow was to be struck, for on a sudden Killydawlke one evening arrived at the door of our habitation, the cloud of malice lowering on his dark brow, while murderous vengeance enwrapt his malignant soul. After a private conversation of some time with O’Ryan, Bertrand remounted his horse, and quitted our lonely dwelling as the last shade of night diffused its sombre gloom upon the face of nature. No sooner had Killydawlke taken his departure than O’Ryan summoned me into his presence, and throwing down a purse containing fifty pieces of gold, proceeded to inform me that the fate of Conrad was decided, as he had received the commands of Bertrand to end his life that very night.

by the stroke of the dagger, while he was entranced in the oblivion of soothing sleep.

“On that communication being made, an involuntary horror took possession of my breast, for although I had long been accustomed to behold unmoved the sufferings of Conrad as my captive, yet the idea of his assassination was an event that awakened ideas which had till then remained dormant in my bosom. I therefore remained lost in thought, dubious as to the conduct I should adopt, and anxious, yet dreading to tamper with the gloomy spirit of the daring O’Ryan. In that horrid state of mental incertitude time passed swiftly away, nor had I summoned resolution even to address my partner on the subject of the intended murder of Percy, ere O’Ryan suddenly aroused me from my reverie, by demanding in a morose tone of voice the key of the chamber door which contained the person of Conrad. On hearing the mandate, awakened as from a trance, I fixed my regard full upon the features of O’Ryan, who having risen from the seat held forth his hand to receive the key, which hung at my girdle, while from beneath his vest I discerned the handle of the fatal instrument which was shortly to be crimsoned with the blood of the unsuspecting Percy.

“Thrice did my faltering tongue attempt to address O’Ryan, but as often was I compelled to desist from the endeavour, when a second summons, in a churlish and authoritative tone, once more called into action my scattered senses, and I obeyed the order of

O’Ryan by a kind of mechanical proceeding, who, snatching the key from my grasp, soon disappeared from the chamber.

“For a period I continued as if spell-bound, unable to move from my seat, and a kind of transient mania took full possession of my faculties. The word murder seemed to resound in horrible accents through my brain ; before my eyes methought the figure of the bleeding Conrad appeared, who with looks indicative of the most feeling anguish seemed to supplicate for mercy at my hands ; my whole frame trembled with agony, and the chill hand of horror froze my very heart’s blood in my veins. Suddenly mine eyes wandered towards the shelf, whereon stood the hour-glass, the sand was nearly out, being the index of the period of midnight, and as I gazed I was almost unconscious of the action, when suddenly a dreadful shriek resounded in my ear.”

“Merciful God !” exclaimed the sickening Mabel, forcibly grasping the wrist of Judith, “then Percy fell—he died—he bled by the villain’s steel !”

“List,” resumed Judith ; “an horrific shriek struck to my very soul ; I started, and at the moment a clattering sound was heard against the casement of the cottage. With locks erect upon my brow, and a pulse that scarcely vibrated, I grasped the back of the chair whereon I was seated, a prey to the most appalling suspense, and listened to every passing breeze, when the heart-chilling scream was repeated, and again the noise flitted by the window of the chamber. It was indeed the screech owl, whose ominous visit

proclaimed the deed that was about to be perpetrated.

“ In a moment I felt the energy of desperation wind up each faculty to a pitch almost supernatural, when seizing the burning lamp from the table, I hastened with the rapidity of thought up the narrow flight of steps conducting to the chamber of Conrad Percy. I found the door partly open ; a momentary sickness stole over my senses ; it was however but transient, and I rushed forward to witness the worst that might befall ; it was indeed a providential rescue, for the dagger was upraised ready to pierce the uncovered bosom of the sleeping youth, and nothing but the noise created by my entrance checked the stroke of annihilation.

“ ‘ What dost thou here ? ’ demanded the astonished O’Ryan, whose features gave evident tokens of the terror that reigned in his breast in consequence of the noise I had created.

“ ‘ Hear me,’ I replied, ‘ why need we spurn at gold that may be ours ? ’

“ ‘ Away,’ resumed O’Ryan shaking me from him, ‘ I am resolved to fulfil the promise made to Bertrand Killydawlke,—the youth shall die.’

“ ‘ By heaven he shall not,’ I replied, grasping O’Ryan’s arm with firmness.

“ ‘ Off, vile wretch,’ resumed the determined creature of Killydawlke’s murderous intent ; ‘ I tell thee, by the holy mass, he’—‘ lives,’ I exclaimed, when at the moment a repetition of the night bird’s melancholy screech palsied with horror the ghastly O’Ryan,

as Conrad Percy, awakened by the sound, sprang from the pallet, and regarded with contending emotions depicted on his countenance the portentous scene before him. Taking advantage of the momentary panic which had overpowered O'Ryan, I wrenched the dagger from his grasp, and in few words made Conrad acquainted with the danger to which he had been subjected. I then informed him he should once more be restored to freedom, on condition that the reward so frequently proffered should be made good, and the fulfilment of the same be ratified on oath. Percy instantly protested in the most solemn manner, that he would obey any mandate we should ordain, and as he justly conjectured that it was owing to my interposition his life had been preserved, he bestowed on me such grateful acknowledgments, that I felt the more gratified in having been instrumental in forwarding the cause of mercy. Approaching the still sullen and silent O'Ryan, the generous Percy then took the hand which had so recently grasped the weapon intended for his destruction, and proceeded in persuasive accents to recall those sentiments of philanthropy which should reign in every breast. The arguments of Conrad, and my entreaties, seconded by assurances of the ample reward that would accrue, at length brought O'Ryan to a just sense of the enormity of the crime of which he was thus rendered guiltless, while a conviction that the fact might be completely kept from the knowledge of Killydawlke, and the reward be so easily obtained, ultimately satisfied his dark soul. In consequence, the ensuing

day gave Conrad Percy liberty, after binding him by the most solemn oaths never to divulge those events which had transpired, and assume a different appellation, should he ever deem it essential at a future period to visit Ireland while Bertrand Killydawlke still existed.

“Every necessary précaution being taken, it was agreed that I should accompany Conrad Percy to England, in order to receive the promised recompense, while O’Ryan took the route towards the encampment of Tyrone, in order to give Bertrand Killydawlke the solemn assurance that his sanguinary intent had been duly executed.

“According to that arrangement I became for a considerable period the fellow traveller of the noble youth, who on his arriving at the family domain in the county of Westmoreland became acquainted with the melancholy intelligence of his mother’s decease, which deeply affected his generous spirit. Having been put in possession of the promised reward, I again set out for the land of Cambria, in order to pass into Anglesea, and proceed from thence to the Irish coast, which I gained without molestation, and in the neighbourhood of Dundrum speedily joined the expectant O’Ryan, who having completely deceived Killydawlke, took with infinite satisfaction the treasure of which I was the welcome bearer. To conclude my narrative, only a few weeks had elapsed subsequent to my return, when your arrival, Mabel, was announced in the camp of Tyrone. Judge then my feelings, on learning from O’Ryan the resolute steps you had

adopted on the Black Mountains of Wales, and that in the person of the traitor Felix O'Brien, who had so providentially fallen by your vengeful dagger, I witnessed the retributive vengeance of heaven, which in consigning him to a premature death had snatched from existence the very man whose hypocrisy was the source of my early ruin, and whose base conduct in abandoning me at Dermot had proved the origin of all my subsequent misery and guilty connexion with the villain O'Ryan.

“As your conduct, noble Donavan, towards the abandoned Killydawlke in behalf of Anna, was calculated to excite the vengeance of Bertrand, it is by no means to be wondered at that he should form the plan of abandoning the encampment of Tyrone and bearing off Fitz-Allen, in which scheme O'Ryan and myself again became his creatures. In consequence we received orders to repair to the Scottish realm, where we procured the remote habitation on the mountains for his reception, which proved the scene of Anna's unmerited sufferings, and your providential rescue from the blow of death that awaited you, whilst I became freed from a criminal intercourse with a man whose person I not only loathed, but whose guilty contumacy rendered unavailing every hope of a return to the paths of repentance.

“Thus, Mabel, concludes the little history of my crimes and sufferings; may virtuous sentiments, however late awakened in my soul, obliterate in some measure the errors that have stained it, and may my future toils in the cause of virtue prove me in some

degree worthy the esteem with which you have honoured me. Then, Mabel, shall I live to bless the hour which made me instrumental in the rescue of Conrad Percy, in giving liberty to the innocent Fitz-Allen, and preserving to the world the most magnanimous of spirits that ever yet existed in a female form. Yes, to thee, oh Donavan, do I address myself; to thee whose well-directed hand struck to earth the infamous traitor Felix O'Brien, that once possessed my ardent love, and who now in the grave, has alike my forgiveness and my pity."

Judith ceased to speak, while Mabel, absorbed for a time in the vortex of ideas that rushed on her fancy, could only press the hand of the creature whose narrative had so much interested her feelings. Then dispelling all other considerations, she breathed forth the warm acknowledgments of an overflowing heart for the welcome recital, and after the most soothing expressions, intended to reanimate the drooping soul of Maclean, they separated for the night to enjoy on their pallets those visionary chimeras which such an interesting meeting was calculated to awaken in glowing imaginations.

In consequence of the extraordinary developement of facts made by Judith Maclean, Donavan related as far as she conceived consistent with propriety, the leading traits of Conrad's history to Anna Fitz-Allen, who was in consequence led to cherish a hope respecting her ultimately meeting the beloved idol of her soul. Mabel, as a preliminary step best calculated to ensure that desired end, - quitted the vicinity

of Newcastle and repaired to the county of Westmoreland, being escorted by Judith to the domains of Conrad Percy. There a termination seemed to be put to all their hopes, as the noble youth, some time after the departure of Maclean, as previously stated, had quitted a second time his paternal estate, notwithstanding the strenuous entreaties of the old steward, who vainly supplicated that he would remain on the soil of his progenitors, which the trusty domestic acquainted Donovan, with tears in his eyes, had never been blessed with his presence since that fatal hour.

To Donovan's eager enquiries concerning the route Percy had pursued, the venerable steward informed her that his departure from Westmoreland had taken place in consequence of a packet received, which indicated, from what he could gather, that an Irish lady, on whom his affections were fixed, and whose alliance had been sanctioned by his mother, was then under the rigid guidance of some inimical relative on the borders of the Kentish coast, but where was not exactly known by the author of the packet received. Such proved the only information that could be obtained respecting the destination of Conrad Percy, and respecting those statements Mabel instantly consulted Judith Maclean, who without hesitation pronounced the whole an artful proceeding on the part of O'Ryan. To confirm which supposition she stated that when invested with the care of Anna Fitz-Allen in Scotland, he had dreaded the indefatigable research of Conrad, whose appearance would have stamped his treachery towards Killydawlke, and excited the rage of his

dreaded employer, to avoid which Maclean did not entertain a doubt of his having deluded Percy by such intimation, in order to lead him to an opposite part of the kingdom in search of the lost object of his ardent passion.

After such a developement, Donavan's indefatigable spirit prompted her to proceed immediately towards that part of the English realm, and by every means in her power endeavour to trace the route of Conrad Percy, accompanied by Anna and Judith, as well as the remaining attendant who had been her follower from the camp of Tyrone.

At the places appointed, Mabel as usual drew for the sums of which she stood in need, while her name, as agreed upon, was changed to Fitz-Allen. That measure was adopted not only to elude observation and discovery, but expressly that, in case Percy should at any time acquire intimation that such travellers had been in the vicinity, he would, on account of the name, use his strenuous endeavours to overtake them, and thus put a termination to their respective weary pilgrimages. Donavan also kept up a communication with the old domestic of Percy, that in case of his lord's return the fact might be communicated to her with all expedition. Every precaution was however ineffectual, as Conrad continued absent, so that hope of felicity seemed fled from the expectant bosom of Anna, who from the late events had cherished the fallacious idea of meeting the youth of her affections, a circumstance that tended to increase the dejection of her spirits.

Month succeeded month, yet Donavan's indefatigable spirit was not to be overcome, in which resolve she was the more strengthened from the communications received from Tyrone, which spoke in lavish praises of the progress of her son Reginald, who gave striking proofs of mental aptitude in every pursuit which occupied his ripening youth.

After traversing the greater part of England, as no information whatsoever could be gleaned of the lost Conrad, Mabel with her companions at length took up their residence in a retired dwelling in the county of Hampshire, where every endeavour was long put in practice to tranquillize the feelings of Anna, who sunk at length into that peaceful melancholy which always characterizes the virtuous mind when assailed by adverse frowns of providence.

Time thus mellowed the effervescence of thoughtless youth, and Fitz-Allen having attained her twenty-fifth year, had resigned every contemplation of those rapturous days of felicity she had formerly pictured to her tender mind, and which thus became mellowed by the sober hand of reason into a calm resignation that never fails to ensure a certain portion of earthly happiness.

Mabel uniformly resisted every entreaty on the part of Anna, that she would return to Ireland and personally witness the noble qualifications of her son. Donavan continued firm to the promise made of protecting Fitz-Allen, and in performance of that duty, nobly repelled every sentiment which was of a selfish nature. Such conduct was the more praise-worthy,

since from the rigid principles which as a catholic she had imbibed, her arguments were at times held forth to allure Anna from the protestant persuasion, who nevertheless continued firm to the tenets of her parents. Those determinations however were expressed in a manner that could not offend the mind of Donovan, which, though rooted to its former prejudices, had gradually attained that nobility of sentiment since Moor O'Mara's demise wherewith it had been gifted by the prolific hand of nature.

CHAPTER XXVI.

And now the warriors fell their falchions wield,
 Now shout the armies ranged in dread array;
 Sword answers sword, and shield opposed to shield,
 Proclaims the onset of the bloody fray.

W. H. L.

La tête haute, et le fer de droit fil,
 Le bras tendu, le corps en son profil,
 En tierce, en quarte, ils joignent leurs épées
 L'une par l'autre à tout moment frappées.

VOLTAIRE.

FROM the moment of Mabel Donovan's quitting the camp of Tyrone, the assiduities of that chieftain were indefatigably displayed in superintending the youthful mind of Reginald O'Mara, who had been so sacredly committed to his guidance by the woman possessing that magnanimous spirit and those noble qualifications which had operated so forcibly on the soul of the general.

In vain did the hostile clang of the contending armies frequently call from those calmer pursuits the mind of Tyrone, he was alike the tender instructor in the study, or the hardy and experienced general in the hour of battle. His time was equally divided in superintending the care of his only daughter Kathlane Seymour Tyrone and Reginald O'Mara ; and in pursuing those duties which his post as catholic general imperiously called upon him to display in support of the faith that pointed to salvation.

With those pursuits was the mind of Tyrone occupied from contemplating the loss he had sustained by the absence of Mabel, and thus did he check that dangerous prepossession which had gained upon his heart, and seemed likely to undermine his other noble qualifications, so necessary for the welfare of the catholic forces, who looked up to him as their guide to victory, and only safe-guard in the hour of imminent peril.

As Reginald O'Mara waxed in years, his mind displayed the most wonderful capacity, and he imbibed with astonishing facility the precepts which were laid before him. Nor was mental acquirement the only characteristic of the youth, who gave evident signs of a strong innate principle of rectitude, coupled with a resolute and dauntless spirit that seemed in every respect calculated to usher him forth a phoenix in the annals of martial glory. Combined with a due reverence for religion, he possessed in his soul its most estimable characteristic, conceiving mercy to be the richest gem that can adorn the breast of man.

His person was remarkably tall for his years, and his limbs displayed that muscular symmetry, the certain index of manly vigour, while his countenance, tanned by the season's varied changes, had to boast a set of features masculine and commanding. His front was shaded by a profusion of dark hair that received no addition from the hand of art, being gifted by nature with that regular wave which adds an irresistible grace to the contour of the human physiognomy.

Such was Reginald O'Mara on the attainment of his fifteenth year, at which epoch Tyrone determined that he should indulge those energies he had so frequently thirsted to display in the hour of carnage and of death. A favourable opportunity speedily presented itself, as one morning ere dawn of day, the whole of the English army was in motion to make a general and decisive attack upon the rebellious forces of Tyrone, who, ever on the alert, summoned his genearls to council, and having issued his orders, gave for the first time the command of a detachment of horse to Reginald O'Mara. Flushed with the ardent expectancy of youth, he buckled on his armour for the approaching fray, and unsheathing his sword in the presence of Tyrone, vowed by the God he served never to bury it within the scabbard until he had merited by his prowess the commendations of his guardian, tutor, and general. Then vaulting the back of his snorting war-horse, he placed himself at the head of his troop, to whom he addressed the most inspiriting harangue, and warned by the signal of

the brazen trumpet, speedily set forward on the adventurous expedition.

The clangor of innumerable instruments, the discharge of heavy ordinance, the trampling of the steeds, whose broad hoofs reverberating on the sod sent forth a clattering din ; the shouts of the advancing bands, and the shrieks and yells of dying soldiers, resounded on every side through the expanded plain: now yielded a body of the Irish forces, who, rallied by their general's fortunate presence, gave in return a shock to the English arms, while in an opposite direction the victorious cries of the Irish soldiers were speedily changed to the yells of discomfiture, when repulsed by a fresh reinforcement of the enemy's troops.

During that general scene of devastation, the infuriate Reginald flew in every direction where danger frowned most prominent, and with the intrepidity attendant on a mind that feels assured of conquest, led his troop invariably in the road to victory. After a long and bloody contest, the left wing of Tyrone's army at length yielded to the English forces, while the right body of the Irish, which was then headed by Reginald, spread devastation on every side among the enemy's lines. At that critical juncture a ball suddenly struck the shoulder of Tyrone, and unhorsed him, inflicting a wound that incapacitated the noble chief from personally mingling with the combatants. Aware of the unfortunate fact, but more particularly urged by a secret feeling that wrung his noble heart, Tyrone instantly despatched a messenger to Reginald,

who had completely routed the right wing of the English army, and was preparing to order a general pursuit. Having entreated his immediate attendance, the mandate was no sooner delivered than the obedient youth spurred onward his courser, and repaired at full speed to hear the orders of his wounded and revered patron.

On Reginald's arrival at the spot, he found the wounded chief seated on a mound of earth upon an eminence commanding a full view of the surrounding scene of carnage, who gazed with a look of the most obvious consternation on the repulsed legions of the left wing of his army, in support of which the youth burned to display his dauntless bravery and martial prowess. Instantly alighting from his charger, O'Mara threw himself on his knee at the feet of Tyrone, who, on perceiving the youth, waved his hand that all around him might retire to some distance, when the general communicated to Reginald the secrets of his bosom, and the charge he had to invest in his already successful élève. Without awaiting to hear the smallest commendation from Tyrone for the signal services he had already rendered the army, the youth, pressing the hand of his benefactor to his lips, arose from his prostrate position, and being furnished with a fresh charger, took the lead of his victorious band, and followed by the prayers of his general and a large reinforcement of the conquering squadrons, was speedily seen scouring over the plain, to rally if possible the flying legions, which were vigorously pursued by the victorious enemy.

Reginald O'Mara, burning with the anxious hope of fulfilling the wishes of his general, advanced with the rapidity of thought towards the scene of action, which on his arrival was removed to some miles distance from the field of battle. On gaining the rear of a part of the conquering English, he charged them with the utmost bravery, and after an obstinate resistance became victor of the field, yet the delay, though attended by ultimate conquest, was a dreadful impediment to the progress of Reginald, the chief purport of whose mission was known only to himself. No sooner had success crowned this attack, than O'Mara advanced in pursuit of the remaining squadrons of the enemy, when a distant fortress, the object of his anxious thoughts, at length attracted his view, whither the troops of Tyrone had in vain sought a transitory refuge, as the quick progress of the pursuers had just effected an entrance into that stronghold at the moment when the last Irish refugees were passing the drawbridge. On beholding the disastrous event, Reginald, flushed with the vengeance of a tiger robbed of its whelps, addressed a few words to his followers, stating that the praises of their general awaited the termination of that contest. Repairing at full speed to the fortress, he then directed a part of his troop to dismount, which sword in hand followed the steps of O'Mara, when the youth rushed into the court-yard, where the Irish, already wearied and faint, had for the most part surrendered themselves captives to the English soldiery. The order for a fresh charge was issued, and the most horrible carnage

proved the result, each party determined to yield his life or remain victor of the field. Twice was the contest renewed on either side with equal valour and success, when, like two youthful monarchs of the woods of Africa contending with fury for one cherished mate, even so the vigorous captains of those inimical forces meeting each other amidst the bloody fray, fought with a rage that even struck with awe the fury of the surrounding combatants.

“ Hold,” exclaimed O’Mara in a voice of thunder, as he turned towards his troops, “ be ours the task to spare the loss of blood.” Then throwing down his gauntlet, he awaited the answer of the English chief.

The form of the enemy was majestic, and his air denoted conscious pride of birth; he was arrayed in armour jetty black, while over the crest that sat upon his brow nodded a sable plumage of glossy feathers plucked from the raven’s wing. In a tone of cool determination, and with upraised visage, he thus made answer to the defiance of Reginald:—

“ Whomsoever thou art, I dare thee to single combat, therefore, my valiant sons of Albion’s Isle, rest I command you on your blood-stained swords, nor dare to strike a single blow; ours be now the task to spare more carnage, and terminate at once this well-contested field.”

The English soldiers obedient to command turned to the earth their trusty weapons, while the troops of O’Mara equally followed their leader’s order, when instantly commenced the stubborn onset.

On either side equal skill was displayed, while a

similar degree of strength nerved the arms of the determined combatants, from the apertures of whose armour streamed the blood that flowed from the wounds they had inflicted on each other. On a sudden they closed and either seized the handle of his adversary's sword, when after a severe struggle at the same instant each became disarmed by the strength of his opponent. Once more they grasped their blood-stained weapons, and retiring a few paces, waited in a posture of defiance till returning respiration should enable them to recommence the deadly contest. At that instant from a portal communicating with the court yard, rushed a youthful female form, who throwing herself at the feet of Reginald, conjured him in the name of Tyrone not to renew the battle, stating that his opponent, previously to his arrival, had displayed the most generous conduct towards her, by pledging himself to protect her person from danger at the hazard of his own existence. The furor of rage having in some degree abated, the youthful combatants unable to struggle against the effects of bodily weakness, mutually felt how ineffectual were the efforts of the dauntless spirit when bereft of the influence of corporeal energies. O'Mara had only time to address himself to the petitioning lovely form before him, of whom he demanded if her name was not Kathlane Seymour, to which he was answered in the affirmative, when he found it necessary to support his exhausted frame, resting the point of his sword upon the earth, while the English officer was compelled to

apply for aid to the arm of one of his valiant followers.

The close locked helmets of the combatants were in consequence unriveted, when their beavers were raised and two noble countenances appeared clad in the pale livery of death, but being at length in some measure renovated from the application of water to their temples, they mutually issued orders to their followers to repair in amity to their respective encampments after burial of the dead and the administering to the wants of their wounded companions. The contest being thus terminated, the two valiant leaders were conveyed to separate chambers, in order to undergo the necessary care of which they stood in so much need.

By a messenger despatched to the expectant Tyrone, the termination of that day's affray was detailed, when he learned with paternal joy that his child Kathlane, for whose preservation he had forwarded Reginald, was in safety, though he acutely felt for the dangerous situation of his noble élève, to whose prowess he in a great measure owed the victory ; while on the other hand he found himself indebted to the same cause for the liberty and preservation of his beloved child Seymour Tyrone.

The inveterate hatred of the Irish chieftains to all professors of protestantism, as before mentioned in Tyrone's narrative to Mabel Donovan, was the cause of the latter never making known his early marriage with the protestant Eleanor Seymour, and the offspring he had had by that union, as such a circum-

stance might have subjected the general to the hatred of those very followers who adored and fought under his banners as the chief supporter of their faith. On that account Tyrone had never mentioned even to Reginald the consanguinity of the being to whom he was in the constant habit of repairing, but merely informed the youth that a young female of the name of Kathlane Seymour, who had been committed to his charge, was the cause of his frequent absence from the camp. However, when Tyrone beheld the victorious English taking the direct route towards the fortress which contained his only child, he then thought it expedient to hazard every thing for her safety, and having sent for O'Mara, confided to him the truth, briefly explaining the necessity which had urged his former secrecy, and depending on his valour for the preservation of that creature equally dear to him as his own existence.

According to the commands of their leaders, the inimical forces retired from the scene of action to their respective encampments, when such proved the consequence of the battle which had taken place, that the generals on either side gladly entered into an agreement for the cessation of hostilities during six weeks, as that period was requisite on both sides to reinstate, in some measure, the dreadful ravages which the carnage of war had created in their respective armies.

Tyrone having received a statement concerning his forces, and issued such mandates as were deemed expedient, repaired with mingled emotions of gratitude,

joy, and anxiety to behold his dear Kathlane, and also witness the situation of her strenuous advocate, the wounded Reginald O'Mara.

On the arrival of the chief at the fortress which had long afforded a safe asylum to his daughter, the wounded Tyrone pressed with paternal energy his well-beloved offspring to his heart and then repaired to the chamber of Reginald, who, though emaciated and weak, betrayed evident signs of that returning vigour which is the attendant on youth. After expressing his gratitude with unfeigned warmth, for the signal services O'Mara had performed on the day of battle, which the modest youth vainly endeavoured to repel ; Reginald then proceeded to acquaint Tyrone that he only felt grieved on account of the single combat which had reduced himself and his adversary to their then helpless situations, as upon investigation of the matter, it appeared his opponent, the valiant Donald Cameron, had conducted himself on taking possession of the fortress with a generosity that reflected the highest honour on his character both as a soldier and a man ; and with regard to Kathlane Seymour, whose unprotected situation he had witnessed, no words were adequate to express the gentleness and disinterested philanthropy of his noble soul on that occasion. Convinced from such a panegyric pronounced by Reginald, that the stranger must be a gallant votary of Mars, Tyrone on quitting the apartment of O'Mara caused his name to be announced to Donald Cameron, at the same time requesting the indulgence of an interview.

The wounded youth gladly gave audience to the adverse chieftain, who, after expressing in the most pointed terms the esteem he felt for him as a generous soldier, proceeded to assure him that he was no less grateful for the magnanimity of his conduct towards the youthful female, who had for a short period remained his captive, that lady being a dear charge committed to his protection by a dying mother, for the preservation of whose liberty and honour his own life should have been freely forfeited.

Donald Cameron having assured Tyrone that his proceeding emanated from the principles which had been instilled into him from education, and the powerful calls of nature, was recompensed by the unaffected effusions of the chieftain's manly heart. Nor did Tyrone quit the chamber until he had given the youth the most solemn assurances, that his person should be regarded sacred as long as he felt inclined to continue among those whom he had been led to consider as his foes ; that he was free to continue unmolested, and might ever claim his friendly interference should unforeseen events demand the same at his hands.

Tyrone after remaining at the fortress until the return of evening, indulging in the tender converse of his daughter, who expressed acute sorrow on witnessing the wounded state of her parent, once more visited the chamber where Reginald reposed, who having sunk into the most refreshing sleep the chief would not permit him to be disturbed. The general then returned to the camp, exulting in the youth who had

so amply testified his prowess as a leader, his bravery as a soldier, his promptitude in obeying the orders of his commander when in the full career of victory, and his generous candour in allowing the tribute of praise to Cameron, who had alone been able to repel the vehemence of his attacks, and vie with him in pursuing the dictates of humanity.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Amicus usque ad Aras.

Love is a passion that defies controul,
The raging wild-fire of the human soul.

W. H. L.

Imaginez de Flore la jeunesse,
La taille et l'air de la nimphe des bois,
Et de Venus la grace enchanteresse,
Et de l'amour, le, seduisant minois,
L'art D'Arachne, le doux chant des Sirènes,
Elle avait tout; elle aurait dans ses chaines,
Mis les Heros, les Sages, et les Rois.

VOLTAIRE.

AFTER the lapse of a few days, the wounds of Reginald and his adversary being pronounced in a fair way of recovery, the former began to recur to the moment which had presented to his eyes the young and lovely daughter of Tyrone, arrayed in the witching guise of tenderest commiseration. The sym-

metry of her elegant shape, the lineaments of her countenance expressive of the most witching tenderness, the dulcet tones of her voice, and the supplicatory emanations that beamed from her brimful eyes, rose to the airy fancy of O'Mara with all the enchanting graces which a young and uncontaminated mind is formed to figure ere he has wholly resigned his heart to the wily influence of love. Yet for whom did she supplicate? would Reginald then mentally demand; was it not for Donald, the youth she had previously seen, whose noble qualifications were displayed towards her; was it not in consequence of those very sentiments he had expressed that Tyrone's daughter supplicated the termination of our inveterate combat?—Yes, yes," exclaimed O'Mara after a pause fraught with anguish, "it is too obvious, Donald, my rival in arms, possesses the heart of the beauteous Kathlane." A gloomy succession of ideas would then pervade the faculties of Reginald, until awakened by the call of honour from the train of thought which would for a moment lead him to the indulgence of ignoble sentiments, he suddenly dispelled the supposition with disdain, exclaiming—"then if her love be Donald's, it is the choicest blessing of heaven bestowed upon him for his transcendant virtues. And why should I dispute the prize? no, happy rival, I will learn to merit by my deeds the favour of Omnipotence, and though I never can possess a Kathlane Tyrone, I may, notwithstanding, attain the summit of such terrestrial happiness as may exist without her, by feeling conscious

that my every action is founded on the basis of honour, truth, and never-fading virtue." Alas! Reginald, how little didst thou conjecture that the keen shaft had pierced thine heart, inflicting a wound more deep and cureless than the mortal gashes inflicted by the keen steel of thy supposed rival, Donald Cameron.

Little however was the generous O'Mara acquainted with the situation of Donald's mind, which fed on melancholy, nor ever cast a thought that teemed with passion on the lovely maid, whose image was traced upon the bleeding heart of Reginald.

Oh! had O'Mara but felt a conviction of the truth, could he but have read the hidden secrets of Donald's bosom and been the depository of Kathlane's inmost thoughts, then would he have dissipated every jealous supposition connected with his rival, and discovered with ecstasy that an emanation from the same divine spark had enkindled a flame in the breast of Tyrone's child equally rooted in its effects and contagious in its progress. Yes, Reginald, the sentiments of Kathlane kept pace with thine own, she felt she loved, but did not dare confess it, even to her own perturbed imagination.

As soon as the state of Reginald's health would permit, he quitted his chamber, and without any previous intimation proceeded to that of Donald, who, though much recovered, was only able to support himself seated upright in the bed. Having requested admission, O'Mara approached the person of his late adversary, and tendering his hand, received

with equal frankness that of the individual he repaired to visit. The most interesting conversation then took place between the generous youths, who mutually felt inspired with sentiments of esteem, which after a few interviews ripened into that lively friendship which ennobled the hearts of two beings so completely schooled in the precepts of virtue and honour.

As the recovery of Reginald became more rapid, he divided the hours with his friend Donald, and in displaying every little assiduity which love dictated in order to win the affections of the adored Kathlane, neither was he repulsed, since the blushes of the maid too evidently evinced the sentiments with which she felt inspired. O'Mara had also the satisfaction of observing from the conduct of Donald, that he was altogether a stranger to that fervent sentiment towards Tyrone's daughter, which, from the first moment he had beheld her, became the resident of his own youthful heart.

Reginald being one day occupied in conversation with Donald Cameron, the latter after making many enquiries respecting the adherents of Tyrone, very pointedly demanded of O'Mara whether Bertrand Killydawlke was still an officer in the service of the Irish chief. Reginald having replied in the negative, the youth further questioned O'Mara on the subject, and even appeared so peculiarly anxious to be made acquainted with his fate, that Reginald, who had no motive whatsoever for withholding the truth from his friend, in whose secrecy and honour he could impli-

citly rely, without hesitation confided to him the history of that consummate villain as received through the communications of his mother to the chieftain Tyrone. In the progress of that narrative, the most visible alterations were conspicuously delineated on the features of Donald, who had no sooner heard the sequel of Reginald's tale, which gave him the assurance of Killydawlke's death, than seizing the hand of O'Mara he pressed it with convulsive energy, exclaiming in a voice nearly suffocated by the poignancy of his emotions,

“ Then am I at liberty to speak and unburthen the pent-up secret ; yes, most esteemed and deserving of friends, being freed from the oath imposed upon me by the treacherous O’Ryan, I dare now confess that I am that Conrad Percy so long the victim of Bertrand’s malice, and not the Scottish Donald Cameron. In me behold the lover of the cherished Anna Fitz-Allen, whose image hath never for a moment been obliterated from the tablet of my bleeding heart.”

Reginald having given vent for a time to the spontaneous joy of his soul at this wonderful coincidence of circumstances, Conrad thus continued to address his friend :

“ From the moment, Reginald, which restored me to freedom and my native land, I yielded for a period to the impulse of filial sorrow, by shedding the tears of unfeigned affection on the tomb of that beloved parent whose premature decay originated in my unfortunate loss. Scarcely were those sad duties paid at the shrine of a departed mother, than a packet was

brought to my mansion in Westmoreland, indicating that my heart's dear idol, the beauteous Fitz-Allen, was under the harsh guidance of a foe, who had transported her to the coast of Kent, intending there to bury her for ever from the world and me. As the letter contained no signature, and as a degree of mystery seemed couched in that communication, I commanded the bearer to my presence, who could only satisfy my curiosity by vaguely stating that he had received an ample sum for the delivery of the packet, which was committed to his care by a total stranger, and that in fulfilment of his charge he had journeyed with all possible expedition from the Scottish borders in order to merit the liberal recompense received. As all further knowledge was debarred me, I determined on journeying from Westmoreland to explore the Kentish coast, and having speedily made my arrangements, took my departure, and had concluded my first day's route, when it suddenly recurred to my mind that if the contents of the mysterious communication I had received were genuine, wherefore any occasion for secrecy, and if the packet came from the county of Kent how could the messenger have brought it to me in Westmoreland from the vicinity of the river Tweed. Those doubts gave birth to fresh conjectures, and I in consequence resolved on varying my course, when retracing my route, I for many months traversed the Caledonian soil, but all to no effect, my proffered rewards, my assiduity, which was indefatigably exerted, did not tend to satisfy my anxious breast. Wearied with such fruitless pursuit, I took

shipping from the Scottish realm, and crossing the bay of Carrick-fergus, landed in safety at that town, from whence I journeyed to the well-remembered Dermot, near which place stood the ancient walls of Fitz-Allen castle. Oh ! my friend, what sorrow wrung my heart on beholding that structure, once the depository of my soul's beloved ; no longer were the chambers blessed with the tranquil smile of its venerable lord ; no longer was the fairy form of Anna presented to my view, all appeared desolation ; the despoiling hand of rude rebellion had annihilated every vestige of former grandeur and hospitable comfort. With trembling steps I then ventured to ascend the mutilated stairs, which conducted me to that apartment wherein my promised felicity had been sealed by Fitz-Allen's sanction of his daughter's love ; every object had vanished, no traces whatsoever appeared to cheer my sickening spirits, and I deprecated in the bitterness of my heart, the decrees of that providence for whose dread behests I was so incapable of accounting. As the proceedings of Bertrand Killydawlke had been so cautiously conducted, every enquiry respecting my Anna was unattended by success ; but, alas ! I learned too soon the fate of the virtuous father of my love, who yielded his breath in supporting his religious tenets, while the principal source of his ruin was planned by the villany of Bertrand Killydawlke.

“ With a heavy heart I quitted the town of Castle Dermot, and determined on repairing to the vicinity of the encampment of Tyrone, in order to ascertain if possible any circumstances that might prove likely to

compensate my labour by hearing of the destiny of Anna. Swayed by that determination, I set forward, when having arrived at Holy Cross I found it invested by the troops of the Irish general, who perceiving from my language that I was from England or Scotland, arrested my progress until it should be discovered whether I was adverse to the tenets of the catholic church. Disdaining to purchase my liberation at the price of a denial of my faith, I confessed myself a protestant, which avowal consigned me to a dungeon, where I remained in constant expectancy of the termination of my fate ; nor did I regain my freedom until the lapse of three years of hard incarceration, at the end of which period the taking of the town of Holy Cross by my countrymen restored me to liberty. Soured by disappointments, impressed with the conviction of the fallacy and danger attendant on any further search for my adored, I determined to resign every thing into the hands of inscrutable fate. With providence for my guide, I forthwith enlisted my services to the English general, under the assumed name of Donald Cameron, as my vow made to Judith Maclean, the preserver of my life, I conceived irrevocably binding until I should substantiate the fate of Killydawlke, as my being in existence might award that death to Maclean from which she had preserved my life when at the mercy of the dark villain O’Ryan.

“ Thus, Reginald, have I briefly related to thee my tale, as a return for the confidence thou hast reposed in me : I have only to add that my education and the

conduct I pursued in the English camp soon acquired me a degree of reputation and advancement in rank, which I fear has been far above my poor deserts. In such command fate ordained that I should be personally opposed to thee, through whose means I have learned the fatal termination of that career of guilt which characterized the life of my brutal persecutor, the insatiate villain Bertrand Killydawlke."

As Percy proceeded in his narrative, the feelings of O'Mara became powerfully interested, for in his previous recital of the fate of Bertrand Killydawlke, he had avoided an explanation of every fact connected with Anna Fitz-Allen, never conceiving that in the supposed Donald Cameron he beheld the long lost lover of the faithful maid. On the termination however of Percy's developement of facts, the full tide of joy that pervaded the soul of Reginald found vent, who rising from the seat enfolded Conrad to his bosom, and then proceeded to recount every particular respecting the sufferings of Anna, from the period of her falling into the power of Killydawlke to the very existing situation in which she was placed in England under the guidance and fostering care of his mother Mabel Donavan. It would be needless to depict the emotions of Percy during that recital, so fraught with eventful and dangerous occurrences to the peace and honour of his faithful Anna; every emotion of tenderness, every thrill of horror, and the breathless sensation of anxious expectancy by turns usurped their power over the mind of Conrad. On the conclusion of Reginald's account, Percy dropped

on his knee, and with clasped hands offered up the spontaneous prayer of a truly grateful spirit, to the shrine of that incomprehensive power, whose decrees, though shrouded for a time by the dark veil of uncertainty, may ultimately be illumined in the full sunshine of happiness dispensed from the throne of everlasting and immutable justice.

Reginald O'Mara feeling conscious that the presence of Tyrone would prove peculiarly satisfactory to Percy, and being equally convinced that the noble mind of the chief would experience heart-felt delight on being made acquainted with recent circumstances, despatched a messenger to the camp requesting Tyrone's presence, if not incompatible with the duties of his station. With that entreaty the general complied by taking horse and returning with the bearer of the letter to the expectant Reginald and his friend, when the latter in presence of Kathlane recapitulated the story of his sufferings, thus developing anew the series of events which had so recently been detailed to the astonished Reginald O'Mara.

After the termination of a tale so characterized by difficulties and dangers, Tyrone immediately gave it as his opinion that a messenger should be despatched to England without delay, bearing a concise narrative to Mabel Donavan of every circumstance thus brought to light, in order that Anna Fitz-Allen might be duly informed of the happiness which awaited her. The general also hinted that an express should alike be expedited to the old steward, to whose care Conrad had confided his concerns, giving notice of his in-

tended journey, in addition to which Tyrone stated that on Percy's complete restoration to health, he conceived it expedient he should commence his journey to England without delay, and that as the most noble amity had been kindled between himself and Reginald, they should proceed together, in order that the latter might not only witness the solemnization of his friend's felicity, but receive the blessing of his long absent and magnanimous mother Mabel Donavan.

Such was the plan suggested by the Irish chief, in which each party felt interested, for although some painful ideas obtruded on the fancy of Reginald, yet filial duty counterbalanced the impulse of a selfish passion. Reginald forgot for a time the painful proposition of leaving Kathlane during the journey, occupied by the more sober yet praiseworthy sentiments which actuated him as a son, who owned the imperious obligations due to her as the author of his being, and yearned to prove within her fond embrace the acuteness of his feelings, and proffer for her welfare his future existence.

As the time approached which was to witness the departure of the youthful friends, every necessary despatch had been forwarded by Tyrone to the English coast, while the soul of the lovely Kathlane Seymour was oppressed by the influence of melancholy. Notwithstanding every effort to dissipate the weight of mental disquietude, Reginald became almost equally a prey to that goading sensation which none but the mind of true feeling can really experience. It would

be injurious to the natural perspicuity of Conrad to suppose that he had not secretly perceived the state of his friend's affections, and on a thousand occasions been witness of Kathlane Seymour's prepossession in his favour. To the mind of Percy, therefore, the obvious dejection of his friend and the well-beloved of his bosom, did not excite any degree of astonishment, for having so long been the victim of an apparently hopeless passion, he was in every respect calculated to pity and sympathize in their mutual emotions. Impelled by that sentiment, Conrad ventured to inform his friend that he was by no means desirous of forcing him from those paths of glory and honour which he appeared so likely to tread by following the martial career, in the pursuit of which he had displayed such proofs of skill and bodily prowess. In reply to that address, Conrad received such an answer as fully convinced him that however strong the impulses of love, his friend nevertheless felt all the reverence due to a parent, and was irrevocably fixed upon acting in every respect according to its imperious commands.

Two evenings previous to the intended journey, after Reginald had continued for a considerable time in the chamber of his friend, he at length heaved a sigh, and seizing the hand of Percy, after a short struggle began an ample confession of his love for Kathlane. He then concluded by stating that if assured Tyrone would ultimately sanction his passion, no difficulty nor transient absence should pluck the smile of contentment from his brow, but in the then unsettled state of his soul's dearest hopes, he could

not repel the agonizing thrill that assailed him on contemplating the possibility of some rival becoming a fortunate suitor for her hand during his absence from the Irish shores.

The generous Conrad having uttered the most persuasive arguments to pacify the feelings of his friend, Reginald at length retired to his couch, though not to taste the sweet influence of balmy repose.

At the accustomed hour the ensuing morning O'Mara rose, and repaired as he was wont to do to the chamber of his friend, but Percy was not to be found. The youth imagining that Conrad might have strolled forth to taste the breathy zephyrs of early day, descended from his apartment, and with thoughtful step quitted the castle gate, and wandered forth towards a silent glen o'ershaded by coppice wood that skirted an angle of the edifice. In pensive mood and with measured pace, Reginald proceeded for a while, so overcome by thought as to be rendered unconscious of the cause that had impelled his conduct, and thus situated the form of Kathlane Tyrone suddenly caught his enamoured gaze, who, reclining against the trunk of a venerable oak, seemed buried in profoundest thought. Heedless of his approach, Reginald gained the spot where she stood unobserved, and by the gentle pressure of her hand alone awakened the maid to a consciousness of the presence of him who then engrossed her every thought. Perceiving that the roses of her cheek were fled, and that a dewy drop begemmed her eye, the affectionate bosom of O'Mara owned the thrill of acute anguish,

and in accents the most seductive enquired the cause of her pain, when Seymour faintly blushing thus replied in saddened tones,

“Can I be jocund, Reginald, when I contemplate what must soon occur? can I with heart-felt ease forget those lessons thou hast taught me, which I, alas, have cherished too imprudently? Oh ask me not, O’Mara, why thus I am dejected; look but at your own heart, and if it beats not in responsive notes to every thrill of mine, then, Reginald, am I of woman-kind most wretched, because deceived in thee.”

“Harbour not a sentiment unworthy of my soul,” replied the youth with energetic warmth; “read in my countenance, Kathlane, the secrets of my soul, mark how my sunken eyes betray that soul-consuming passion, which long hath banished from my pillow the renovating influence of sleep; behold my altered cheek, and this sad clouded brow, that frights away the smile of sweet content—say, what do these portend but secret pinings of the tortured breast?”

“No more, no more,” replied Kathlane in stifled accents, “I will not chide thee, nor call from thy lips the words of cold unkindness, for I indeed require the strain of consolation, and who but thee should minister to my griefs, when soon the tuneful utterance of thy voice must sound for me no more, and fancy alone pourtray the visionary form which I could look upon till sight grew dim and life itself forsook me.”

“Oh heavens! my Kathlane, set not my soul on fire, thine anguish strikes ten thousand daggers to

my heart, even the voice of nature is drowned by love's imperious call—I will no longer bear this dread suspense—No! it is dastardly, it is acting with hypocrisy towards the noblest of the race of men—my generous patron, my indefatigable tutor, my disinterested friend, nay more—thine honoured father.—Say then, can I depart nor frankly speak the tumults of my soul.—No, my adored, I will this day breathe forth my passion, and tell him that I love; yes, I will at once decide my fate, and either know the extent of my misery, or on my knees regard him as my future parent.”

“Then claim the blessing even here,” said the generous chief rushing suddenly forward, followed by Conrad Percy, “yes, my children, I applaud your passion, such long has been the purpose I have laboured to attain, and heaven without my intervention has blessed me with the full completion of my soul's dear purpose.—Rise, Reginald; come, dearest pledge of a mother's early love, come, Kathlane, to my warm embrace; soon shall ye be happy in each other.”

The noble soul of Percy, urged by the converse of the preceding night with Reginald O'Mara, had formed the determination of attending Tyrone by early dawn, and confiding to his ear the state of Kathlane and O'Mara's affections. The chief, whose circumspection had in some measure enabled him to discern the kindling flame of passion in their breasts, but who was not aware of the extent of their loves, felt overjoyed on discovering the facts as detailed

by Percy, in consequence of which he had sought his child and Reginald, that by his acquiescence with their dearest wishes he might at once dispel those hopes and fears which were the sources of all their sufferings.

Previous to the departure of Conrad and Reginald for England, Tyrone promised to complete his children's happiness, when O'Mara should have performed the duties of a son to his long absent mother, whose acquiescence with the alliance he was also to procure, and then on returning to Ireland seal at the altar Kathlane Seymour as his own for ever. Such a speedy and unexpected termination of their sorrows dispelled the sadness that must otherwise have embittered the lovers' parting, which took effect at the appointed time, when Reginald and Conrad Percy, after expeditiously journeying to the Irish coast, took shipping for England, and landed in safety on the shores of Britain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

All mundane happiness is incomplete;
For when we judge ourselves as most assured,
And turn in selfish consciousness the back
On chance that may be, 't is then too late we find
The gaudy picture but a phantasy
That danced before us to the brink of fate,
Then sudden burst to strike us dumb with horror.

W. H. I.

Deo adjuvante non timendum.

As one wish impelled the youthful friends to proceed in their progress, they used all expedition possible, and arrived at length in the vicinity of the residence of Mabel Donovan, where Reginald O'Mara soon found himself encircled in the anxious arms of his fond parent, while Percy, alive to every thrill of mental ecstasy which the presence of his long-lost Anna could inspire, gazed enraptured on the future partner of his destiny, who in the presence of her lover buried all former sufferings in the fond oblivion of existing happiness.

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the several emotions which agitated that happy circle; Mabel, the fondest of mothers, as she had proved herself the most magnanimous of heroines, gazed with

the innate pride of a parent on the personal requisites of her youthful son, while the conspicuous endowments of his mind, and valiant conduct in the field, by turns created in her bosom the most ecstatic sensations of delight.

In the soul of Reginald O'Mara a variety of emotions rose in succession to call forth all that tenderness which he inherently possessed. He could not on beholding his mother but recur to the anxiety and pangs she had undergone for his preserving, every circumstance of which he was intimately acquainted with, while the heroic principles she had so frequently displayed equally excited the veneration and regard of her offspring. And when he was led to a retrospect of her persevering conduct towards Anna Fitz-Allen, and the dangers Mabel had faced for her preservation, the soul of Reginald kindled into a sentiment nearly approximating to veneration, and only offered up the fervent prayer that his every action might be stamped with virtues that would render him worthy so magnanimous a mother.

In the bosom of Conrad reigned the most ardent yet pure attachment for the being whose affection had been sanctioned by a father's blessing, yet was the mind of Percy too noble and disinterested not to share his feelings in some measure with the mother of his friend. To her indefatigable spirit and contempt of danger he was solely indebted for the blessings he then enjoyed in the society of his Anna, and the speedy prospect of a lasting union, which would

terminate at once the long career of bitterness that had assailed him.

The gentle Anna, whose procrastinated and painful sufferings had mellowed her soul to cherish that refinement of tenderness, calculated to ensure to the mind of Conrad an uninterrupted state of felicity, looked up to Percy as the future depository of her soul's dearest thoughts, while in Mabel she beheld with grateful reverence the saviour of her honour and her life. In Donovan she contemplated the unwearied patron of her unprotected state during the long period of calm melancholy which had characterized her days, from a conviction that the beloved of her soul was lost to the world and herself for ever.

Judith Maclean, although a stranger to the refinements of passion, was by no means a calm observer of the scene around her. The lapse of time spent in the society of Mabel and Anna had tended to awaken all those praise-worthy sentiments, the inherent characteristics of her soul, which had been first warped by an early neglect of education and moral duties, and ultimately stifled in the raging vortex of passion, libertinism, and vice. It was at this juncture Judith experienced the internal reward bestowed for a virtuous action—if she regarded Conrad, the recollection of that momentous night which placed him at the mercy of O'Ryan's dagger recurred fully to her fancy, and it was then she felt the delight arising from the conduct pursued in rescuing him from the impending blow. Coupled with that idea was the happiness she enjoyed in the smiles of Anna, which contemplation

led to a fresh train of thought, involving the safety of Mabel, and the honour of Fitz-Allen's lovely offspring. Frequently as Judith yielded to those heart approving thoughts, the big tear involuntarily gushed from her eyes, when concealing her visage, and pressing the arm of Donavan, she would emphatically exclaim—

It is now I feel the blessed conviction.—Who, would not be virtuous?

Previous to the arrival of Percy, a messenger had been despatched from his worthy steward, bearing to him the warmest congratulations from the venerable old man, at the prospect of his long wished-for return, indicating that every thing should be in readiness to receive him at the family mansion in Westmoreland, whither he had determined to repair in order to the celebration of his nuptials with Anna Fitz-Allen.

Some days subsequent to Reginald's arrival, he took an opportunity when in presence of his friend and Anna, to acquaint Mabel with the state of his affections as regarded Kathlane Tyrone Seymour, informing her at the same time that the gallant chief had sanctioned their loves, and that her acquiescence was alone wanting to render him the happiest of mankind. Donavan paused at the information, for certain scruples immediately arose, as Kathlane was not of the catholic persuasion. Her silence struck deep to the soul of Reginald, who well knew the sentiments of his mother in that particular, and though he had a thousand times recurred to them when in the presence of Kathlane, he had from motives of

dread, scrupulously concealed his fears from her sensitive bosom, lest her innate principles of virtue should have led her to discountenance the love of a man which might not receive the sanction of his parent.

On witnessing the conduct of Mabel, Percy's generous soul sympathised in the feelings of his friend, while Anna, equally anxious for the happiness of Reginald, regarded with more poignant sorrow the calm determination which seemed pourtrayed in the countenance of Donavan. Being from long habits of friendship intimately acquainted with the decisive resolution at all times displayed by Mabel, she deemed it futile to war against such a spirit by having recourse to argumentative persuasion. Such was therefore the inauspicious prospect that presented itself to the sanguine mind of the enamoured Reginald, diffusing a gloom on every soul which had so recently been characterized by the genial influence of uncontaminated delight.

A short time antecedent to the period in question, the popular mind had been greatly agitated in consequence of the murder of George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, by the hand of Felton, as the former was on the eve of setting sail in order to assist the Rochellers against the catholic forces. As every circumstance connected with the faith still possessed interest in the mind of Donavan, she gladly listened to any intelligence conducive to the furtherance of her persuasion, and consequently in support of catholicism. Such was the vulnerable part of Mabel's cha-

racter, who having surmounted the various difficulties she had had to encounter, again bent her thoughts upon the drooping state of the Romish church, a circumstance but little conducive to forward the interests of her son.

Notwithstanding popular clamour, which placed that extraordinary murder to the account of Felton's discontent, in not having experienced sufficient advancement for his services, Donavan, who had renewed her correspondence with many active catholics since her return to England, had better information on the subject. She had in consequence been given to understand in positive terms that the deed was solely perpetrated in the cause of religion, and as the duke of Buckingham had previously shown himself so inveterate against the catholics, Felton was determined he should not again have it in his power to forward the protestant interest in support of the Rochellers. Urged by that determination, he had seized the moment for effecting the death of the duke, for which he then lay under sentence of condemnation in the prison at Portsmouth, where he was to suffer death, and afterwards be exposed in chains near the spot where the act had been perpetrated.

On the evening of the day when Mabel had received the news of Felton's condemnation, she very unexpectedly intimated to her friends an intention formed of proceeding the following morning to witness his exit from this world. Donavan felt a secret and irresistible impulse that prompted her to wish for an interview with that resolute friend of the faith,

after which she stated her resolve to accompany Conrad and Anna to the county of Westmoreland, it having been previously settled that Percy was to receive his bride from the hands of Mabel Donavan, who was in every respect entitled to act as her parent on that solemn occasion. As any endeavour to divert Mabel from her purpose would have been unavailing, the arrangement for her intended departure was that night made, when it was fixed that the melancholy Reginald O'Mara should be the partner of her journey to witness the final close of the life of the duke of Buckingham's assassin.

Donavan, silent and oppressed with thought, retired to her chamber at an early hour, leaving her youthful friends to express their wonder at the conduct of their mutual benefactress, from which suggestion they were led to commiserate the lot of Reginald, to whose happiness such an invincible barrier seemed to be raised by the fixed religious prejudices of his otherwise matchless parent.

Mabel instead of retiring to rest, gave loose to those gloomy contemplations she had uniformly indulged since Reginald's confession of his love for Kathlane. Gratitude, feeling, and friendship urged her in turn to seal the happiness of her son and the offspring of the generous Tyrone; while religious scruples on the other hand warred within her breast, when she shuddered at the contemplation of an offspring arising from her child in conjunction with an avowed opponent of the catholic persuasion.

Engrossed by such a train of ideas, Donavan suf-

ferred time unconsciously to steal away, while she at intervals returned to the perusal of a volume written by a priest, treating on the subject of marriage as ordained by the papal institutes. Thus occupied, the hour of eleven had long tolled upon the breeze, yet Donovan continued so immersed in thought as to be wholly lost to a sense of the advanced period of night.

Mabel's eyes had long been rivetted intently upon a page of the work, while the sombre ray of the lamp cast but an impartial light on the subject of her attentive scrutiny. Raising the brass pin in order to trim the wick, a strange female form seated opposite at that instant caught her astonished gaze, whose extraordinary appearance for a moment discomposed the equanimity of our heroine's mind. Instantaneously recollecting herself, Mabel deliberately trimmed the lamp, and then fixing her dark penetrating eyes on the figure before her, remained for some minutes in the steady contemplation of her physiognomy.

The figure of the unknown visitant was of the middling stature, but extremely emaciated and bent with age. Her hair, which was raven black, hung in lanky and matted disorder on either side of her shoulders, while her face, which was preposterously large and long for her stature, was cadaverous and wrinkled. Her chin was covered with grizzly hairs, and from her half open lips projected two sharp fangs, while her prominent and pointed nose was crowned with piercing eyes that conveyed an expression of horror,

calculated to thrill the stoutest heart. Her covering, or rather rags, was of thread-bare black velvet, which appeared to have been a pall torn from some coffin of the great. In one bony hand she grasped a crutch, while the other, placed upon her chest, displayed the hideous length of her fingers, and the long and sharp talons wherewith they were pointed.

Such was the form on which Mabel gazed with determined steadfastness for a time, when the aged figure in a dissonant tone of voice thus addressed her :

“ Dost thou not know me, Mabel Donavan, are my features of so common a cast that there is nothing in them which should bring me to thy remembrance?”

“Thou speakest aright,” answered Donavan in slow accents and with a considerative look, “ thy features indeed are of no vulgar cast, and the malignancy that scowls from thine enquiring eyes speaks thee no friend of mine.—Thou art even she who many years ago, didst greet myself and Moor O’Mara on the heath, when from the bitter storm we sought a shelter ’neath the miserable hovel which contained thee and thine associates.”

“ Right,” replied the stranger form, “ who with this ebon crutch upon the wasted embers on the hearth did strive to trace thy destiny.”

“ What wouldst thou with me now ?” demanded Donavan with a stern look.

“ Much, woman :—yea, very much !”

“ To the purpose then,” replied Mabel, “ I know

thee well, for that thou surely art a being of some other region than this earth: therefore to thine errand, for I can hear thee without blanching my soul with fear, as I contemplate now with calmness thine abhorred visage."

"I have been long thy bitter foe as I was Moor O'Mara's," replied the hag with a look darting hellish fire, "yes, in my power much has been vested to procure thine overthrow, but fate has so ordained it that a mightier hand should interpose to stay my purposes; I would have done with thee as with thy Moor O'Mara, but mine intent hath been frustrated, for save the power of Him who reigns above, nought can assail thy life, unless thy potent feelings should complete the doom which I have so long and vainly toiled to compass."

"Is this the purpose of thine errand?" demanded Donavan, "it ill becomes thee as my foe to warn me against feelings that would effect my death, for which thou long hast thirsted."

"Thy life or death can now no longer place thee in my power.—Dost thou remember when fondling over thy son, then but a babe, his hand being armed struck on the ivory crucifix, which lay before him, and that blood therefrom did issue?"

"I do remember such a fact."

"Then know, 'twas I that dealt that blow, that thou, infuriate in religion's cause, mightest murder Reginald and thereby damn thyself; thus cropping in the bud that virtue which if not prevented, I knew would ultimately shine on Moor O'Mara's offspring."

" Praised be the ever blessed Santa Maria," exclaimed Mabel, " thy purpose was defeated, and thus I live to boast a son, the honour of his race, the paragon of youths, the virtuous Reginald O'Mara. His purity, I trust, shall wash away the stain of all his parents' weight of sublunary transgressions, his affectionate hand shall at the moment of approaching death, wipe from my brows the chilling dews of death, and his prayers accompany my parting spirit to the God of mercy."

" Soon shall he perhaps perform that solemn duty," answered the hag in sullen accents.

" If it be heaven's high will," resumed Mabel, " for if from thee the word of truth may come, none but the hand Supreme can touch me."

" Yes, thou mayst thyself become thine own executioner."

" I am not framed to war against myself," replied Donavan.

" Beware, Mabel, remember 'tis the *Baughee* witch who now addresses thee."

" Thou art then the messenger of death that hauntest the mansions of the great in title, and renowned in deeds. Thanks to thy counsel, much dreaded object, although I fear thee not. No, for when my dissolution comes, thy visitation, Baughee witch, shall not embitter the passage of my soul into a better world."

Scarcely had Mabel pronounced those words, when suddenly the hag striking the earth with her crutch, vanished momentarily into airy nothingness.

As the reader may in all probability be wholly unacquainted with the name of the supernatural agent here introduced, it may perhaps be requisite to state that the *Baughee Witch* is well known in every part of Ireland, where it is said she appears to denote the dying hour of any man of rank and fortune, or of such individuals as may have ennobled themselves by their illustrious actions. On those occasions the *Baughee* spirit stalks round the dwelling of the expiring person until the moment of dissolution, when she vanishes and is no more heard of.

The following is one among the many poetical effusions which have been composed in the form of Ballads, in order to celebrate the appearance of this ominous personage.

A BALLAD OF THE BAUGHEE WITCH ;

OR,

DEATH OF THE LORD BALCARRAS.

THE lord of Balcarras lay sick in his bed,
Yet his sickness was not passing sore,
But oft would he talk of the souls of the dead,
For he thought he should never rise more.

The lord of Balcarras he mended apace,
And his household rejoiced ev'ry one,
Yet though they were pleased, passing sad was his face,
For he told them his sand was nigh run.

'Twas near the mid hour when upright the lord rose,
He was pale as a sick man could be;
Oh! I cannot taste, quoth his lordship, repose,
Round my house stalks the Witch of *Baughee*.

At the name of the Beldam, death's harbinger grim,
Each attendant with fear was nigh crazed,
Then harsh croak'd the raven, the lamp burnt quite dim,
Whilst the screech-owl its piercing note raised.

The Abbey clock toll'd forth the dread midnight hour,
Quoth the sick lord, how minutes do lag,
In vain have I spoke of the *Baughee's* fell power,
None but I hear the sound of the hag.

The lord of Balcarras his eyes closed anon,
And down on his pillow sank he,
Ere *one* from his body the spirit was gone,
Then away speed the Witch of *Baughee*

Oh! never then scoff at her omen so dread,
For although blithe and merry you be,
If round the house wanders this fiend of the dead,
Thence she'll bear you:—the Witch of *Baughee*.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I would have broke mine eye strings,
Crack'd them, but to look upon him.

Forced by imperious fate, she sought that final doom
Which buries all our pains and pleasures in the tomb.

Mors ultima linea rerum est.

UNRUFFLED by the appearance of the Baughee witch, and the conversation which had taken place, Mabel only began to consider the nature of her warning, intimating that unless the will Supreme ordained it, no mortal power, save her own feelings, could be productive of her death. "And what then," thought Donovan, "should so powerfully operate on my mental being as to produce the fulfilment of that extraordinary prognostic?" She paused and yielded awhile to deep consideration:—Yes, there is one dreadful blow that might consign me to the grave,—the premature dissolution of my beloved Reginald, whose life is dearer to my heart than every other consideration on this side of the grave. Yet of what may I not prove the cause in thus withholding my consent to his espousing the protestant daughter of Tyrone:—even for the few

days that have elapsed since I notified to him my disapprobation, have I observed the deadened lustre of his manly eye! The traces of mental anguish are perceptible on his cheek, and the gloomy and misanthropic silence which attends the soul's despair.—It must be so, by my tenets and religious scruples, I am paving the way to the early demise of Reginald, whose passage from this world would soon entrain me in its consequences, and thus accomplish the Baughee's prophecy. It must not be, I will circumvent the operations of that grim minister of death.—Yes, ere my departure hence to-morrow will I ratify his heart's dear wish in presence of his friend and Anna, for when the welfare of a boy, and such a son too is the price, surely the merciful behest of heaven will pardon a dereliction from the rigid tenets of our faith—I feel assured it must be so, and the dear thought is but the index of a sanction from above.

On the ensuing morning Mabel at an early hour joined her youthful friends, while an unusual air of satisfaction was depicted on her countenance. Having partaken of the morning's repast, the pensive Reginald was on the point of rising in order to put every thing in readiness for the departure of himself and his mother, when Mabel grasping his arm desired he would yield her his attention, with which the obedient youth complied, by instantly resuming his place, upon which Donavan in calm accents thus bespoke him,

“There is one point Reginald on which thy welfare and my own depends, and that is thy individual hap-

piness. To behold thee miserable would entail a similar fate upon thy mother; yet well I know thy generous spirit rather than purchase *individual happiness* at the expense of my peace, would bear the thorn of anguish in thine own breast to pluck the goading sting from mine."

Reginald continued in mute expectation, though his expressive eyes beamed the acquiescence of his soul with the opinion of his parent.

"Thou didst confess to me, Reginald, the situation of thy heart, and painful was the task for one who cherishes affections such as mine to withhold my sanction. Now mark the change, my son; I have been reasoning with myself, and freely from my soul accord thee all thy fancy can desire; and mayest thou therefore be blessed for ever in the possession of Kathlane Seymour Tyrone."

"What says my mother?" exclaimed Reginald, throwing himself at Donavan's feet. "But is not this at the expense of thine own feelings, adored of parents?"

"Thinkest thou I would be guilty of a despicable falsehood?" resumed Mabel, "no, Reginald, my sanction springs spontaneous from my *heart*; yes, from those very *sentiments*, on which depend the happiness, nay the *existence* of us both."

O'Mara remained awhile unable to give utterance to his soul's effusions, while Conrad enchanted at this unexpected completion of his friend's bliss, joined with the lovely Anna in testifying their delight, while Reginald sobbing on the bosom of his mother, at

length spoke in broken sentences the gratitude which was so justly Mabel's due.

Donavan, anxious to waive any further conversation on the subject, abruptly rose, and with a cheerful voice summoned Reginald to attend her to her horse; who, waving his hand to Conrad and Anna, flew on the wings of fondness and duty to obey his parent, and in a few seconds being mounted on their steeds, they forthwith proceeded on their route to accomplish the destined object of their journey.

On the arrival of the travellers at Portsmouth, which took place towards the close of evening, the former on enquiry was given to understand that the ensuing morning the fate of Felton would be decided on a gibbet. Anxious to put her wishes into effect, Mabel despatched her son to the prison in order to learn whether any person might be permitted to converse with the criminal. That errand O'Mara proceeded to obey without loss of time, and repairing to the gaol, was informed by one of the keepers, that no person whatever could be allowed an interview. Reginald who was well aware of the conduct adopted by those wretches who make a merchandize of the feelings of the unfortunate, soon softened the obduracy of the gaoler by dropping several pieces of gold into his hand; and stating that a second fee would be the recompence could he admit himself and another person to the cell of the condemned Felton. The reward soon operated on the stern features of the turnkey, who informed Reginald that being fully assured he must have something extraordinary to

communicate to the murderer, he would on the following morning procure him admission to the cell, when having thus favourably terminated his errand, Reginald hastened back to acquaint his expectant mother who awaited with anxiety the return of morning.

At the hour appointed Mabel punctually attended with her son at the entrance of the prison, which was already surrounded by a multitude, who waited to witness the escorting of Felton to the place of execution. Reginald having singled out the turnkey, made him a sign, who on recognizing the youth, immediately beckoned them to advance, when Donavan and her son were speedily freed from the concourse of people, and having passed the gate of the prison, advanced quickly through the gloomy and winding passages of that abode of guilt and misery.

After descending a long flight of steps, which led to the under cells, the keeper at length halted at the fatal door. There stood as sentinel, another officer of the prison, with whom Mabel's conductor having exchanged a few words returned to Donavan, whose garments he proceeded to examine with the utmost scrutiny, fearful lest they might intend to convey any missile weapon to the condemned. Being fully satisfied on that head, Mabel presented a piece of gold to the officer, and he forthwith proceeded to draw back the massive bolts, and unlock the strongly plated door, which moving on its ponderous hinges, displayed to the eyes of Donavan and her son the person of the culprit. He was seated at the extremity of the

dungeon, illumined only by a lamp that burned on the table, the wretch appearing lost in meditation, his hands being raised so as to conceal his physiognomy.

The turnkey pointing with his finger to the culprit, ushered Mabel and Reginald into the chamber of horrors, when withdrawing from the cell he closed to the portal, leaving Donovan and her son alone with the captive.

Reginald, whose manly soul felt the keen thrill of pity, first advanced to Felton, who continued unmoved as if absorbed in agony of thought.

“Unfortunate man,” said the offspring of Donovan in a sympathizing tone of voice; “although thy crime is great, yet there are beings who can feel for thee at this dreadful crisis, and by their language strive to render less thorny thy pathway to eternity.”

The prisoner was silent for a few moments, when without changing his situation he thus made reply,—

“Stranger, I need no consolation from thee, for what blessing can'st thou, a Protestant, afford to me the steady advocate of the Catholic Church.”

“I too profess that faith,” resumed Reginald, “and therefore with my mother am come to minister such comfort as thy state requires.”

During the delivery of those words the figure of the youth obscured the prisoner from Mabel's sight, who remained a few paces in the back ground. Felton then withdrawing his hand from his brow, elevated his sunk eyes and cadaverous visage, which instantly came in contact with the physiognomy of Reginald, whose manly sight was glazed with the

rising tears of agonizing pity. In a few seconds however, a fiery and wild expression beamed in the eyes of the culprit, who continued to devour with looks the form before him.

“Who and what art thou?” exclaimed the wretched man, starting up while rattling at his ancles trailed the ponderous fetters. “In the name of Holy Jesu, speak!” At that very moment Donavan darted forwards, and the look of the murderer was diverted from Reginald’s to her visage by that hasty motion, at the same instant the prisoner giving vent to a deep groan dropped to the earth, while Mabel, uttering the most piercing shriek, stood motionless, like the marble statue of horror and despair. Reginald, alarmed at the sight, flew to his mother, but her glaring eyes were fixed, her form was stiffened, her hands were icy cold and her cheeks quite bloodless, while a convulsed rattling was heard in her throat. The frantic youth placed his hand on the left side of his parent; for a few seconds no palpitation of the heart was perceptible:—“Father of the heavenly host,” ejaculated Reginald, “save, oh! save my mother, she dies, she dies!”

At the sound, as from a heavy dream the culprit sprang from earth, he darted towards Mabel, caught her wildly in his arms, and then seizing the hand of the almost heart broken Reginald, firmly pressed it in his convulsed grasp, and groaned aloud, “My son, my son! behold thy father, Moor O’Mara.”

Reginald stood mute in horrid amazement, when at that juncture the icy hand of Donavan was extend-

ed towards him,—he caught, he pressed it to his lips, but utterance was denied him.

“It is—it is—thy father,” articulated Donavan. (a heavy bell was heard to toll,) “the—the scene is closed—far—farewell.”

The head of Mabel dropped on Moor O'Mara's shoulder, it was cold and lifeless. Reginald still grasped her hand, it was motionless for ever. Yes, Mabel, the magnanimous Donavan, had yielded up her spirit to taste celestial bliss with kindred souls in heaven.

The brazen sound, fell summons for execution, again reverberated through the dismal cell.—“I am content,” exclaimed O'Mara calmly, “it is for me: I come, I come, oh, Mabel Donavan!”

Reginald awakened as from a trance, dropped on his knees before his unhappy father, and clasping his hands, supplicated with dumb eloquence his last blessing. O'Mara shook his head mournfully, and still enfolding the inanimate corpse of Mabel in his arms, dropped gently on his knees beside his son exclaiming,—

“This, this is indeed a supplication that may prove acceptable to thee, great source of everlasting mercy. Ask not of me a blessing, Reginald; pray and ask forgiveness for thy too guilty father.”

As the pious youth sent forth the spontaneous ejaculations which issued from a heart almost broken, the spirit of Moor O'Mara became more composed, and thus occupied, he continued until the door of the dungeon being thrown open, the guards appeared to usher the supposed Felton to the fatal tree. At that

instant, hastily drawing from his bosom a roll of papers, he thrust them unobserved beneath the cloak of Reginald, whose hand he seized with energy, and in his ear pronounced these words.—

“ Be silent, and for thy sake, my son, conceal that I am thy father Moor O’Mara.” Reginald half rising from his prostrate position, stretched forth his arms towards his parent, who having strained him to his heart, hurried with precipitancy from the cell, leaving the fainting and motionless form of Reginald stretched on the corpse of his departed mother. * * *

* * * * *

Long was the lapse of time that ensued ere the projected joys of Conrad Percy and Anna Fitz-Allen were realized, as months were passed in mourning the loss of her who had proved their benefactress, friend, and mother. Long too did Reginald continue to weep the doom of those who gave him being, unmindful of Kathlane’s love, who strove by every tender art to wean him from his melancholy. With time however the excess of anguish mellowed, and peace and virtue were at length the recompense of friendship, love, and filial piety.

The scroll committed by Moor O’Mara to his son, was the recital of his life, which he had intended previous to his execution should have been published to the world. But when he had thus unexpectedly found a son, he determined that his real name should die upon the scaffold, and prevent the entailment of his disgrace upon a virtuous offspring. As the contents of this narrative, from the period of the sup-

posed death of Moor O'Mara in the field of battle, when fighting under the banners of Tyrone, are requisite to end the life of the catholic, we shall give it in his own words, which ran as follow:—

TERMINATION OF THE LIFE

OF

MOOR O'MARA.

WHILE thus vigorously disputing every inch of ground, the blow from a hostile hand levelled me on a sudden to earth ; the form of my friend and associate Felix O'Brien being the last object that met my fainting sight. Unconscious of every thing that transpired from that inauspicious moment, I awoke at length to find myself a captive in the power of the English soldiery, who on clearing the field of battle from the dead, had discovered in me some signs of life, and knowing from my accoutrements that I held a distinguished command in the army of Tyrone, they had consequently preserved me, in the hope of extorting some confessions as to the plan of operations intended to be pursued by that chieftain.

During many weeks I continued under the care of those commissioned to effect my recovery to health, which gradually took place, notwithstanding every effort was used on my part not only to retard, but bring on the termination of my earthly career, as if I felt a conviction that no mercy would be extended

towards me, and that if I was not publicly shot as a rebel leader, I should at all events be consigned to perpetual and lingering imprisonment. The hand of fate however lay upon me, and it was destined that I should not yet die, as my strength daily increased, and I was soon pronounced in a complete state of convalescence, at which period a regular plan was set on foot by the English leader to draw from my lips the desired confession. I however peremptorily resisted, holding in contempt the offers of emolument and even rank in the enemy's army, and equally spurning the threats of punishment which were frequently held out to intimidate what was styled my rebellious contumacy. As I well knew that the name of Moor O'Mara, had I confessed myself such, would have at once sealed my fate, I had in the first instance taken upon myself the title of Phelim O'Dogherthy, under which name I fortunately escaped detection.

After a long continuance in the English camp, where I was treated with every mark of contumely, and subjected to constant sufferings, I was at length doomed to march under an escort with other prisoners to the Irish coast, where it was thought requisite to embark us, in order to gain the English territories. There new devices were to have been resorted to in order that a full confession might be drawn from me, but my enemies were little acquainted with the man they had to tamper with, or never would such a step have been contemplated to work me to their purpose. The season of the year however

being inauspicious to our passage, the tempestuous swell of the surges, and the unconquerable fury of the winds conjoined to wreck our vessel, which was dashed to pieces on the Calf of Man, near the island of that name, when every soul perished but myself and the commander of the vessel, whom in the moment of peril I rescued from the yawning gulf, and almost lifeless dragged his body to the friendly shore.— Scarcely had I performed that act of mercy, when my own situation suddenly flashed upon my mind; I was a prisoner, and my life placed at the mercy of heretics, one of whom I had preserved from certain death, through which charitable act I had perhaps placed myself again in their power. The strong impulse of personal safety at that moment pervaded my breast, the object of my fear lay stretched defenceless at my side, while I was yet possessed of sufficient vigour to bereave him of life and consign him to the waves from which I had so recently preserved him. I approached my victim with the intention of putting my horrid plan into effect, when a sentiment which I found it utterly impossible to repel, withheld me from my intention, and by an almost instantaneous transition in my feelings, the purposed murderer became the minister of mercy. By my assiduities that life was saved, which held my own preservation from captivity and death, solely at its mercy.

No sooner was this purpose accomplished than I demanded what steps the rescued English mariner intended to adopt with respect to myself, when guided by the noble sentiment of gratitude and philanthropy,

he tendered me his honest hand, swearing to face that death for my preservation from which I had so signally rescued him. We then gained the Isle of Man by the assistance of some fishermen, to whom my gallant companion related our unfortunate shipwreck, stating that I was, though an Irishman, a steady friend to the English cause, and had been deputed to convey intelligence of a momentous nature to the British forces. This story not only merited my warm acknowledgments, but was productive of a circumstance I little expected, for in consequence of my supposed embassy I received a sum of money expedient to defray my expences, of which I was in every respect bereft, and by that assistance was afterwards enabled to pursue the measures to which I had immediate recourse.

The metropolis of England was by no means calculated to ensure me comfort or safety, and I in consequence pursued a different track, added to which the proclamation for banishing all seminaries, jesuits, and reverend Roman priests, from the soil of Britain, had very much curtailed their numbers and the means of supplying the abettors of their cause with money and advice. I therefore determined on visiting the coast of France, where religious feuds ran high, and after forwarding as much as possible the catholic cause and establishing a correspondence with Tyrone, determined to rejoin his standard and renew my endeavours to attain the discomfiture of the power despatched against us. Swayed by those determinations, I with some diffi-

culty procured a passage for the Gallic coast, and repaired to Paris, where I was soon inducted to the acquaintance of many English and Irish priests who had been expelled from Britain, and with some of whom I had had previous intercourse. Ever anxious for the success of the papal cause, and well knowing my warm adherence to its tenets and my contempt of danger in forwarding its success, I was made the depository of all their secrets, and undertook several journeys to Madrid and the Low Countries, in order to concert schemes most advisable to be adopted in forwarding the cause. Many expresses and supplies of money were in consequence despatched to the earl of Tyrone, though he was wholly unacquainted with my being yet alive, as well as the strenuous measures I pursued for his success against the enemy, as I purposely reserved to myself the gratification I should experience in becoming personally the bearer of such unexpected tidings.

During those proceedings I became leagued with Ravilliac, whose just indignation I fomented, and thus became a prime agent in the murder of the French king. My exertions were then as indefatigably pursued on various other occasions, until the arrival of Charles of England, who, accompanied by the duke of Buckingham, sir Francis Cottington, and Master Endimion Porter in disguise, arrived at Paris, where, at a masked ball, the prince first saw the beautiful Henrietta Maria. On that occasion, the catholics being well acquainted with his expedition, and learn-

ing it was the young prince's intention to visit Madrid, for the express purpose of seeing the Infanta of Spain, I was despatched to make the count d'Olivares privy to the fact, who took care to acquaint the Spanish monarch with the same, when every thing was prepared for the reception of that noble guest.

The articles of marriage were agreed upon, and every prospect appeared feasible of an union between that catholic princess and the heir of James of England, when the restitution of the Palatinate, which was the primary cause of the prince's expedition, not having been acceded to, the nuptials were broken off, to the infinite chagrin of all trusty papists; on which occasion the duke of Buckingham had shown himself particularly officious.

On the departure of prince Charles, having made every previous arrangement, I found means to embark in the same vessel under the name of Felton, when after a most dangerous passage, we at length landed in safety at Portsmouth, from whence I repaired to London, and sought in vain for any traces of Mabel Donavan, or my youthful son Reginald.

The ensuing year happened the death of king James, previous to which event, a marriage having been concluded upon between prince Charles and the lady Henrietta Maria of France, that princess shortly after landed at Dover, and the nuptials were celebrated with all due solemnity and magnificence.

After the union, which seemed to augur good to the catholics, the king of France, by his detention of

all English vessels at Bordeaux, sounded the trumpet of war, when I enlisted apparently to serve under the banners of the duke of Buckingham, who was ordered to effect the capture of the Island of Rhee, opposite to the port of Rochelle. My real intention however was to act as a spy upon the duke's proceedings, in which I so well succeeded as to be the sole cause of his expulsion from that place, with the loss of two thousand men and fifty officers.

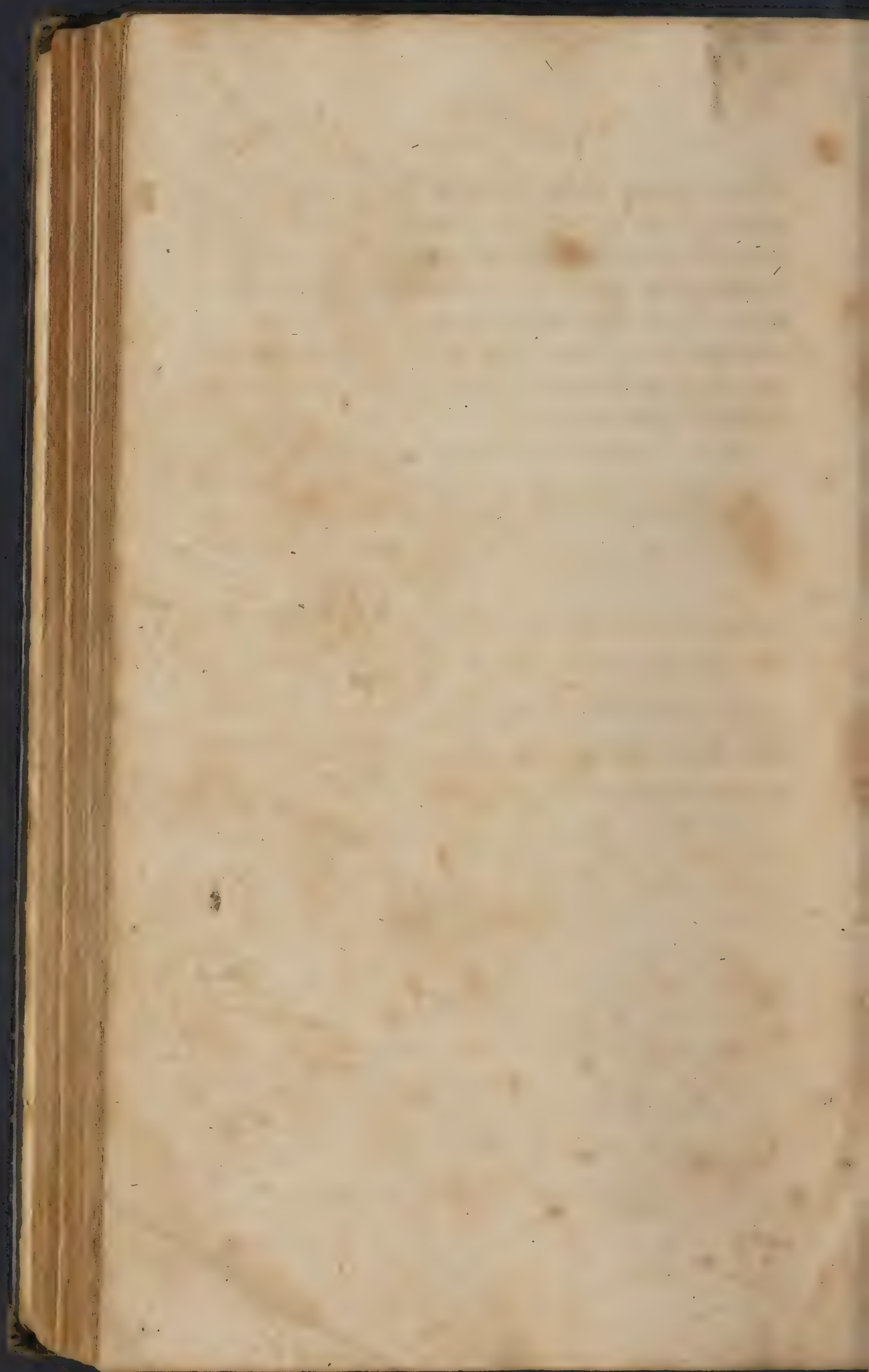
Shortly after, the protestant Rochellers demanded succour of king Charles of England, while the French cabinet dreaded the British armament then preparing for sea, which was to be placed under the command of the duke of Buckingham. I received due intimation of the same, when mindful of the hostile conduct of that nobleman in respect to the former contemplated alliance of the English prince with the catholic Infanta of Spain, and having sufficient proofs of his strong enmity to the furtherance of the popish persuasion, I determined if possible to end by one blow all further operations on the part of the duke. In consequence I effected his death when on the point of embarking for his expected expedition to Rochelle, for which action I am now condemned to suffer, and glory in the contemplation of a death which, though ignominious in vulgar eyes, seals me no less the friend of my faith, and a resolute actor in the catholic cause.

Thus concludes the turbulent scene of my existence; would that it were reserved for my truly

worthy partner Mabel Donavan, or that my son Reginald might become the depository of his father's secrets.— I die in the Romish belief, supplicating the interposition of the immaculate and holy Mother of our Lord, the blessed apostles, and all the host of saints, in full belief of pardon for my sins through the blood of the Son of God, and the enjoyment of everlasting salvation.

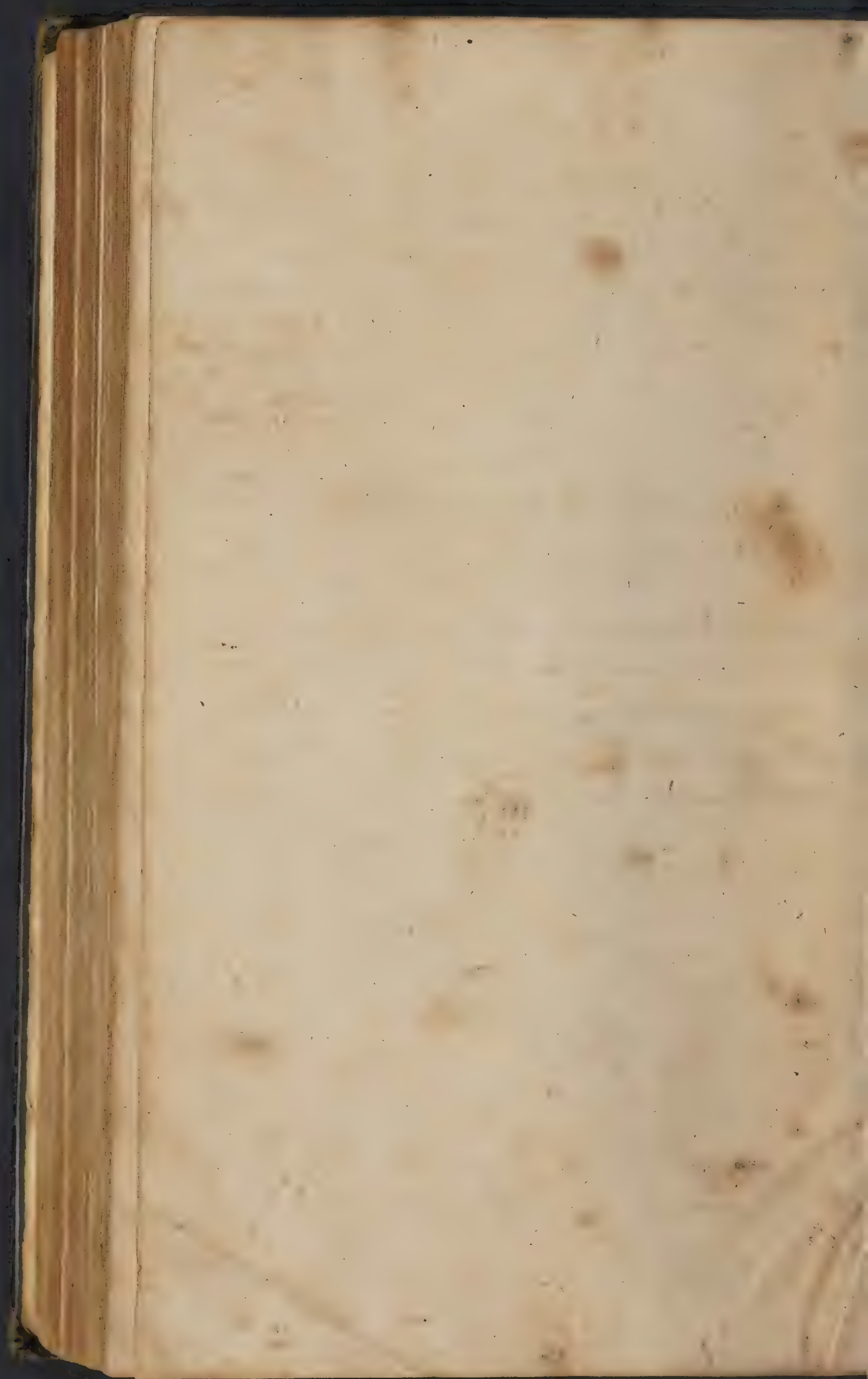
Thus I resign my spirit, invigorated by that cheering radiance which ushers from earthly sorrow to celestial bliss the soul of—THE CATHOLIC—
MOOR O'MARA.

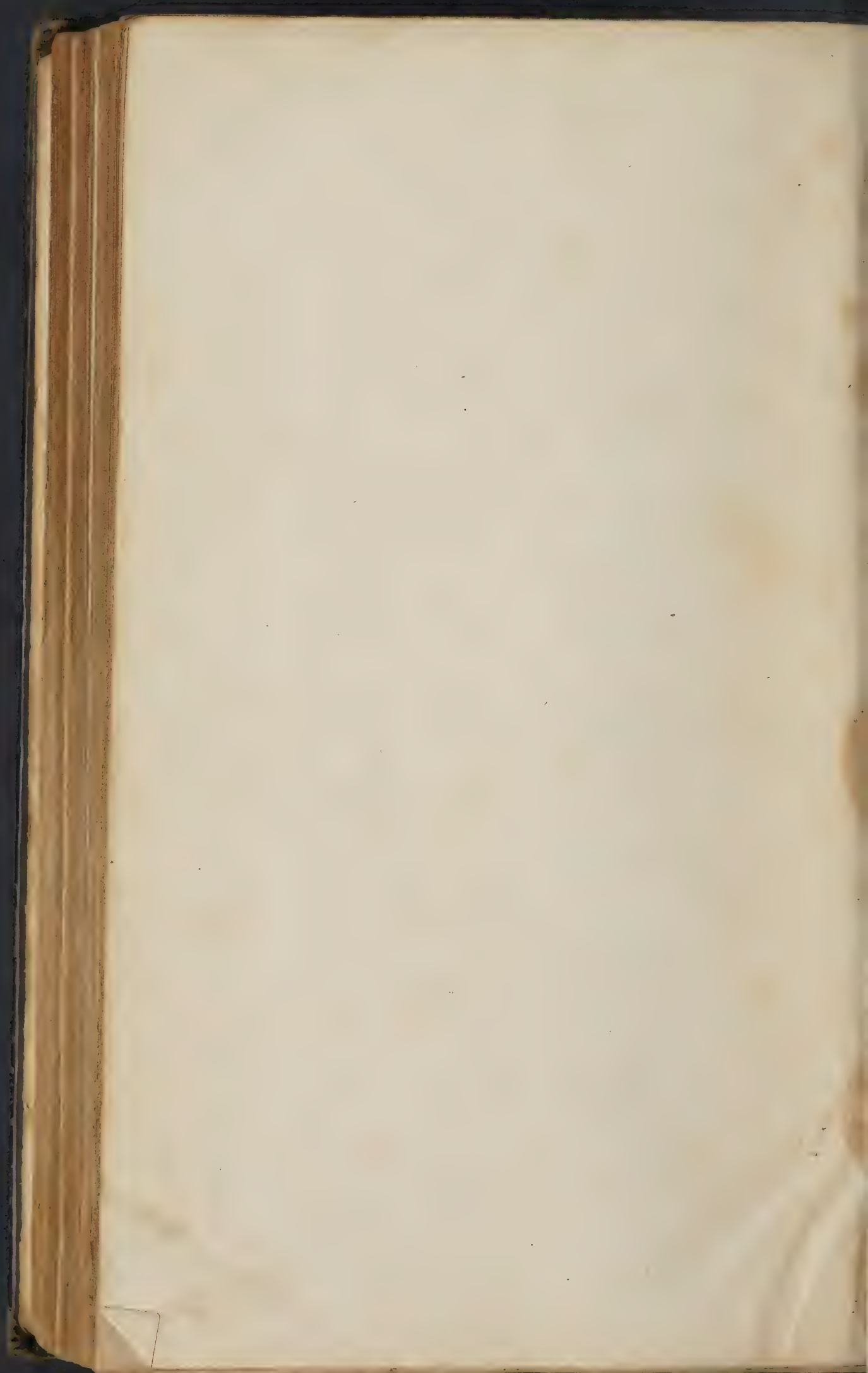
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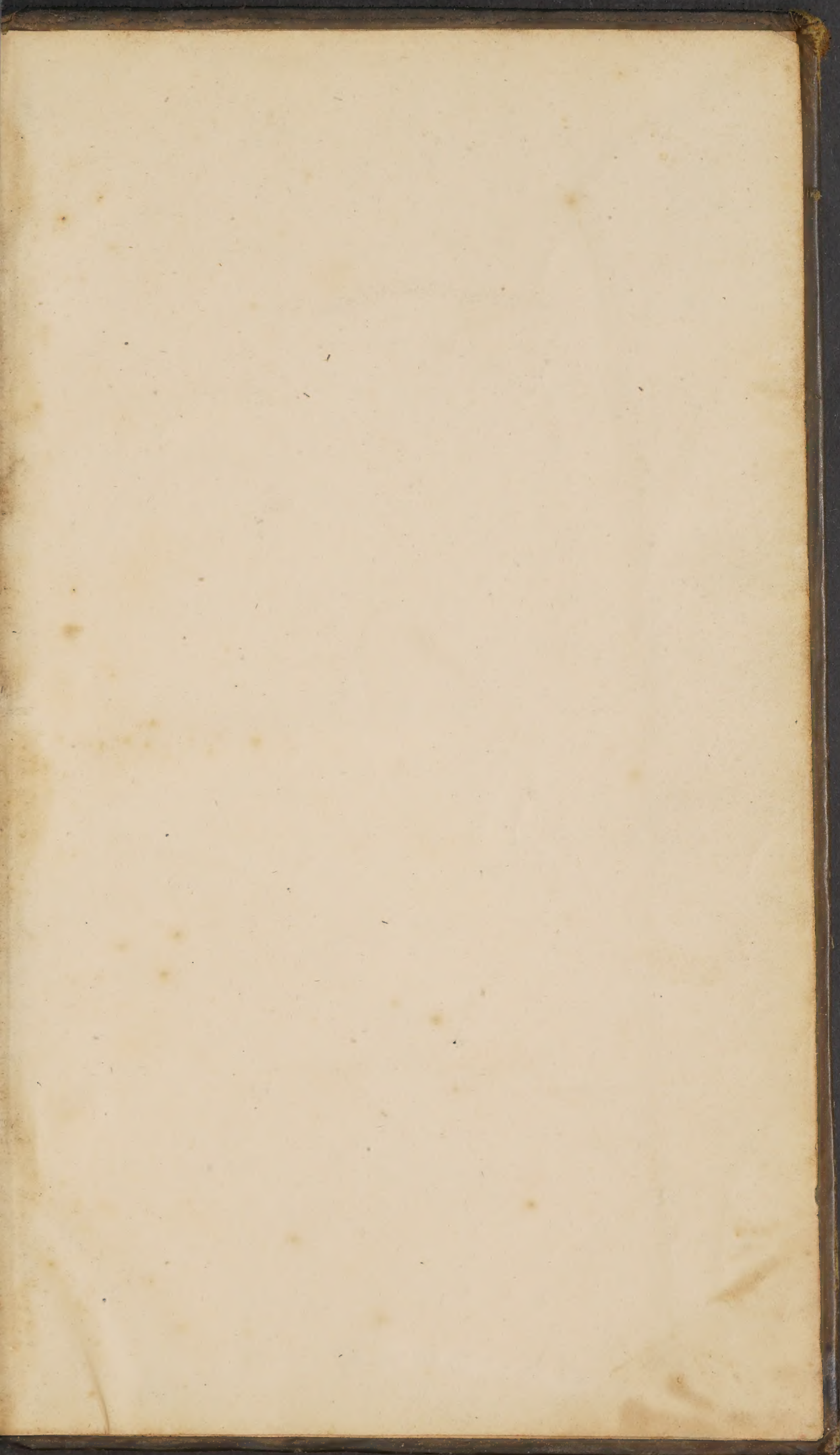


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